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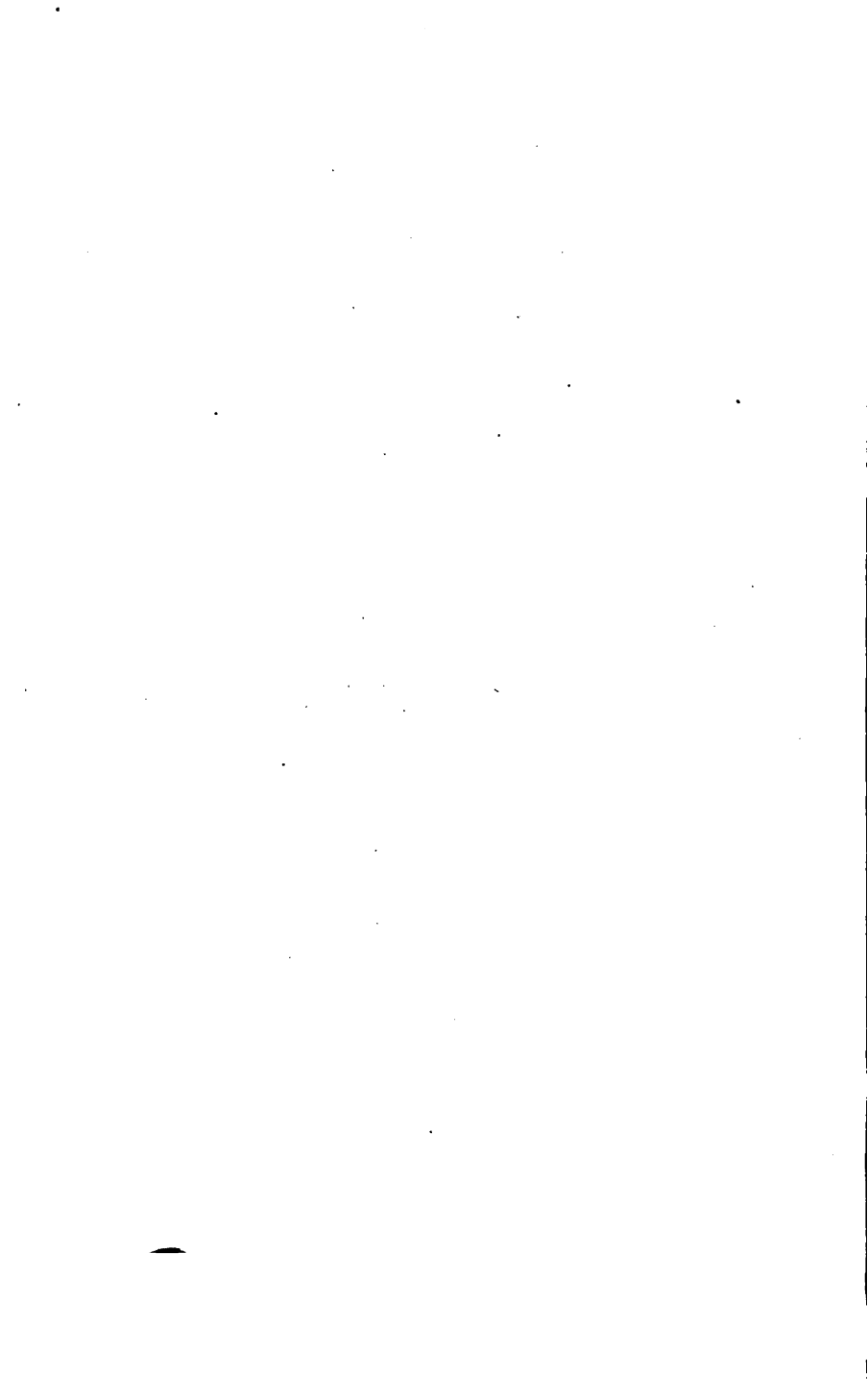
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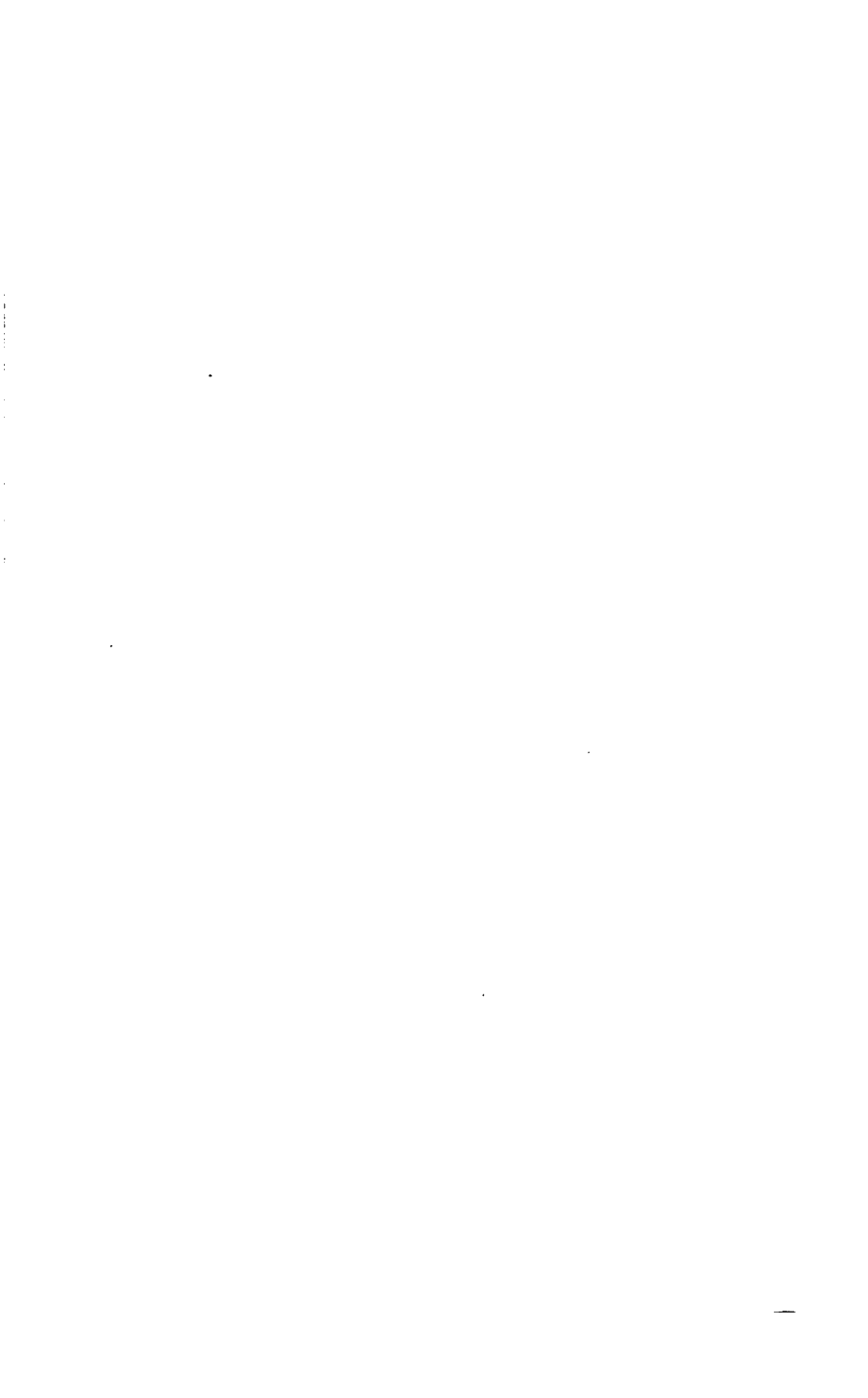
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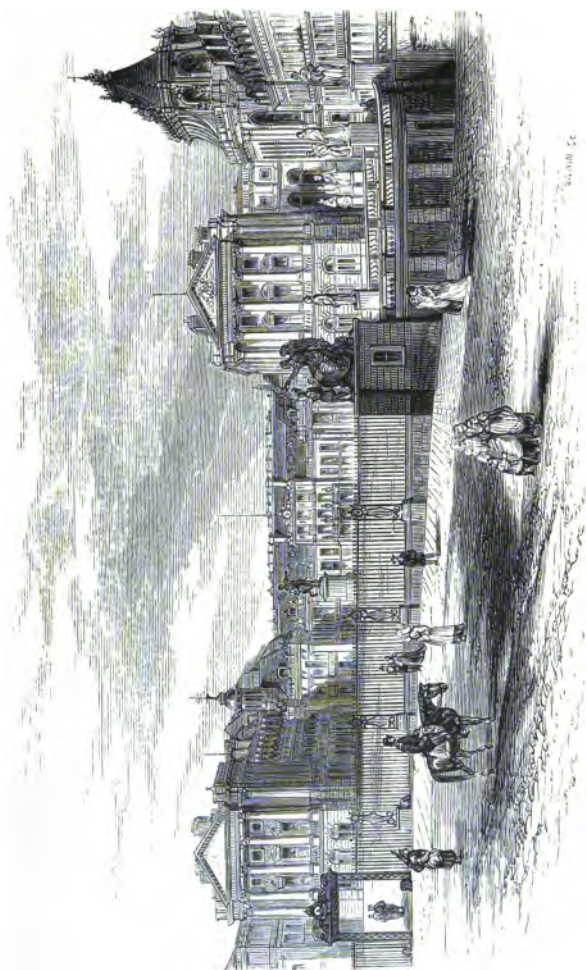
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MEMORIES
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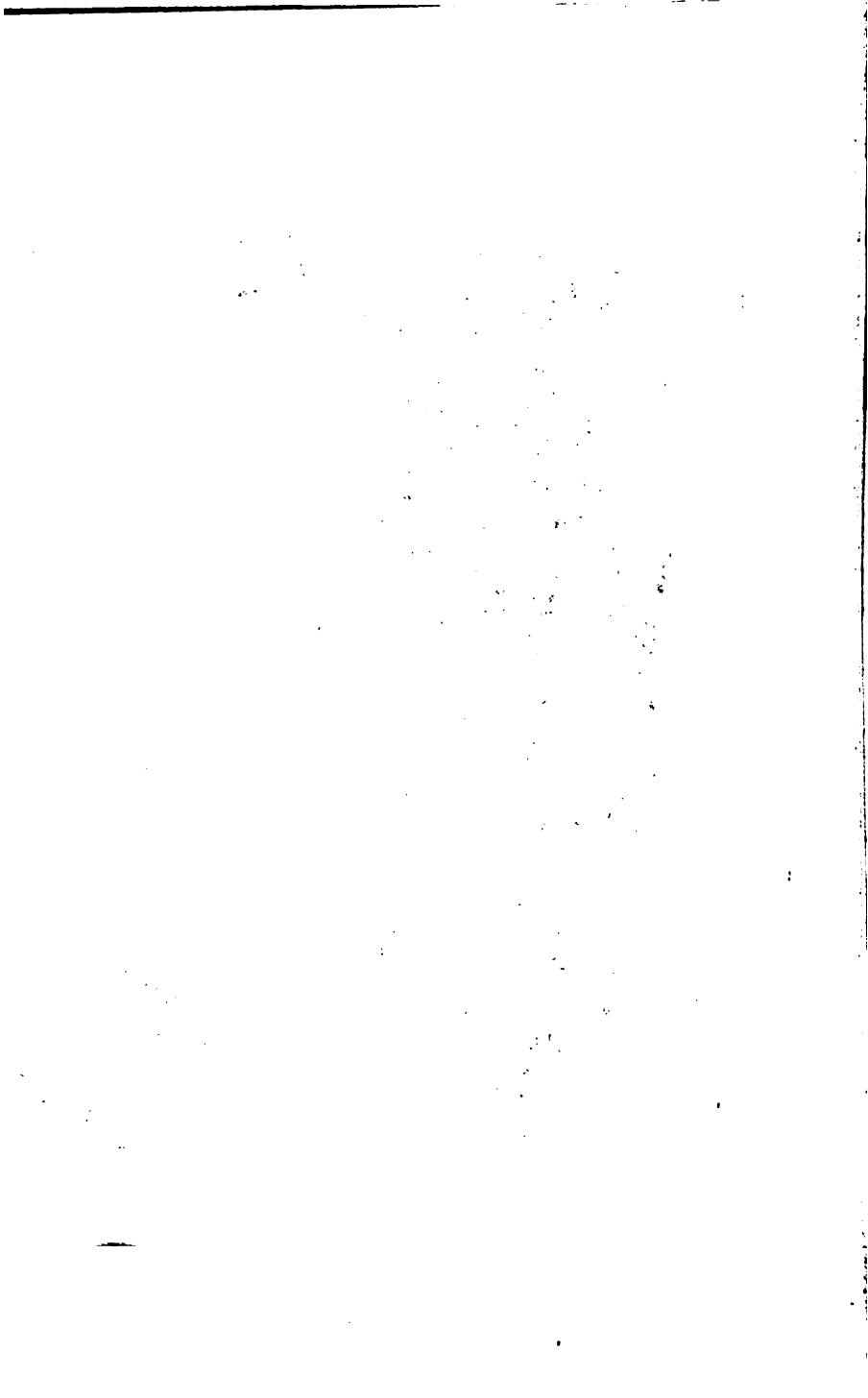
VERSAILLES.

Frontispiece.



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MEMORIES
OF
FRENCH PALACES.

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BY
A. E. CHALLICE.



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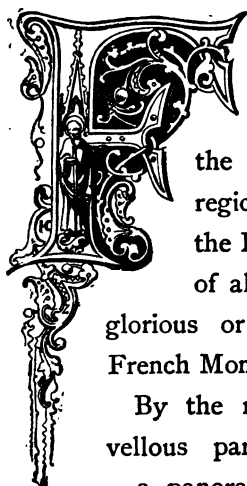
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MEMORIES OF FRENCH PALACES.

VERSAILLES.



FROM the time when Louis XIV. was still young, and the idolized hero of his people, to that of the great Revolution by which the regicide scaffold was erected in Paris, the Palace of Versailles was the centre of all that was either great or mean, glorious or scandalous, in the annals of French Monarchy.

By the mere name of Versailles a marvellous panorama is unfolded to memory—a panorama of stirring events in war, of sunny scenes in peace, and one in which kings and queens, poets and princes, philosophers and statesmen, warriors and courtiers, preachers and beautiful women, appear one after the other in vast proces-

sion ; and, like the pictures still hanging on the lofty walls of the long deserted, and now (1871) strangely occupied Palace itself, seem each more or less to speak of the mutability of earthly fame, and, in many cases, of the ingratitude of posterity.

The political troubles of which Paris had been the scene during the minority of Louis XIV., had inspired that monarch with such an aversion to the capital of his kingdom that he determined, after the death of the Queen-Mother (Anne of Austria), in 1667, to withdraw his Court thence and establish it at St. Germain.

In 1660 he had been married to the Infanta of Spain ; he was then scarcely twenty-two years of age, and by this royal alliance, ordained for him by the united political devices of the Queen-Mother and Cardinal Mazarin, he was forcibly separated from his first love, Marie Mancini.

The marriage of Louis XIV. was not a happy one, but it was at first popular, as being identical with the epoch of peace between France and Spain, and by it Cardinal Mazarin attained the summit of his glory.* Not many months afterwards, however, Mazarin died,

* Maria Theresa, only daughter of Philip IV., King of Spain, and of Elizabeth of France, was the Queen Consort of Louis XIV., selected for him by Cardinal Mazarin.

and Colbert was chosen as his ministerial successor. Finance and the arts, commerce and agriculture, were all flourishing: the dominions of France were extended, the splendid career of Louis XIV. had fairly commenced; but a long life lay before him, and, at the outset of it, he found himself wedded to a princess for whom affection on his side was no part of the marriage contract.

It is therefore scarcely to be wondered at, that the love of Louis XIV., which in former days he had been cruelly compelled to repress towards Marie Mancini, should at length revive. Louise de la Vallière was the object of it. The young monarch wished to conceal this love from the observation of his Court, and it was in order to do so that he first took up his occasional abode at Versailles.

Not in the palatial château of Versailles, for that was then unbuilt, did Louis XIV. first enjoy the society of Mademoiselle de la Vallière, but in a small abode at Versailles, which had originally been used by his predecessor, Louis XIII., as a resting place when hunting in that neighbourhood.

Louis XIV. resolved to improve and to decorate this abode so as to make it in some sort worthy, in his opinion, of the divinity he had enshrined there.

And so fast did various embellishments succeed

each other, that in a short time the mere hunting lodge became a palace. The courtiers at St. Germain grew anxious to be transferred to this new palace, which offered a splendid contrast to the gloomy château they were condemned to inhabit, and so many of them eagerly solicited his Majesty to grant them appointments at Versailles, where he himself spent most of his leisure hours, that although at first these appointments were only accorded as marks of rare favour, the number of those who held them gradually increased to such an extent, that it became necessary to build apartments for their accommodation; and it is one of these courtiers (Dangeau) who records the almost incredible fact that in the Autumn of 1684 there were two-and-twenty thousand workmen and six thousand horses employed at Versailles, the number of the workmen being augmented in the following Spring to six-and-thirty thousand.

Every succeeding year increased the splendour of Versailles; a populous town sprang up in the immediate vicinity of the Palace, which had become the chief place of royal residence in France; in other parts of the kingdom vast undertakings were meantime achieved in the interests of peace, though none the less did Louis XIV. increase his army which, after having for some time amounted on an average to one

hundred and eighty thousand regular troops, was raised to four hundred and fifty thousand.

Some years after the completion of Versailles, the Baron de Pollnitz, to whom the King of Prussia had accorded the first pension attached to the office of Gentleman of the Chamber, was travelling in France, and, being a guest in the palace which Louis XIV. had caused to be built, attempts to express his astonishment at some of the marvels he beheld there in the following words :—

“It is the inside of the Château that has most amazed me, for upon examination it seems as though many châteaux are here united in one. . . . The most striking compartments are the Gallery and the Salons contiguous to it. The walls are covered with marble. The splendid works of the greatest masters are to be beheld in every direction ; works too in gold, in bronze, and all of them intermingled with magnificent mirrors. I have heard say that before the war for the Monarchy of Spain, all the tables, the stands, and the *girandoles*, which at this time are of marble and gilt wood, were of solid silver. The King caused them to be converted into money, in order to provide for the immense expenses of the wars he had to sustain. The ceiling of the Gallery represents in various pictures the principal events of

the life of *Louis le Grand*. . . . The Chapel is in perfect accordance with the magnificence of the inside of the Château. To form a just judgment of the superb pictures by which the ceiling is enriched, it is necessary to place one's self at the Tribune, from whence the King hears Mass. It is impossible to see anything finer or in better taste. . . . For me it was one of the richest spectacles to behold the entrance of Louis XIV. This prince appears there in all his grandeur, surrounded by Cardinals and by noblemen of his Court. The *Gardes du Corps* and the Hundred Swiss Guards occupy the gallery and the lower end of the chapel, and martial music, drums and fifes, announce the moment when his Majesty has taken his place. On the days of communion or of sermon, when the King descends into the chapel (from his tribune), the pavement, which is of a very fine marble, is entirely covered with magnificent carpets. When the King communicates, a *prie-Dieu* is placed for him in front of the great altar : then the Hundred Swiss Guards are ranged in two files, and the courtiers surround his Majesty. At the sermon, the King's arm-chair is placed opposite to the preacher ; the princes and princesses of the royal household and of the blood are seated on either side of the King, and in the same line.

“The gardens of Versailles may be regarded as one of the marvels of our days. I do not believe that the vaunted gardens of the superb Semiramis were finer than these. In short, when gazing at the statues, the vases, the fountains of marble and of bronze, it seems at first as though in these enchanted grounds all things most admirable given to the world by Greece and Rome, ancient and modern, are enclosed. It was the celebrated Le Nôtre who designed these gardens. At the end of the great path which stretches out in front of the Château, there is a wide and very extensive canal ; at a certain distance it forms a cross, of which one arm leads to the Ménagerie, and the other to Trianon.”

Much more does the Baron de Pollnitz show us when he quaintly attempts to sketch, with what he calls “*un léger crayon*,” the famous *Château de Versailles*. Of the *Grand Monarque* himself, he speaks as of more distinguished appearance than any other man in his kingdom.

But long before the Prussian traveller, above quoted, beheld Louis XIV., that king had undergone many vicissitudes within his favourite Palace.

The beautiful La Vallière, his love for whom had first suggested to him the erection of that splendid abode, was dead, after having, years previously, fled

from his arms to live a life of penitence in a cloister. And yet it was said by her contemporaries that never did woman love man more truly than did she love Louis XIV., and by them it was also observed that for God alone she left him. "*Elle ne le quitta que pour Dieu ; et le Monarque ne put se plaindre de cette rivalité.*"

In this quotation the strange mixture of piety and profanity significant of the day to which it belongs, is evident ; and when the Duchesse de la Vallière, or rather, as she was afterwards called, "Sister Louise de la Miséricorde," was told, in her Carmelite Convent, of the death of her son by the King, the Count de Vermandois, she exclaimed, "Less ought I to weep for his death than for his birth." *

La Vallière, who had been created Duchess by her royal lover, was notorious in her later years for the severity of her penitential discipline. Vowed to poverty, as a nun of the Carmelite Order, she at one time subjected herself to perpetual thirst, and refrained even from drinking a drop of water ; when rebuked by ecclesiastical authority for imposing this penance upon herself, she meekly said, "I have acted

* By the Duchesse de la Vallière Louis XIV. had two children, who were both legitimised, viz. :—Louis de Bourbon, Count de Vermandois, born 1667, and died 1683 ; Marie (Mademoiselle de Blois), born in 1666, and married to the Prince de Conti.

not from reflection, but from the desire to satisfy the justice of Heaven ;" and when an erysipelas in the leg, from which she had for some time suffered terribly but secretly, had gained such force as not only to compel observation, but to draw down upon her the reproaches of her ecclesiastical superiors for having so long concealed it, she answered, "I knew not what it was ; I had not even looked at it."

In her Carmelite cell died the once beautiful De la Vallière, for whom the Palace of Versailles had originally been designed as an abode ; and to Madame de Montespan, who succeeded there to the position from which she had fled, a dreary period of penitence was likewise reserved. But not to that did the brilliant, though by no means too equably tempered, Marquise de Montespan look forward when she paid outward though haughty respect to the long-suffering Queen of France—queen but in name—nor even when Madame Scarron, widow of the poet Scarron, and afterwards to become known to the world as Madame de Maintenon, was elected as the governess of her children by the King. It was not, however, without a struggle of conscience that the Marquise de Montespan had originally accepted her infamous though splendid position at Versailles, for so much had she dreaded the temptations to be found at the

court of a king whose consort had no charms for him, and who had never been to him scarcely more than a political cypher, that she implored her husband to retire to his estates with her, far away from that Court. But the Marquis, obstinate in the belief of his own marital self-importance, could not be made to perceive danger until it was too late ; and then, for the rest of his life, he bitterly reproached his wife for having succumbed to it.

The celebrated ecclesiastic, Père de la Chaise, and others of his brethren, were sternly opposed to the position of Madame de Montespan at Versailles, and the King himself was from time to time tormented by conscience concerning it.

One day his Majesty accidentally met a procession conveying the Holy Sacrament to one of his officers who was dying at Versailles ; and, for the sake of example, he followed it into the presence of the recipient, and remained during the solemn celebration, the spectacle of which so touched him that he afterwards confided in Madame de Montespan as to his agony of spiritual doubt with regard to their mutual position.

In reply to this she told him that she also was in a penitential frame of mind, and they agreed to separate. Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, availed himself of this opportunity in a way, as he hoped, to

advanced the interests of religion, and, indeed, he was not without considerable experience in the guidance of such a situation, for it was he who had helped to convert the lovely De la Vallière from the error of her ways; he had preached the sermon on the occasion of her taking the veil, which veil was presented to her by the hands of the Queen herself. But Bossuet's success was deferred in the case of Madame de Montespan; for although, during the fit of penitence referred to, she tore herself away from the society of the King, and made a penitential tour of one week's duration amongst the various churches in Paris, weeping by the way, and confessing her sins, she returned to the Court of Versailles, though not, it would seem, without the hope that she might yet be able to lead an edifying life there—a hope in which the King so participated that it was agreed between them only to meet in presence of what a French chronicler of the time calls "*les Dames les plus respectables de la Cour.*"

These "most respectable ladies" were witnesses of the first interview between Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan, after the return of the latter to Versailles, but as it took place in the recess of a large apartment, scarcely a word of it could be heard by them, although the subject of it seemed to be,

judging from various signs and many tears, of such an exciting nature that they had not much reason to be surprised when the Monarch and the Marquise both turned towards them, bowed, and then passed out of their sight, into another apartment, together.

Henceforth, Madame de Montespan again reigned at Versailles, until the time when, to return to that brilliant Court no more, she retired to the Community of St. Joseph, which she herself had established. There she gave herself up to works of penitential charity; although, from long habit, she still to the last maintained, in a cloister, the state of a Queen. Humiliated by her husband's conduct towards her after her final retreat from Versailles, and robbed on her deathbed by hands that ought to have protected her, a bitter retribution was in her case eventually worked out; but meantime, whilst still at the Court of Louis XIV., she is described, by those who knew her there, as one to whom Nature had been prodigal in every gift.

"She was beautiful as the day, with enchanting blue eyes, waves of fair hair, and eyebrows of a darker shade, which gave an expression sometimes of vivacity, and sometimes of languor; she had a complexion of dazzling whiteness, and in short, hers was one of those faces which seem to illuminate all

places in which they appear. She possessed also that voluptuous grace without which beauty itself is not always seductive ; and to all this in her case was added a lively imagination, and a piquant wit."

By the power of this wit she much amused the King, although the courtiers at Versailles were so afraid of it, that when his Majesty was in her company, they sometimes feared to encounter its sallies, and this to such an extent that, during the promenade, they called passing by a window where the King and Madame were both visible, "*passer par les armes.*"

Childish in some of her amusements—such, for example, as harnessing six mice to a tiny carriage of silver filagree-work—she was, nevertheless, haughty and capricious to a degree that occasionally inflicted misery upon everybody around her, and especially upon the *Grand Monarque* himself. This defect, however, was modified to others by the society of the Abbess de Fontevrault and Madame de Thianges, her two sisters, and frequent companions.

Madame de Sévigné speaks of Madame de Thianges as "*toujours de très bonne compagnie*;" but, of the three sisters, the palm of superiority was yielded to Madame de Fontevrault, "*cette reine des Abbesses*," who, having made a virtue of necessity respecting her

nunhood, was always charming in manner and pre-eminent in conversation, despite her vows and her veil.

Popular at Court and adored in the cloister, she seems to have been sedulous in studious pursuits, for without being pedantic she was learned, and is said to have translated, with much effect, the works of Plato.

Even the Duc de St. Simon speaks of the society which had formed itself round Madame de Montespan as the centre of wit, delicate and fine, but always natural and agreeable. In the midst of this society was one whose graces and various merits were so remarkable, that over confident indeed must Madame de Montespan have been in her own too often tested power over the King, not to foresee the result of his growing preference for the company of Madame de Maintenon.

In 1679, when the household of the Dauphiness was being formed, Madame de Sévigné writes, "There are those who say that Madame de Maintenon will be placed in a way to surprise everybody."

And upon the 14th day of February in the following year, Madame de Sévigné again writes of Madame de Maintenon being sent to welcome the Dau-

phiness on her way to Versailles. Bossuet was appointed chief Almoner of that princess, but Madame de Sévigné declared, that if the Dauphiness should imagine, from such a specimen of them as was Madame de Maintenon, that all ladies at the Court of France possessed a similar intellect, she would find herself deceived.

✧ *Louis le Dauphin*, entitled *Monseigneur*, was married to Marie Anne Christina Victoria of Bavaria, but never came to the throne himself; so that of him it was said at Versailles, "son of a king, father of a king, but never himself a king." By creating for her an appointment about the person of the Dauphiness, Louis XIV. desired to show his appreciation of the manner in which Madame de Maintenon had performed her duties as *gouvernante* to his children by Madame de Montespan, and by this appointment Madame de Maintenon was necessarily brought more into personal contact with the Queen, between whom and herself, though of characters widely different, there were points of such sympathy, that when the Queen was upon her death-bed she placed a ring upon the finger of Madame de Maintenon.

Rumour at Versailles was soon rife with this fact, and it was also said that the intention of the Queen was to indicate to the King her choice of a successor.

For by that time Madame de Maintenon had obtained a considerable influence over the minds of both their Majesties, and in her society Louis XIV. was glad to seek a refuge from the caprices of Madame de Montespan.

The Queen was in her forty-fifth year when she died; it is hard to say what Nature had intended her to be, for from her early youth she had been the victim of political circumstances appertaining to her royal birth and consequently royal marriage. When confessing herself before that marriage to a Spanish Carmelite nun, she was asked whether a preference had ever been felt by her for any one of her father's courtiers, but so had this princess been trained to accept her royal destiny as infallible and unalterable, that with innocent astonishment she answered:—"Oh, no, reverend Mother; for what *King* save my father was there?" 2

In the Queen's last illness Louis XIV. proved himself not insensible to the merits of her virtuous life and inoffensive character, and the attentions which then, too late, he showed her, may possibly have been dictated by something akin to remorse for the dreary life to which, as his wife, she had been condemned. Perhaps the time immediately preceding her death was the happiest of her life, for, struck then

by the King's kindness, she said to him in Spanish, "I die without regret if indeed it be true that you love me."

Louis XIV. is said to have declared that her death was the only sorrow she ever caused him, and if he made use of those words, it was doubtless to Madame de Maintenon, already wearing the Queen's ring by the Queen's own wish on her finger, that he uttered them.

A remarkable destiny had been predicted for Madame de Maintenon long before she wore that ring.

In the Palace of Versailles, she herself was not ashamed to say that she had been born in the prison of Niort, where her father, Constans d'Aubigné, was incarcerated.

When the sister of M. d'Aubigné (Madame de Villette) went to visit her brother and his wife in prison, she found them starving; it was not supposed that the newly born infant could live for want of nourishment, and it was to her aunt, who afterwards adopted her, that that infant, the future Madame de Maintenon, owed her first escape from death. On his release from prison, M. d'Aubigné went with his family to Martinico. The infant had been baptized by the name of Françoise, and such were her sufferings during her first voyage that at one time it was

supposed she was dead ; her funeral at sea was about to be solemnized, a sailor stood ready to perform his part of the ceremony by dropping her overboard the death-gun was loaded ready to be fired ; when the mother, seized with an agony of sorrow at being about to lose sight of the child who had been dear, perhaps to none but her own sorrowful self, caught the supposed corpse in her arms, imprinted a kiss on the lips, and then, suddenly placing her hand over the region of the heart, declared aloud that the child was not dead, but only, as it were, sleeping.

The mother was right, and when one day, in long after years, Madame de Maintenon, in the midst of the Court of Versailles, was recounting this incident of her own early life, the Bishop of Metz, one of her auditors, said to her, "*Madame, on ne revient pas de si loin pour peu de chose.*"

And truly, it was not to pass her life in obscurity that Françoise d'Aubigné was thus, a second time, snatched back from death. Her father died ; her mother and brother were left in penury ; her aunt—Madame de Villette—who was a Protestant, took charge of her, but another relation, who was a bigoted Roman Catholic, forcibly removed her, and compelled her, though not without a severe struggle, to profess the Romish religion. To escape from the miseries, both

moral and physical, to which she afterwards became exposed, she married the poet Scarron—a man no longer young, deformed, paralytic, of somewhat scandalous reputation, but a wit.

Françoise d'Aubigné was only seventeen years of age when she became Madame Scarron, but her firmness of character was such that, far from being corrupted by this strange alliance, she quickly gained a beneficial influence over Scarron and the society that surrounded him. When the contract of marriage was being drawn up between them, Scarron declared that his intended bride was about to bring to him, as a fortune, the sum of four louis, two fine eyes, a very fine bodice, a pair of beautiful hands, and a great deal of intellect. And, when the notary asked him what dowry he intended to secure to her, Scarron answered, "Immortality;" after which he added, "The fame of kings' wives dies with them; that of the wife of Scarron will live for ever."

Little could the self-conceited poet have surmised at the moment when he uttered those words, how their prophecy would be fulfilled; but he had reason to be contented with his marriage, for after that event his house became a favourite resort of all the wits in Paris, though order and decency, hitherto but little known there, were strictly enforced by its young

mistress. Her powers of conversation exercised a potent charm over the society round her, and the mere servants of her not too affluent household were so aware of this, that one of them, upon a certain occasion, went up to her, when she was seated at table, in company with some unexpected guests, and whispered to her, imploringly, "*Madame, encore une histoire, le roti nous manque aujourd'hui.*"

After Scarron's death, and when, by the King's own wish, his widow had become the governess of his Majesty's children by Madame de Montespan (the young Duc du Maine being her especial charge amongst them), Louis XIV. in course of time experienced a gradually increasing pleasure in these same powers of conversation, for they had been much enhanced by study of various subjects, and in different languages, during the lifetime of Scarron. But Louis XIV. at Versailles did not suspect—until many years had passed—a fact which Madame de Maintenon eventually avowed, viz. that when she was only "the widow Scarron," living upon very slender means in Paris, she loved him, and that from the first moment that she (one of a crowd then standing upon a pavement) beheld him, when he made his public entry into Paris after his marriage with the Infanta of Spain. Impossible was it for her to foresee how,

twenty-six years after the date of that day so memorable to her, she herself would become the wife of the monarch who then, in the midst of royal pageantry, first appeared before her; and little did that monarch surmise, when seated in state by the side of his unloved bride and queen, that, gazing at him from the midst of the bystanders, was the woman, then unknown, and unheard of by him, who, as his wife, was destined to exercise a remarkable influence over his life, and the later years of his reign. At Versailles, in the year 1686, Louis XIV. was married to Madame de Maintenon. By the advice of his confessor, Père de la Chaise, this marriage took place, and the ceremony of it was performed in a small chapel situated at the end of the apartment afterwards occupied by the royal Duc de Bourgogne.*

Louis XIV. was then nearly forty-nine, and Madame de Maintenon was fifty-two years of age, but (as in the case of her too notorious and much older contemporary, Ninon de l'Enclos) time had ripened, but not impaired her charms.

* The Duc de Bourgogne was one of the sons of the Dauphin, and therefore grandson of Louis XIV. Irritable in temper to an extreme degree when a child, his tutor, Fénelon, trained him to such habits of self control that, in after life, and as the husband of Marie-Adelaide of Savoy, he afforded a bright example of Christian virtue at the Court of Versailles.

Madame de Sévigné thus paints her portrait :—

“An oval face ; chestnut hair ; a complexion of extreme whiteness and even a little pale ; black eyebrows and long eyelashes ; eyes brown and almost black, of an almond shape, and at the same time brilliant and soft ; fine and regular features ; a gracious and intelligent physiognomy ; an elegant and noble carriage of the head ; and very fine shoulders.” Nor is it her friend and contemporary alone who speaks of Madame de Maintenon as possessing a rare distinction of manner and a style of beauty peculiar to herself. Even in the portrait painted of her when she was at least sixty years of age (the celebrated portrait in which she is represented as Saint Françoise Romaine), the countenance is still noble in its expression, although somewhat worn by time and wearied by circumstance.

It was some few years before her marriage with Louis XIV., and when wishing to retire from Court, that his Majesty had entitled her Madame de Maintenon on her becoming possessed of the estate of that name ; and having triumphed over all temptations, and also over the fact of her age, she was not weak enough to attempt to deny the latter, nor, in the midst of the splendour of her Court—for a Court at Versailles she held, although she refused the title of Majesty—did she

shrink from allusions to the condition of life from which she had emerged to such extraordinary elevation.

And thus it came to pass that one day in an ante-chamber at Versailles, where, according to royal custom in her time, persons quite unconnected with the Court were upon certain days admitted, an old man suddenly approached her, as, followed by her suite, she was about to pass before the crowd, and said to her, in a tone of respectful surprise,—

“Madame, it is forty years ago since I have seen you, and you may not quite forget me when I remind you how you used to come every Thursday to the gate of the Jesuits of Rochelle, when the fathers there distributed soup to the poor, and how I, when my turn to distribute came, singled you out from the throng.” And then the old man added, gazing with emotion into the face of the wife of his King, “I do not fear thus to remind you of a fact at which you do not blush, for even then I was struck by your noble countenance.”

Madame de Maintenon was not ashamed at being thus strangely addressed in the midst of courtiers at Versailles, but, taking up the thread of the old man’s recollections, she said to him,—

“Yes, sir, I do remember how, to spare me the pain

of mingling with that crowd of supplicants, you used to bring the soup to my home, and declare your regret that you had no other help to give me."

And then, with grateful emotion, she requested the old man to follow her into one of her private apartments, where, after hearing that he was now only a village schoolmaster, though he desired a curacy, she promised to use her influence in procuring him a *nomination des Bénéfices*, and, presenting him with a sum of a hundred *pistoles*, promised to continue that sum annually to him as long as he lived.

The suite of apartments occupied by Madame de Maintenon at Versailles was that overlooking the marble court, and there she gave audience not only to preachers and poets, but helped to bring about a reconciliation between the King and the Maréchal de Villeroy, when after a return from Flanders, the latter had incurred disgrace.

In his earlier years the Maréchal de Villeroy had been on terms of intimate friendship with the King, but the minister, Louvois, successor to Colbert, had become his enemy, and since the year 1683 he had but seldom appeared at Court, because the manner of the King, over whose mind Louvois had obtained a considerable power, was always cold and unbending whenever he presented himself there.

Madame de Maintenon had also her grievances against Louvois, for he it was who had strenuously attempted to dissuade the King from marrying her, and she had reason to suppose that he still used his influence with the King in opposing any open proclamation, on his Majesty's part, of the ceremony having taken place which made her virtually Queen Consort of France. She therefore united with the Maréchal de Villeroy in his opposition to Louvois, and this all the more because she needed the Marshal's assistance to amuse the King.

For, in times of peace, Louis XIV. sought the society of Madame de Maintenon daily at three o'clock in the afternoon, never leaving it until his supper hour at ten o'clock in the evening; and as of all things she dreaded the effect of *ennui* upon him, she could not but remember how in former days the Maréchal de Villeroy, one of the favourite companions of his youth, had had a peculiar faculty of making time pass pleasantly to his Majesty, for none of the gentlemen of the chamber, nor of the great officers of the Court could talk to him of the camp, or of the chase, or of adventures appertaining to the Court in early days, as De Villeroy could.

After some difficulty, and to the ultimate discomfiture of Louvois, she at length succeeded in

effecting a reconciliation between the King and the Marshal, and henceforth De Villeroy never quitted the Court, for after the premature deaths of the royal Duc and Duchesse de Bourgogne (of whom more hereafter), his society became necessary to Louis XIV.

In the year 1683 Strasbourg was taken by the French. In the month of September in that year, twenty thousand French soldiers appeared before the walls of that city; the forts on the Rhine that defended its ramparts had been reduced, and on the thirtieth day of the month it was surrendered, and was afterwards, by the skill of Vauban, made a formidable monument of French victory.

To Louvois, who became Secretary of War at Versailles about the year 1668, this achievement was partly due. His predecessor Colbert had supported war expenses by multiplying the resources of the State, but, all along the frontiers of France, Louvois distributed magazines of every kind, so that of him it has been said, that he was the first minister who introduced this advantageous mode of subsisting an army at a distance. Whatever siege the King was disposed to undertake, on whatever side he wished to turn his arms, supplies of every kind were ready, quarters for the troops were prepared, and the order of the march was fixed and regulated. The military

discipline of France was at that time severe, but the frequent presence of the monarch in the camp caused this discipline to be carried out with pride by officers and men.

Such was the enthusiasm for the army then in France, that Henri de la Tour, afterwards Maréchal de Turenne, ran away from his relatives when only ten years of age, under the fear that, because of the supposed delicacy of his constitution, they would not permit him to become a soldier.

Marshal Turenne (Vicomte), the second son of the Duc de Bouillon, was born at Sedan in 1611, and when, as just mentioned, he fled from the terror that any impediment would be placed against his entering the army, he was found near one of the batteries of that city, asleep on a cannon, for the weather was severe, and he had run along the rampart until fatigue overpowered him. He first served under his uncles the Princes Maurice and Henry of Nassau, and in 1644 was made Major-General, and became Maréchal of France. Space here forbids us to tell how he restored the Elector of Treves to his dominions, or how he formed a junction with the Swedish army, thereby compelling the Duke of Bavaria to sue for peace; or how he forced the Spaniards to raise the siege of Arras; or how he

gained the battle of the Downs which produced the subjugation of Flanders. On the renewal of the war with Holland in 1672, he took forty towns in less than a month. He drove the Elector of Brandenburg to Berlin, and compelled the Imperial army to recross the Rhine. All these and innumerable other of his brilliant achievements would in themselves form a volume, and not only has the life of Turenne been immortalised by biographers, but the lives also of the various other Marshals of France, his illustrious contemporaries.

Amongst them it would have been difficult to mistake Turenne when at the Court of Versailles ; for though not handsome as were many courtiers there, nor exquisite in costume of velvet, lace-ruffles, and perruque with long flowing curls, he was a powerfully built man—" *un homme entre deux tailles ;*" with large shoulders which he had a habit of shrugging from time to time, and with thick eyebrows which (like those, it is said, of more than one hero of antiquity) met together.

Louis XIV. wishing to recompense Turenne for his services in the war with Spain and in that of the Fronde, appointed him Marshal-General of his camps and armies. At one time Turenne, like Madame de Maintenon, was a Protestant ; but like her also, he

was converted to the Roman Catholic faith. In council, the manner of Turenne was irresolute, but his real talent in war was declared to be that of redeeming and successfully maintaining a failing cause. He was killed by a cannon ball near Acheren.

The Maréchal Duc de Villars was only twenty-three years of age when the Maréchal Prince de Turenne died, nor was it until after he was wounded at the battle of Malplaquet, and his subsequent achievements of forcing the entrenchments of Denain on the Scheldt, and various other brilliant exploits, that he was made president of the council of war and minister of state; but military genius was never wanting in the Cabinet of Versailles during the reign of Louis XIV., whose last confession was that he had been too fond of war.

In 1690 that genius was especially illustrated in the French camp by the conduct of the Maréchal Duc de Luxembourg, when, in the month of June, at the battle of Fleurens, on the confines of the Netherlands, he gained a complete victory over the allies, commanded by the Prince of Waldeck. It was after this victory that De Luxembourg said, "Prince Waldeck must always remember the French cavalry, and I shall never forget the Dutch infantry." It was to support the vast expenses of war at this time that

Louis XIV. stripped the Palace of Versailles of all articles of solid gold and silver, and compelled the princes of the blood to do the same; but whenever he returned to that palace from his various campaigns, he was received with acclamations by an enthusiastic multitude, who devoutly believed in the lasting nature of the glory which he gave to France.

In the campaign of 1677, it was said that immediately Louis XIV. appeared before the various places besieged by him, they fell into his power, and hence the following anecdote, quoted from a record of that time of French victories.

Racine and Boileau, his Majesty's historiographers, had not, upon one occasion, followed the King to the camp, and upon his return thence to the Court of Versailles, he expressed his surprise that so little curiosity had been manifested by either of them.

"How is it?" said he to them. "Have you no desire to behold a siege? The journey was not long."

"Sire," replied they, "our tailors were too slow; we had ordered clothes for the campaign, and by the time they were brought to us, all the cities which your Majesty had besieged were taken."

The King laughed heartily at this reply, and recommended them to make their preparations in time

to follow him in the next campaign, which was that of Ghent.

And not only to witness sieges were the two historiographers, Racine and Boileau, invited by Louis XIV., for their company was also requested at Court festivals. Masked balls at the Palace of Versailles were especially brilliant during Carnival time, and private theatricals were occasionally in vogue there, the author of the piece being sometimes neither Molière, nor Racine, nor Boileau, but an amateur. Madame de Thianges, for example, sister of the Marquise de Montespan, so excelled in dramatic composition that, borrowing her idea upon one occasion from Molière's "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*," she cleverly produced what was called an "*impromptu*," but which, in fact, was a fine criticism of various Court conventions, the actors being themselves courtiers. Racine and Boileau were present at this gay spectacle, and, like the King, laughed merrily at the joyous parody produced by the witty lady, with such effect, that it seemed as though on her shoulders had dropped the mantle of Molière.

At the masked balls the costumes were, many of them, grotesque, but superb beyond description, and the King upon these occasions would sometimes assume a domino, but so transparent that by it he

ran no risks of unseemly jokes. Balls, plays, and an entertainment called "*Appartement*," alternated with each other every night during winter-time at the Court of Versailles.

The *Appartement* was a frequent réunion during the week from six or seven o'clock in the evening until ten, at which hour the King supped. These réunions were held either in the *Grand Appartement*, the approach to which was the ambassadorial great staircase, or else in the Salon at the end of the great gallery, and all the Court was wont to assemble at them. The entertainment generally began by music, but as card-tables, and indeed tables for all sorts of games, were there, the amusements were diversified, especially as a billiard-room, a ball-room, and one for refreshments, were all contiguous to that in which the reception was held.

Cardinals, bishops, and abbés, were amongst these splendid and yet intimate assemblies, and the Abbé Bourdelot, in a letter to the Princess of Brunswick, thus describes a Versailles *Appartement* at which he had been present.

"In the ball-room were young and beautiful women, resplendent with the precious stones they wore. Madame the Princesse de Conti, the *belle*, carried off the prize for dancing; but the great

object of charm to me was the King He it was who instigated the dancing and music, speaking often to Madame the Dauphiness, who replied to him agreeably. I admired the airs which his Majesty commanded to be sung ; they were melodious and well chosen The Duc de Nevers recited some of his poetry to me ; when refreshments were taken, I had the honour to be of the same party as the princes I clinked my glass against those of the Maréchal de Schomberg, and MM. Choiseul and Duquesne."

" Monseigneur," the Dauphin, sometimes gave supper parties to the King, at which many Court-ladies of Versailles were present, and the King also received his courtiers occasionally at dinner or supper, but only in his private apartments, as, according to etiquette, he did not sit at table in public, but only with the princes and princesses of the blood.

In summer time, after these royal suppers, the partakers of them would float down the canal, visible from the Palace windows, in illuminated gondolas, music meanwhile playing, and in winter time an Italian opera would sometimes precede the suppers.

Monseigneur and Madame (the Dauphin and Dauphiness), the Princesse de Conti, Madame de Maintenon, the Duchesses de Richelieu and de

Chevreuse, the Princess d'Harcourt, Mesdames de Rochefort, de Nangis, and de Bury—these are chronicled as having supped with the King at Versailles in his "*petit appartement*" on the 16th of December, 1687, a *Comédie Italienne* having preceded the repast, and his Majesty playing a game of billiards after it.

In summer time the park and grounds of Versailles offered what the Duc de St. Simon calls "a magnificent spectacle," for all the chief personages of that numerous and brilliant Court then displayed themselves in the open air, either in carriages, on horseback, or in gondolas. Madame de Maintenon always took her place in the King's gondola, and again, says the observant, though to her not always friendly, Duke just quoted, she was always very well dressed, nobly and with good taste, "*quoique modestement et même plus vieillement que son âge*;" and to everybody who approached her she was extremely polite and affable; by no means pretentious, but yet of a manner which compelled reverence.

Sometimes either to Marly or to Trianon the King and his Court repaired, but the scene surrounding the *Grand Monarque* was always one of more or less splendour; nor was it less brilliant, varied and animated until many years after the influence of Madame de Maintenon's serious character prevailed

in it. The religious society of St. Cyr, which she founded in the park of Versailles, was, for a length of time, a bright point of attraction for the Court, on account of the dramatic exhibitions, in which the young lady pupils acted, there ; and although these were eventually discouraged by episcopal authority, on the ground that no modest maiden could act before such an assembly without a self-consciousness inimical to purity of heart, it was for them that Racine wrote his "Athalie," and "Esther," before he drew up that unfortunate "Memorial on the Distresses of the People," by which he ultimately lost the favour of Louis XIV.

Boileau used his influence with the King in behalf of Corneille, the Shakspeare of France, and many were the anecdotes rife at Versailles, of the charitable way in which Boileau, the great satirist of man, used such wealth as had fallen to his lot at Court.

Molière and his dramatic company had been taken "into the King's service" about the year 1655, and such was the estimation in which both his authorship and acting were held at Versailles that, as here elsewhere told, courtly amateurs attempted to rival him on the stage there ; whilst imitations of his brilliant comedies were attempted by at least one Court lady.

Molière, "*tu réformas et la ville et la Cour !*" such

was the verdict ; and yet when Molière, who, through the medium of his "*Précieuses*," had often declared himself "*tout scandalisé*," shocked the Court by making his sudden exit from the stage of this world whilst playing his own "*Malade Imaginaire*," it was with difficulty that the Church awarded him a christian burial.

Madame de Maintenon at Versailles had reason, even in her own case, to know the inflexibility of the Church, in those days, in its conduct to actors, for it was M. Hébert, the celebrated curé of Versailles, who dissuaded her, though not without difficulty, from permitting the performance even of Racine's "*Esther*" and "*Athalie*" at St. Cyr.

The power of the preacher was great at that time, and though in the chapel of the Palace of Versailles, Madame de Maintenon occupied one of the gilded tribunes, or *lanternes*, intended but for kings and queens, she was made to feel this power.

Père de Lachaise had been instrumental in bringing about her marriage with Louis XIV., but it was nevertheless partly due to his advice that, for political reasons, she was never proclaimed Queen Consort of France. The marriage was a well-known fact, but it was never an openly declared one to the various Courts of Europe.

Père de la Chaise, when nearly eighty years of age, desired much to yield his position at Versailles to one of his brethren, younger than himself, and therefore more capable of discriminating circumstances as they arose. The Jesuits were also anxious for his retirement, but the King opposed it as long as possible, and when at last Père de la Chaise died, and the keys of his cabinet, containing many important papers, were brought by two ecclesiastics to his Majesty, the latter received them with emotion, and, turning towards the courtiers who were in attendance on him, said: "Père de la Chaise was so good that I sometimes reproached him for that fact, and he then was wont to answer me, 'It is not that I am good but that your Majesty is too often the contrary.'"

Bossuet, the celebrated preacher and canon of Metz, was appointed tutor to the Dauphin in 1669, and to him he addressed his well-known discourses on Universal History. He resigned one Bishopric as being incompatible with his post at Versailles, but afterwards the King made him almoner to the Dauphiness, and the next year Bishop of Meaux. His sermons were eagerly listened to, and on the brilliant court of Louis XIV. his funeral discourses on illustrious personages made a profound impression.

It was to Massillon, however, that the *Grand*

Monarque paid the following compliment. "When I hear other preachers, I go away much pleased with them ; but when I hear you, I go away displeased with myself."

Massillon was made Bishop of Clermont; he was the son of a poor provincial notary, and an Oratorian in the time when Oratorians were kept in subjection by the Jesuits ; but he declaimed against sin in face of the Court, and openly published his "*Petit Carême*," professedly to rebuke self-indulgence.

Father Bridaine, who came afterwards, was likewise fearless in proclaiming Eternity, concerning which he asked :—

"Brethren, do you know what is Eternity? It is a clock, of which the pendulum says, and unceasingly repeats, only these two words in the silence of the tomb,—'EVER! NEVER! NEVER! EVER!' And, during awful circumvolutions of endless Time, the voice of a condemned sinner asks, 'What time is it?' And another voice answers, 'Eternity!'"

The pulpit was the only power in France which, in former times, assumed to level social classes and worldly distinctions. And yet, when the meek Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambray, censured unjust government under the garb of allegory in "*Tele-machus*," Louis XIV., after reading that work,

quaintly said, "I had never much opinion of the author's ability, but I was not before aware of his moral depravity." His Majesty, who had appointed Fénelon tutor to his grandsons, and had heaped more benefits on the gentle and pious prelate than the latter cared to accept (thinking that his appointment at Court was incompatible with the active performance of his ecclesiastical duties at Cambray), considered that in his work of "Telemachus," the author was guilty of ingratitude, and at one moment went so far as to exclaim, "*Il a entrepris de décrier éternellement mon règne.*"

Fénelon, however, did not publish this work himself, but a servant, whom he had employed to transcribe it, took a copy and had proceeded to print it before an order came for its suppression. His justification of the doctrines of the Mystics, especially those of Madame Guyon, of whom Madame de Maintenon was at one time supposed to be a disciple, is well known, and also his subsequent recantation which justified the Pope when he said to his persecutors, "Fénelon hath erred through excess of divine love, but you have erred for the want of love to your neighbour."

The Royal Dukes of Burgundy, Anjou, and Berri, were the pupils of Fénelon, as their father,

the Dauphin, had been pupil to Bossuet ; and the Duke of Burgundy derived such special benefit from his care, that in after years all Europe regretted the premature death of that prince.

Nor less did France mourn the sudden demise of his young and amiable consort, the Duchess of Burgundy, whose brilliant vivacity of character illumined the old age of Louis XIV. "Some day I shall be Queen," she used to laugh and say, but that day never came, for she died suddenly—by poison it was supposed—and her husband, who was passionately attached to her, did not long survive her.

One of the most splendid fêtes ever given at the Palace of Versailles was to celebrate the Duke of Burgundy's marriage. A little apron which the bride wore upon that occasion cost one thousand pistoles, and the costumes variously displayed by herself, the princes and princesses, the lords and ladies of the Court, were of extreme splendour. The great gallery of the palace was illumined by four thousand wax candles, multiplied by vast mirrors, and though the ladies who danced there were all dressed in black velvet, they were resplendent with jewels, whilst their partners were not less ablaze with diamonds.

It was winter time, but all the seasons were represented at this festival, for by a contrivance called

'*tables ambulantes*,' innumerable and verdant gardens, radiant with flowers, appeared as though by magic within the Palace walls, together with exotics and orange trees laden with fruit.

The King, assisted by the bride and bridegroom, most royally did the honours of the fête, and from that time forth his Majesty's old age was cheered by the society of the charming Duchess of Burgundy, until the sad day came when he was present at her deathbed.

This princess (daughter of the King of Sardinia) was extremely attached to Madame de Maintenon, to whom she gave the *sobriquet* of '*Ma tante*,' and by the innocent gaiety of her character she brightly diversified the somewhat rigid though royal routine of the private life of Louis XIV. with Madame de Maintenon in his later days.

The untimely end of the Duchess of Burgundy, who, though not regularly handsome, exercised a fascinating influence over all around her, shed a deep gloom over the numerous society of the Court of Versailles; her husband, who was inconsolable for her loss, died in 1712; and it was to their son, and the successor of Louis XIV., that that monarch said on his deathbed: "You will soon be King of a great kingdom Remember that to God you are

indebted for all you possess. Endeavour to preserve peace with your neighbours. *I have been too fond of war.*"

Marshal Villeroy, who had owed his reconciliation with Louis XIV. to Madame de Maintenon, was nominated Governor to the young King, Louis XV.

Madame de Maintenon retired to St. Cyr after the demise of Louis XIV. To her influence over the mind of that monarch the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (by which France lost 500,000 of her Protestant subjects) has been attributed, but French biographers contemporary with her,—especially her friend, the Duc de Noailles,—defend her against this imputation, and readers of the writings of the great preachers of that time, such as Bossuet and Bourdaloue, Fénelon and Massillon, can best estimate how far she, in early youth a Protestant herself, would learn from them to temper even an intolerant or bigoted idea of justice with the higher one of mercy.

When she stood in anguish by the deathbed of the King, her husband, he attempted to console her by telling her that he found it was not so hard a task to die as he had feared it would have been, and when at last they had both passed out of sight from Versailles, he to rest amongst his ancestors at St. Denis and she to pray at St. Cyr, whilst awaiting the

end of her own eventful life, a child-King was enthroned in the Palace where his great grandfather had long been regarded as something more than mortal.

For Louis XV. was only five years of age when he succeeded to the crown of France under the Regency of his kinsman, the profligate Duc d'Orléans.

Cardinal de Fleury, however, had previously been appointed preceptor to the young sovereign by the desire of his young Majesty's predecessor. And though this pious prelate had at one time declared that it was by the "indignation of Heaven" he had been made Bishop of Fréjus, his earnest wish to direct and aid the councils of his royal pupil so overcame his love for retirement as to induce him to become Minister of the Crown. It needs something more than a Cardinal's hat to make either a Mazarin or a Richelieu. Yet the influence of Cardinal Fleury made itself beneficially felt; and more especially so over the early and private life of Louis XV., who, on the day of his coronation at Rheims, took the crown from his head and laid it on the altar, declaring that with it he desired to do homage to the King of Kings, who had given it to him.

At thirteen years of age his young Majesty was, by the law of France, supposed to have attained his

majority ; but, happily and often forgetful of his dignity, he loved to play with the juvenile nobles and princes of his Court, the favourite scene for these diversions being the great gallery at Versailles. The Maréchal de Villeroy had attempted the initiation of a ballet, but the boy-King was not at first expert with regard to this traditional Court dance, in which John Law, the notorious Mississippi-scheme "projector," or speculator, then in Paris, entreated the Regent to allow his son to have the honour of taking part. The permission was accorded by the Duc d'Orléans, in whose free life the audacious speculator and adventurer played a by no means unwelcome part ; but the Maréchal de Villeroy, who adored the memory of the *Grand Monarque*, declaimed strongly against such an introduction into the society of the successor of Louis XIV. at Versailles.

The marriage of Louis XV. with Marie Leckzinska, daughter of Stanislas of Poland, was celebrated on the 17th of September, 1725, with great magnificence ; the Duc d'Orléans and the Duc de Bourbon, the Dowager Duchesse de Bourbon, and the Princesse de Conti, with other members of the royal family, and all the chief noblesse of the Court of France took parts on that occasion ; the Cardinal de Rohan pronounced the nuptial benediction. Well pleased

was the very youthful bridegroom with the choice that had been made for him, and even after many years, and the birth of many children, he still declared that no fair lady at Versailles, or elsewhere, was in his eyes comparable to his Consort. But the temptations of his time were awaiting him even in the midst of his own Court, and with what result is only too well known. Cardinal de Fleury, just before his death, remonstrated with Louis XV. on his apparent forgetfulness of his marriage vows—vows, however, of a date when his Majesty was much too young to estimate their importance to his own happiness for time or eternity. And the answer made by the King to his aged friend and former preceptor was, “I have long yielded the government of my kingdom into your hands ; but your Eminence must allow me now to assert the government of myself.”

Queen Marie Leckzinska, according to the pen of a modern French historian, was a sort of frozen Venus, like the Freya of the Scandinavians, beyond the power of even a painter like Boucher himself to animate ; but in a portrait of her, still, or until lately, extant at Versailles, this same Queen looks, if remembered aright, a plump and placid *Mater-familias*, smilingly contented with the numerous

children standing about her, of which children Louis XV. was the very youthful, but always indulgent father. He had long been constant to his Consort, **but the days** of the Regency through which he had lived before his marriage, were evil, and his domestic virtues by no means commanded **the** popular respect which they deserved. In his case, the individual was less to be blamed than the times. One need have a strong character of head, and a heart with cool blood to resist a torrent of evil, and Louis XV. could not fly from evil as an anchorite to the desert. On every side he was allured, but with virtue he bade farewell to happiness. Henceforth his religion became one of terror, from which he sought refuge in pleasure, even whilst the idea of glory was still associated with his name. King-worship was part of the creed of France in his days; belief in the divine right of Kings was then universal; and women in France had been taught to believe, and to interpret somewhat literally, that the King could do no wrong.

Madame la Marquise de Pompadour appeared at Versailles when Louis XV. had just returned thither in triumph, as the hero of his people, after the battle of Fontenoy. She was the wife of a financier, named d'Étioles, to whom she had been married by the wish

of an utterly unscrupulous mother when she was scarcely more than a child, and in her husband's home she had become acquainted with Voltaire and Montesquieu, with Marmontel and the witty Abbé (afterwards Cardinal) de Bernis, as also with many others of the celebrated *savants* and *littérateurs*, their contemporaries.

M. d'Étioles, who never, perhaps, expected to gain her affection—she being the victim of a *mariage de convenance* with him—seems by no means to have commanded her respect ; but, during the years of their union, she strove to satisfy the wants of her heart by ministering to those of her head, and upon her daughter, the only surviving child of her marriage, she lavished all the love of which, until the King of France came across her path, she had felt capable. It was at her own château in the midst of the forest of Senaart that Louis XV. first stood before her : for his Majesty shared the passion for the chase which, for nearly seven hundred years before his time, had been peculiar to the Bourbons, and in that forest-land he used to hunt, whilst the fair *châtelaine* would, now and then, make her appearance in the background, sometimes on horseback and sometimes in a light car-like carriage made of ivory and ebony, until at last, the King, having inquired who she was, expressed

surprise that the wife of a mere financier should not only possess so much elegance, but that she should have power enough to make her *bourgeois* husband's home the centre of attraction to many of the *noblesse* of Versailles, and to all the greatest wits of Paris.

The King's curiosity was much excited, and Fortune—or some of Fortune's votaries, in the form of his Majesty's own courtiers—aided him in satisfying this curiosity when one winter's morning he was hunting on the forest-land of Senaart, and a shot from his own royal hand went right through the heart of a stag close to the gates of the Château d'Étioles. Etiquette demanded that the huntsman should present the antlers of his victim to the owner of the land: and so Louis XV., alighting from his horse, and followed by his numerous and brilliant *suite*, entered the château, splendid in his condescension, animated by recent exercise, and, with antlers in hand, stood before the woman who had been told in her childhood, by some soothsayer, that the King of France and of Navarre would be her destiny.

Madame d'Étioles was not likely to forget that prediction when she then, for the first time, knelt before Louis XV. Like all women she adored courage, and the monarch who stood before her, "beautiful as Hope," was then regarded as a hero by his people, he

having just returned from the war with fresh laurels on his brow. Pity, too, may have helped to soften the heart of Madame d'Étioles, for, despite his Majesty's recent victories, he was known to be mourning in heart for the sudden death of his late "favourite," the Duchesse de Châteauroux; and, in short, not even Voltaire, the cynical friend of the Châtelaine de Senaart, presumed to doubt that she loved the King from that first moment when she knelt at his feet.

With what result may be judged when, at a short date from that time, it was to her the following letter, from the Camp of Fontenoy, just after the battle, was written by Louis XV.

"MADAME,—I thought all was lost, but the Maréchal de Saxe has regained all, and has this day even surpassed himself. My troops have fought with invincible courage, and those of my household have performed prodigies. To them I owe the victory. I have witnessed the heroic valour of the French Noblesse, for it has been displayed beneath mine eyes."

At Versailles, when Louis XV. returned from that campaign, the rejoicings for French victories were great, and about that time a lady was newly presented at Court, in the person of the late Châtelaine

of Senaart, henceforth to be known to the world as Madame la Marquise de Pompadour,—a name which during the next twenty years of France's political history of the eighteenth century stands strangely foremost, amongst those of great contemporaries, not least of whom was Frederick, commonly called "the Great," of Prussia.

The Queen of France not less than the new Marquise, was the creature of the century in the midst of which they both lived, and the former instinctively recognised in the latter certain qualities of heart and head which she could scarcely have expected to find in such a rival. The Marquise herself declared, "I revere the Queen because she is virtuous. Would that I had the courage to imitate her!"

Other rivals, predecessors of the Pompadour, had had cause to weep in remorse at the feet of Queen Marie Leckzinska, and of her Majesty it may here be said that, small though her place in the history of her time, she stands forth as an example of the sustaining power of faith in the history of the soul, for she resigned herself to a life of prayer, and the example of her pure conduct not only favourably restrained that of her children, but acted as a check to many evils around her.

Voltaire found himself at the Court of Versailles soon after his friend Madame d'Étioles was established there as the Marquise de Pompadour ; and to her he owed his post of historiographer of France, whilst that of Court dramatist and poet was even still more agreeable to him. In the theatre of the Palace of Versailles he (Arouet), who had known something of misery in Paris, and had had a taste of the Bastille, was hailed as the Wit, Voltaire ; and there in the royal box he sate, whilst Louis XV., as "Trajan," acted the part on the stage, which he had written for him,—his Majesty having been incited to such dramatic amusement by the new Marquise, who herself brilliantly excelled in it.

Not then foreseeing how retribution would overtake her, and how a life lived out to the end is Heaven's best teaching, the Marquise de Pompadour imparted fresh animation to the Court of Versailles by the exercise of her many talents, the versatile nature of which was evinced by her varying countenance, lighted up by a pair of eyes so large and fine, that it seemed as though a whole being, body and soul, sometimes emanated from them. She was all things in turn—superb, playful, imperious, childish, intellectual. Her figure was finely moulded and of middle stature. She was both handsome and

pretty—a rare combination; she dressed with consummate taste; her hands were beautiful, and so were her teeth, even after her lips had become pale with suffering.

No wonder, that in her presence, and within the sound of her brilliant conversation, Voltaire should declare that “the elevation of Madame de Maintenon, in the previous reign, had been but a retreat,” for while the chief care of Madame de Maintenon had been to discipline the habits of Louis XIV. in his old age, according to her ideas of penitential duty, that of Madame de Pompadour was to amuse Louis XV., so as to distract his mind from remorse, and from the fits of gloom to which, as time rolled on, he became increasingly subject. Her efforts to do so were exhaustive to herself, and this the more so because the King gradually cast the burthen of political affairs upon her, until her name became of world-wide significance at a time of immense anxiety to the Cabinet at Versailles—the time of the “Seven Years’ War.”

Not even the alliance effected by her means between France and Austria, after nearly three centuries of sanguinary discord, nor the fact of the Great Empress Maria Theresa addressing her in political documents as “Cousin” or “Sister,” could mitigate the

ever increasing and poignant anxiety the Marquise de Pompadour felt at Versailles, when, with the Exchequer of France impoverished by previous, even though successful, wars, and with the King of France—once the well-beloved hero of his people—in a frequent state of apathetic despondency, she found that the war against England and Prussia had become inevitable; and it was then that Voltaire, because refused a place in the Ministry at Versailles, deserted the King, whose historiographer he was, and placed himself under the protection of Frederick, King of Prussia, the sworn foe of France, and especially so of the woman to whom the recreant poet had owed his elevation.

Frederick of Prussia was ambitious of surrounding himself with French *littérateurs*; the French press was still gagged, and many of the French Encyclopédistes, champions of free thought in France, and freemasons—as was the Great Frederick himself—found a refuge in Prussia.

Many Frenchmen, proscribed for the attempted utterance of latitudinarian thought, whether in politics or polemics, and compelled to fly from France, did not scruple to place their pens at the service of her enemies, and it was when under the patronage of the King of Prussia that Voltaire wrote

his "Pucelle d'Orléans," from which posterity, less ungrateful than himself, has been too much taught to revile the memory of the Marquise de Pompadour.

When the King of Prussia had made what use he could of Voltaire, he flung him aside "like a sucked orange," but never again was Voltaire allowed to return to Versailles ; not even when Marie Antoinette reigned there, twenty years after the desertion of the (meantime) exiled poet and "philosopher," was he able to regain an entrance to the Palace where once he wrote plays for Majesty to act. By some folks, indeed, who, in Paris, flocked round Voltaire, when, after long banishment from France, he returned to that city, his death was supposed to be accelerated by his vexation at being still excluded from Versailles.

In that Palace, the Marquise de Pompadour had died some years previously, after much suffering of mind and body. As though to atone for the one fault of her life, she had exerted herself, in many ways, for the welfare of France, and had done much for the arts of peace ; for the calamities to France consequent upon the Seven Years' War against Prussia, she ought not to have been held accountable, but the odium of ill-success was upon her, as it was

known that she had long ceased to be aught to the King but his political adviser. Her beauty had faded ; her daughter, whom she had tenderly loved, was dead ; the joy of her own life had long departed from her, and yet to the last she toiled, and still exerted herself to amuse the King. But one day, with a seeming sense of joy at her deliverance, she knew that she was dying ; and, looking round upon that Versailles which, for the space of twenty years, she had mainly helped to adorn with everything beautiful in art and nature, and where, in the days gone by, she had played at Tragedy with the laurel-crowned King, when Voltaire wrote plays at her command, she sent to Paris for the Curé of the Magdalen to come and administer to her the last offices of her religion.

Long since had the Court Confessor, Father Sacy, absolved her from the ban of excommunication with regard to her past relations with the King, but, as she knew that she brought nothing into the world, so she knew that she could carry nothing out of it, and it was as a pauper, not less than a penitent, that she wished to die.

So, lying there at Versailles, the most splendid Palace then in Europe, over the Court and Cabinet of which Palace she had long reigned supreme, she

caused herself to be clad in coarse serge according to the third order of the Capuchins, with the chaplet of St. François round her waist, and a wooden cross upon her breast. The Curé of the Magdalen came, and, after confessing her, he remained by her side until, just as he was leaving her, she cried out, "Stay; let us go forth together."

This was the last *mot* of the once witty woman, who, lying there clad for her burial, had long, in the midst of splendour, felt the hollowness of such a life as hers had been.

A pauper burial she had chosen for herself; and according to her wish, her coffin was carried by Capuchin brothers, and placed beside that of her daughter in the Convent church of the Place Vendôme.

From a high balcony of the Palace of Versailles, Louis XV. beheld that pauper funeral of the brilliant woman he had loved, pass out through the gates. He had often, with that morbid gloom of his, against which she had combated, talked to her of death even when he himself was in the midst of fêtes; and now, reflecting how neither her power of love, nor her genius, nor her beauty, nor the false though resplendent position in which her devotion to himself had placed her, had made her really happy, he could

not but ask himself, as did M. le Président Hénault, "Was such a life worth the trouble of living?"*

About six years after the death of Madame de Pompadour, the marriage of the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XVI.) was celebrated in the Chapel of Versailles. This marriage was the result of the political combination between France and Austria, when in 1756, those two powers were combined against England and Prussia; and, at the period of the Dauphin's marriage, the people of France were still groaning beneath the consequences of the Seven Years' War, so that the union of blood with Austria was not welcome to them.

The bridegroom was but sixteen years of age, and the bride still younger when this marriage took place; but, in the Chapel of Versailles, it was solemnized with great splendour; although in the evening of that day, when illuminations, fireworks and other

* The Curé of the Magdalen, who attended Madame de Pompadour on her deathbed, belonged to the Parish of the *Madeleine*, in Paris, in which her residence (the *Élysée*) was situated. By some authors, therefore, it seems to have been inferred that her last moments were spent at the Palace of the *Élysée*; but she is declared by French authority, contemporary, or almost contemporary, with her, to have been removed from Paris to Versailles by her own wish when she knew that her end was fast approaching. The Prince de Soubise was her executor, and to the last she transacted public business for the King at Versailles.

symbols of public rejoicing were prepared for the people at large outside the Palace, such terrible storms arose that the fêtes were postponed.

The Dauphiness, Marie Antoinette, was welcome in her youth and vivacity to the old age of Louis XV. at Versailles, but it was not until after the death there of that monarch that her real life began.

The last years of Louis XV. were miserable, for, though weary of life, he dreaded death. To one in the daily confidence of the Duc d'Aumont (first gentleman of his Majesty's chamber) we are indebted for the following picture, taken of him when he thought that no human eye beheld him, for the narrator was invisible, having lain down to rest on a sofa and covered himself with a cloak, at night time, in an ante-room of the Duc d'Aumont's apartments at Versailles :—

“ I was awakened by the noise of a door opening. I raised my head and saw Louis XV. At first he looked round the ante-chamber here and there. The lights in the chandeliers were burning low. ‘ There is nobody here,’ said the King, and then he began to walk up and down, sighing and murmuring in the tone of a man who has drunk himself sad. Presently he paused before a large mirror, and after having considered himself a long time in it, he pressed his hands

on his forehead, his cheeks, his chin, and thus apostrophised himself: 'Miserable wretch that thou art! Murderer of thine own soul and body!' Then his sad monologue recommenced. At last he stopped again before the mirror, and said to his own image reflected there, 'Thou wilt not die old—not threescore and ten! And hell! Hell!' Five minutes passed while he stood looking at himself with horror, and then he muttered, 'France! France! How is she governed?' Afterwards, 'But this supper to-night will be delicious, though all is weary, weary! Why cannot they give me something new?'"

Madame de Barry, the very inferior successor of Madame de Pompadour, was banished from Versailles after the death of Louis XV.; the old-maid daughters of that King, who had shown a propensity for mischief, were held in subjection after the accession of their nephew, Louis XVI., to the throne; a brilliant staff formed itself round the person of Marie Antoinette, and it was soon afterwards that Edmund Burke declared:—

"I saw the Queen of France at Versailles, and surely never lighted upon this orb, which she scarcely seemed to touch, a more delightful vision! I saw her just above the horizon, cheering and decorating the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering

like the morning star, full of hope and splendour and joy."

A magnificent Court was around her, a Court of beauty and courage, of wisdom and wit. The lovely Princesse de Lamballe, destined to be one of the first victims of the massacre of the Revolution, was there ; the fascinating Duchesse de Polignac, who, in the careless grace of her dress, always, so somebody said, "seemed to be *en déshabillé*," was never far from the Queen ; Lafayette, then quite young and panting to achieve independence across the Atlantic, was there, with d'Estaing and other heroes who ultimately became known to the whole world as champions of Liberty in America ; Dr. Benjamin Franklin, in quaint Quaker costume, utterly unlike the magnificent costume of courtiers at Versailles, likewise suddenly made his successful appearance in the midst of them ; and Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, the gay, though lame, abbé of the past, and the renowned diplomatist of the future years—all, with innumerable others, emulous of distinction either in the cabinet, in the camp, or at Court, were there. The Queen, always more or less bright, animated, beautiful. The King, awakened by her to a new sense of life, but sometimes fearful lest (according to the austerity of his principles as the whilome pupil of the pious, not to say bigoted,

Duc de la Vauguyon) she might not become too frivolous. The King's brother, the young and gay Count d'Artois (in long after years Charles X.), desirous of promoting the pleasures of the Queen whether in theatricals, or in the dance, or in outdoor excursions, or in games at cards or of chance, was there. "Monsieur," the King's studious brother (afterwards Louis XVIII.), looking on at the gay scene around him with the air of a young "*philosophe*," though delighted in himself if one of his own written articles, under a *nom de plume*, had lately appeared in a Paris newspaper, was there. The saintly Princess, "Madame Elizabeth," destined to die a virgin martyr on the revolutionary scaffold, was also there from time to time, but identifying herself chiefly with the more serious pursuits of the King, her brother, and eventually attaching herself especially to his children when, at last, they were born to him.

Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette had been married eight years when the birth of their first child (afterwards the Duchesse d'Angoulême) occurred at Versailles. Two sons and another daughter subsequently completed the number of their offspring, which number was eventually reduced to two by the death of the elder son and the infant princess, his sister.

The elder son, or first Dauphin as he was afterwards called (to distinguish him from his brother, who survived only to perish in the prison of the Temple), died about the time of the opening of the States General; he had been long ailing, and it was with a heavy heart that the Queen appeared on that occasion, from which indeed dates the Chronology of the French Revolution.

It was upon the fifth day of May, 1789, that the opening of the States General took place at Versailles. Upon an elevated throne the King was seated, with the Queen beside him; the Court occupied stalls, and the *tiers état* lower seats at the farther end of the hall. Upon the previous day a solemn procession had been formed, which (with the religious ceremonial that followed) is thus described by the Marquis de Ferrières, who was present:—

“The nobility in black coats, the other garments of cloth of gold, silk cloak, lace cravat, plumed hat turned up à la Henri IV.; the Clergy in surplice, wide mantle, square cap; the Bishops in their purple robes, with their *rochets*; the *tiers* dressed in black, with silk mantle and cambric cravat. The King placed himself on a platform richly decorated, Monsieur, the Count d’Artois, the Princes, the Ministers, the great officers of the Crown, were seated

below the King ; the Queen placed herself opposite to the King ; Madame, the Countess d'Artois, the princesses, the ladies of the Court, superbly dressed and covered with diamonds, composed a magnificent retinue for her.

"The streets were hung with tapestry belonging to the Crown ; the regiments of the French and Swiss Guards formed a line from Notre Dame to St. Louis . . . the balconies were adorned with costly stuffs, the windows were filled with spectators of all ages, of both sexes . . . Bands of music, placed at intervals, rent the air with melodious sounds ; the rolling of drums, the clang of trumpets, the noble chants of the priests, alternately heard, without disturbance, without confusion, enlivened this triumphal procession to the temple of the Almighty."

Who, that witnessed that procession, or beheld the King and Queen of France enthroned in state upon the day following at Versailles, could have supposed that the fall of French Monarchy was so nigh at hand—that in the month of October of that same year, the populace would violently compel the removal of their Majesties to Paris !

Not three months after that splendid Assembly of the States General, the Bastille was stormed, and upon this event quickly followed others heralding

the Revolution ; the popular mind was already in a state of frenzy, and every event connected with the Court served, by malicious misinterpretation, to increase that frenzy.

Upon the 2nd of October, 1789, the Life-Guards gave a dinner to the officers of the garrison, the scene of which dinner was the theatre of the Palace of Versailles. With drawn swords, the health of the Royal Family was drunk upon that occasion, but the National toast was omitted. The trumpets sounded a charge. The boxes were scaled with loud shouts. The song of "O Richard ! O mon Roi ! L'univers t'abandonne !" was sung. The company vowed to die for the King, as though he were already in imminent danger.

Cockades,—but not the then new national tricolour cockade,—were distributed, and at the same moment, so it was afterwards said, the national cockade was trodden under foot. Just at this juncture the Queen, by special request, appeared in the midst of this loyal, but excited, company ; the King, also. In her arms the Queen carried the Dauphin. Enthusiasm was at its height amongst the Life-Guards and others, who prostrated themselves at the feet of their Majesties, and vowed fidelity.

M. Thiers, who gives a vivid picture of this scene,

suggests that the report of this entertainment having spread, the popular imagination added its own exaggerations with regard to it. Be this as it may, an infuriated mob assembled at Versailles on the sixth day of that same month, and there threatened the life of the Queen.

Marie Antoinette heard the yells of the ferocious crowd which thronged the great court outside the Palace, and with a courage worthy of her as the daughter of the Empress-Queen, Maria Theresa, she determined to face her foes. She knew that her life was in imminent danger ; she knew that this same mob had lately been guilty of massacre at the storming of the Bastille ; she knew that loyal blood had already flowed for the sake of the royal cause in Paris ; but, nevertheless, she stepped forth on the balcony, just above the great marble court of Versailles, in which a multitude of beings, scarcely human, were yelling for her life, and so defied them.

Motionless she stood, but in an attitude both noble and modest. Her head was bare, and her fair hair, in that moment of consternation, dishevelled and unpowdered, floated about it. Her dress was white ; and even then (says the Marquis de Lavalette, who beheld her) she appeared like a victim on the block. The enraged people, however, were amazed

but not softened by this vision of woe in all its majesty, and it was not until Lafayette—the popular French hero of the then late American Rebellion, and the new General-in-Chief of the National Guard of Paris—had come forward on the balcony and reverently kissed the Queen's hand in the sight of the people, and not until the King, having also stepped forth, had promised at once to remove with his family from Versailles to Paris, that all immediate danger was averted.

Some of the Palace Life-Guards who so recently had sworn devotion to the King and Queen, had already fallen victims to that morning's sedition; and, about midday, began that ghastly journey from Versailles to Paris, which indeed may be considered as the first, and not the least terrible, stage of the way to the scaffold, for Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

To Versailles they returned no more. A long procession followed the coach, in which they, with their two surviving children and other members of the royal family, rode away from the Palace in which their predecessors had been worshipped as something more than mortal; and before that coach, in which sate, calm and dignified, the most virtuous King and the most lovely Queen that France had scarcely ever known—but who thus were doomed

to expiate the sins of their ancestors—marched savage and unsexed *poissardes*; all of them (declares one who beheld that awful procession) more ugly than crime itself, many of them wearing Grenadiers' hairy caps, all of them either singing abominable songs or howling barbarously, or insulting the royal family by word or gesture. One detachment of the mob carried aloft the still bleeding heads of two of the Life-Guards, who had that morning been murdered, and insurgents, mad with fierce unholy triumph, danced on the way like madmen, covered with mud.

From the date of that fatal morning, Oct. 6, 1789, the Palace of Versailles was silent and deserted.

It was sacked by the Revolution which closed the 18th century in France, and Napoleon I., though, as elsewhere said, he carpeted Notre Dame with banners, trophies of his victories, though he continued the Louvre, though he commanded the capital from the height of his column of bronze, and imprinted the stamp of his reign upon the Tuileries and various other public buildings in Paris, yet never found himself even rich enough to re-furnish Versailles, and, in not doing so, he in some sort avowed himself vanquished by the grandeur of Louis XIV.

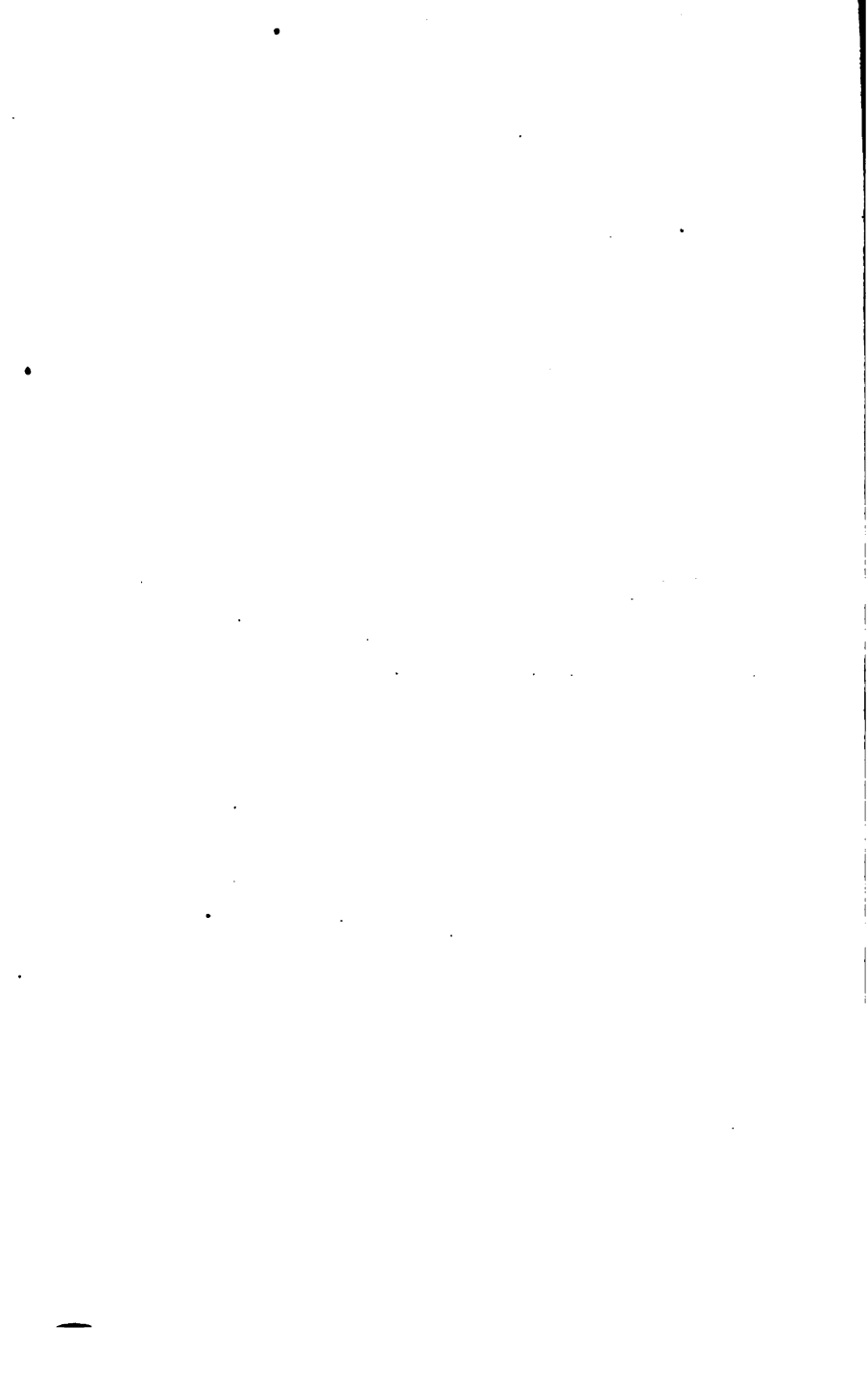
Louis XVIII., after the Restoration of 1814, paid

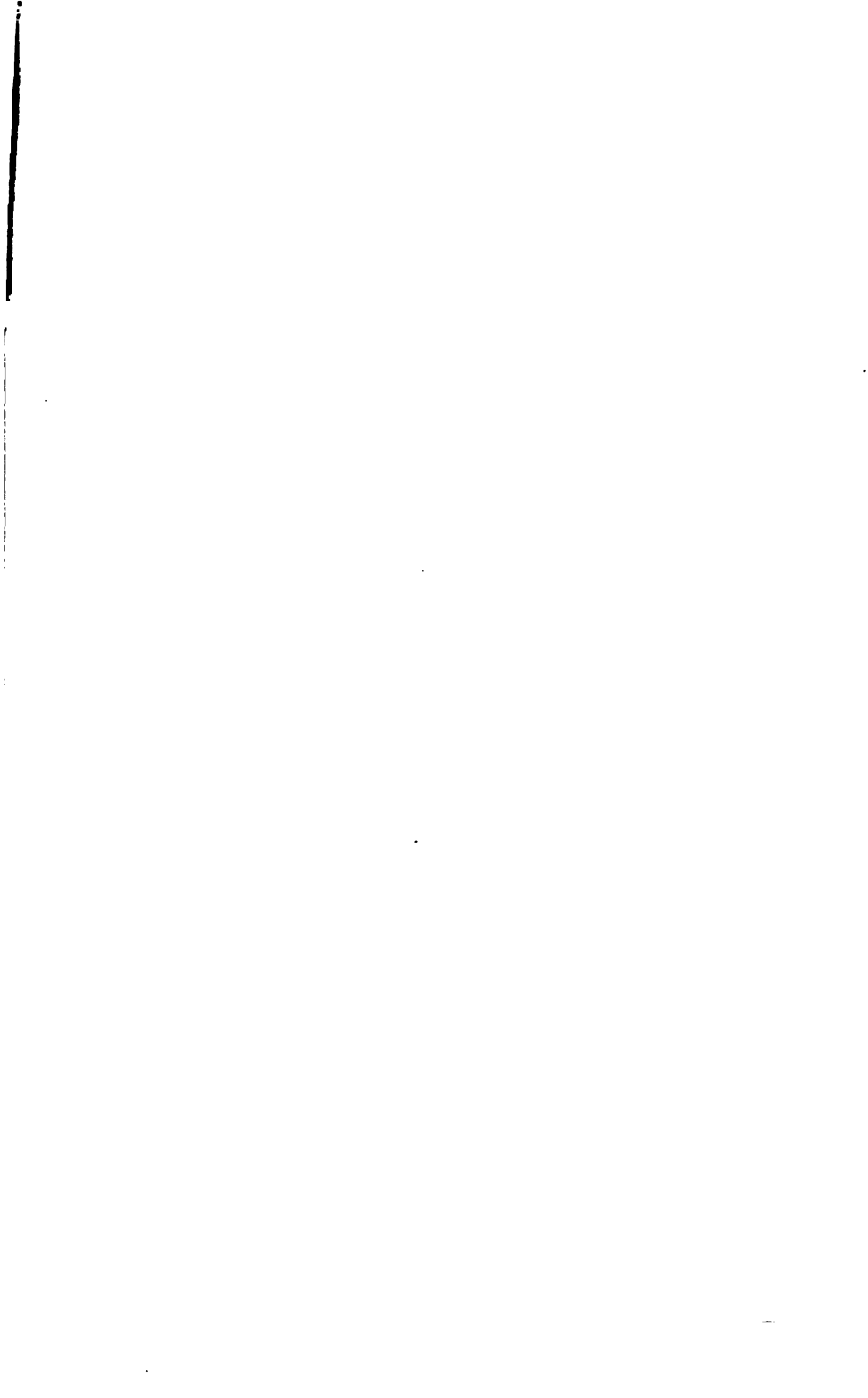
one visit to Versailles, the place of his birth ; but the visit was a sad one to him, considering that when, for one brief hour, he then in his old age wandered through the long deserted and dismantled Palace, the scene of his youth, he could not but remember how most of those who had then inhabited that Palace—especially his brother Louis XVI., and his sister-in-law, Marie Antoinette—had long ago fallen victims on the scaffold, from which fate he had only saved himself by emigration, the latter having since doomed him to years of dreary exile before his restoration to the land of his birth, where now he felt as a stranger, though nominally he was its king.

Louis Philippe, "King of the French," gave a fête at Versailles in honour of the marriage of his son, the Duc d'Orléans ; and to this fête all subjects, most illustrious in art and literature, were bidden ; but it was only the affair of a few hours, and the pompous solitude of Versailles, its park, its *parterres*, its smooth and silent waters, its lofty apartments, its vast gallery, its theatre where Molière acted, and—last though not least—its chapel where Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Massillon preached, seemed to refuse either to echo the present, or to reproduce the past.

Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie achieved something more like a success in the fête given by

them to her Majesty, Queen Victoria, at Versailles. The Palace was bright, for a transient space of time, within; the fountains, reflecting fantastic illuminations, played in all their strange and various forms without; the populace, admitted to the grounds, made the long silent echoes ring with loyal shouts, for the alliance of England with France pleased the French people. But all that has likewise passed away; and by *The Times* of December 23, 1870, it is told that "The King" (of Prussia) "went to attend Divine Service in the Chapel of Louis XIV. in this Palace"—of VERSAILLES.





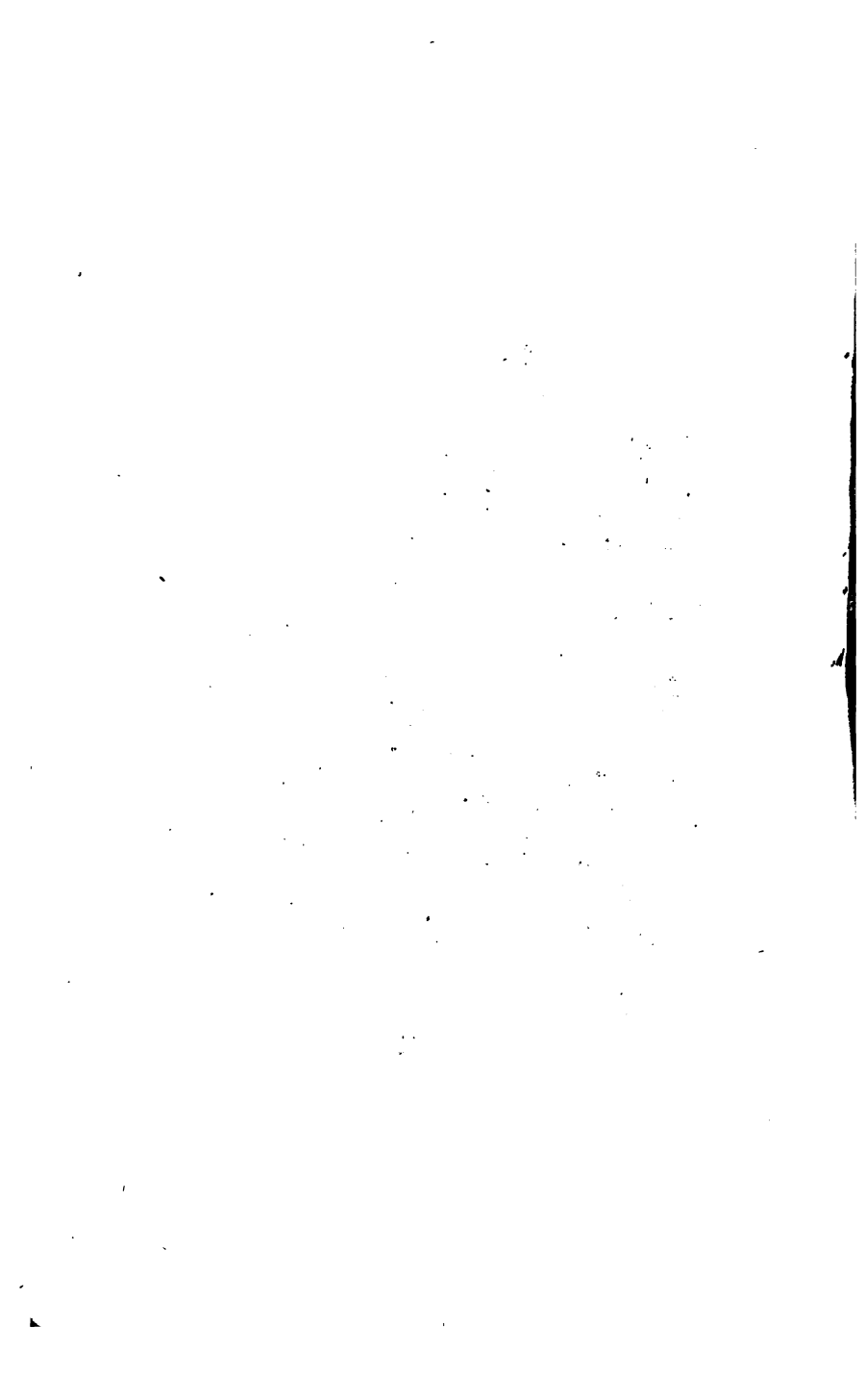


ST. GERMAIN.

THE FOREST



THE FOREST OF St. Germain, which was at one time the property of the King, was a very extensive one, and was the seat of the most magnificent of the arts of peace, that of the chase. The first mention of the forest in France dates back to the year 1000. It was then called the Forest of St. Germain, and by the King the Forest of St. Germain was declared an open forest, and was, in the 16th century, a very extensive one. The forest had been founded by King Henry II, and was, at that time, a very extensive one. The forest was, however, gradually diminished by the King's orders, and in 1710, the immense forest for which the forest of St. Germain is famous, was called by the name of *Le Bois de St. Germain*, and was at last destroyed. The forest, which had been near the



ST. GERMAIN.



ING FRANCIS I., though often at war for empire against his great rival Charles V., and though of extreme ardour for military exploits, yet found so much time for the encouragement of the arts of peace that more than one great monument in France dates back to his reign. He it was who established the Royal College in France, and by him the Château de St. Germain was designed on far famed forest land, where, in the 11th century, a monastery had been founded by King Robert, which monastery, however, was demolished by the English in 1346. The immense forest for which the neighbourhood of St. Germain is notorious, was, in old times, called by the name of *Lelia*, and this name, gradually corrupted, was at last dropped into *Laye*, so that the town which had sprung up near the

forest, was, and is still, known as that of *St. Germain en Laye*.

Catherine de Médicis, the daughter-in-law of Francis I., gave a fresh impulse to that monarch's ambition of associating his name with works of art, literature, and architecture; for she not only inherited from the great Italian race, to which she owed her origin, an intense appreciation of these things, but encouraged Italian artists to settle in the country of her adoption. Benvenuto Cellini, for example, came to France from Italy at her instigation; nor ought it to be forgotten that in former ages even royal and noble sinners of Italy were sometimes canonised for contributing to artistic or scientific progress. The best trained architects of the South were, in those days, generally priests, and the art of road-making ranked so high as a means of civilisation that some who excelled in it, literally "paved their way to glory, and reached the gates of heaven by causeways made on earth." St. Benedict laid the basis of his own canonization with the first stone of the famous bridge of Avignon, which, says Pope Nicholas V., was raised by divine inspiration.

The Château of St. Germain, like that of the Tuileries, is closely associated with the memory of Catherine de Médicis, to whom, in childhood, the

splendid Palaces of Italy were familiar. Henri IV. afterwards caused another palatial residence, called the *Château Neuf*, to be constructed near the famous forest of *Laye*, but this soon fell into ruins, and to Louis XIV. it was reserved to flank the original building with five large pavilions, and to embellish it at an enormous cost, although he afterwards took a distaste to it because from its windows the church of St. Denis, the burial place of Kings of France, was visible.

After his removal to Versailles, the *Grand Monarque*, as will presently here be seen, placed the Château de St. Germain at the service of the exiled Royal Family of England, and, since the death there of James II., it has been put to various uses, not the least remarkable being that of this present time (1870), when it serves as a barrack for Prussian troops, or an hospital for the sick and wounded of a war by which many of the various conquests of Louis XIV. are wrested away from France.

The Great Prince of Condé thought France invincible, when Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., and a frequent resident at St. Germain, implored him to become the protector of that King during his minority. France was then torn by contending factions, and though, in the midst of that of the

Fronde, the Parliament of Paris was opposed to "the great Condé" as having shown himself flattered by the appeal of the Court of St. Germain, neither that Parliament any more than he, the "hero of Rocroi, of Fribourg, of Lens, and of Norlingen," could, during the Civil War then raging, have believed that the Palace which had sheltered Francis I., the glorious opponent of the Imperial Charles V., would ever have been at the mercy of an Emperor of Germany.

During the civil war, occasioned by the administration of Cardinal Mazarin, the Prince of Condé adhered to the Court of St. Germain, but afterwards joined the malcontents. At the age of twenty-two he had gained the battle of Rocroi, which was followed by the capture of Thionville, with other places, and, after entering Germany and being subsequently sent into Spain, he defeated the Imperialists in Flanders. In 1659 he was employed in Flanders against the Prince of Orange, and, though wounded at the passage of the Rhine, he carried on the war with such energy that he reduced the whole of Franche Comté. He was not thirty years of age when he took a leading part in the Fronde.

Young were many heroes of France in those days, not least of them being the brave Turenne, and the Prince de Marsillac ; the latter knew how to wield his

pen as well as his sword, for to the world at large he is better known as the Duc de la Rochefoucault, author of the universally quoted "Maxims."

In his later years Louis XIII. had retired to St. Germain, where his amusement consisted chiefly in the chase. Cardinal de Richelieu, whose mighty intellect had not only ruled France and her weak King, but had influenced all the political councils of Europe, had named his secretary, Mazarin, to be his ministerial successor; and the power of the latter was confirmed by Anne of Austria, when, after the death of Louis XIII., she, his widow, and the mother of the young Louis XIV., became regent of France.*

* RICHELIEU (Armand du Plessis), Cardinal and Statesman, was born of a noble family in Paris, A.D. 1585. After studying at the Sorbonne, he attained to the Archbishopric of Luçon, and subsequently became Grand Almoner and Secretary of State. He was banished for a time to Avignon, when Marie de Médicis, widow of Henri IV. and mother to Louis XIII., was politically opposed to the last-named monarch; but, after effecting a reconciliation between the King and his mother, he was appointed Prime Minister, and obtained a Cardinal's hat. "His policy struck terror into Germany, humbled Spain, reduced Savoy, and subdued the Protestants." He died of a pleurisy not long before the decease of Louis XIII., who was guided by his counsels.

MAZARIN (Jules), Cardinal and Statesman, was born at Piscina, in Italy, in 1602. After studying at Alcala, in Spain, he first went to Rome and then into Lombardy. Having assisted in effecting a peace between France and Spain, he was sent by the Pope as Nuncio to the Court of France, where Richelieu adopted him. Upon the death of Richelieu he became Prime Minister, but cabals being formed against

During the lifetime of Louis XIII. his consort, Anne of Austria, led but a sad life at St. Germain, although it was there that her son (Louis XIV.) was born after she had been for twenty years a childless wife.

From the moment of his birth, and even before her great counsellor and favourite, Mazarin, had succeeded Richelieu, she formed plans in behalf of her son's future welfare: for when Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who was herself then but a child, went to visit the Queen at St. Germain, she said to her, "You shall be my daughter-in-law." For Mademoiselle de Montpensier, generally known as "la Grande Mademoiselle," was not only the greatest heiress in France, but also a Princess of royal blood, being the daughter of Gaston, Duke of Orléans, second son of Henri IV. by Marie de Médicis, and brother of Louis XIII., by whom he was detested and to whom he was politically opposed.

The "Grande Mademoiselle," when still only a child, liked visiting her Majesty, Anne of Austria, at St. Germain, and there she sometimes joined in the chase with Louis XIII. and his courtiers.

him, he was at one time compelled to fly the kingdom; subsequently returning to Court with renewed and increased power, he exercised dominion over France until his death.

"We were all dressed in the same colours," says she, "mounted on beautiful horses richly caparisoned, and, to shade us from the sun, we wore hats ornamented with a quantity of feathers As soon as I returned I went to the Queen, whom I was delighted to wait on at supper, her ladies carrying the dishes The Queen was delivered of a son (afterwards Louis XIV.) and his birth afforded me much amusement. I went to see him every day and called him my little husband. The King was delighted with everything I did. Cardinal de Richelieu, who did not desire me to be too intimate, gave orders for my return to Paris I wept when I took leave of their Majesties, who showed me every kindness, especially the Queen, who warmly testified her affection." *

For political reasons Cardinal de Richelieu desired not the presence of the daughter of the Duke of Orléans at St. Germain ; but, nevertheless, when, after Richelieu's death, Mazarin's reign had begun, she often went thither, and seems to have been much edified by the "christian resignation" with which Louis XIII. supported his last illness. "So well," says she, "was he prepared to quit this world, that on

* *Mémoires of Mademoiselle de Montpensier.* Written by Herself. Edition 1848. London : Henry Colburn.

seeing St. Denis from the windows of his chamber in the château at St. Germain, to which he had been removed for better air, he pointed out the line by which the funeral *cortège* would pass, remarking a part where the road was bad and recommending that it should be avoided." And it is the "Grande Made-moiselle" who still further says, "I have even heard that during his illness he had composed the music of *De Profundis*, which was sung in the room immediately after his death, as is the custom on the death of kings." *

The Princess who records this was of an ungovernable temper, but brave and of strong power of attachment; the last named quality being subsequently only too well evinced by her self-willed marriage with the fascinating, but unscrupulous, Duc de Lauzun; whilst of courage she gave two especial proofs, one of them being her successful defence of the city of

* About the time when Louis XIII. was about to depart from this world, the baptism of the Dauphin took place, that ceremony having hitherto been deferred. The young Prince was then in the fifth year of his age; Cardinal Mazarin and the Princesse de Condé stood sponsors to him; he received the name of *Louis*, and when, after his baptism, he was taken into the room where Louis XIII. lay dying, and being asked by that monarch his name, "I am Louis XIV.," exclaimed the child. "Not yet, my son, not yet," replied the King, about to pass away; and, despite his pious resignation, alluded to in the text above, Louis XIII. seemed more pained by the child's answer than the occasion seemed to justify.

Orléans, which caused her to be regarded as another Joan of Arc ; and the other being when, during the civil war, she, having taken part with the Prince de Condé, at that time in opposition to the Court, caused the cannon of the fortress of the Bastille to be fired on his opponents. After this action, however, there was no further chance for her of marrying her cousin, Louis XIV., so that when Mazarin heard the first cannon fired from the Bastille he exclaimed, "*Corpo di Bacco !* She has killed her husband !"

Of Mazarin one of his contemporaries gives the following flattering portrait.

"In person he is of ordinary stature, though his mind and fortune are not so. His countenance is handsome, his eyes large and extremely animated. Nature has given him beautiful hands, so that they might be often observable when employed in acts of liberality to which he accustoms them. Destiny prevented his being born a prince, only that he might have the glory of becoming one, and that having attained to dignities, they might be more honoured by him, than he by them."*

* Portrait de M. le Cardinal de Mazarin. Par Madame la Comtesse de Brégis. Other contemporary portraits are by no means so favourable as the above to Mazarin, as by his enemies it was even insinuated that though one of those same beautiful hands of his might be employed in acts of liberality, the other of them would clutch at gain, even when

As a companion portrait appertaining in those days to the Palace of Saint Germain, let us now turn to that of the Queen over whom Mazarin exercised dominion.

“ She is tall and well made ; her deportment is gentle and majestic. Her eyes are perfectly beautiful ; in their expression is such a mixture of softness and seriousness, that their power has been fatal to many illustrious personages ; her mouth, although in a very innocent-looking way, has been an accomplice in all the misfortunes that her eyes have caused ; and by one of her smiles she can conquer a thousand hearts. Her hair, of a chestnut colour, is fine and abundant ; there is nothing more charming than to see her comb it. Her hands, which have received the homage of all Europe, which are made to please the eyes, and to hold a sceptre, are of extreme whiteness and elegant in their movements. Her neck is handsome and well-made ; and those who would fain see more of it are forced to esteem the motive which prevents that pleasure. Her skin is of an even whiteness ; but her complexion is not the same, for she has neglected its preservation, never scarcely wearing a mask. Her nose is not so perfect as are the other
playing at games of chance,—gambling in more ways than one being then in vogue.

features of her face ; it is large, but its size is not unsuitable to her great eyes, and if it detract from her beauty, it does not the less help to impart gravity to her countenance. She is not a slave of fashion, but she dresses herself well. The virtue of the Queen is solid, though *sans façon* ; she is modest, but without being shocked by innocent gaiety. She believes easily in goodness, and never, voluntarily, listens to evil."

Such, drawn evidently by the hand of one who loved her well,* is a portrait (or rather only a sketch from a portrait, considering the elaborate nature of the original) of Anne of Austria, to whom Buckingham, Richelieu, and Mazarin, with many others, were all, more or less, attached.

Her life with Louis XIII. was not a happy one, though to him, when he was about to die at St. Germain, she solemnly disclaimed all accusations that had been laid to her charge ; but his answer was, "In my present state, madame, it is my duty to forgive, but not to believe, you."

To Cardinal Mazarin she yielded all authority, but nevertheless, she exercised a beneficial influence over her son, Louis XIV., during his long minority.

* Portrait de la Reine Mère. Fait par Madame de Motteville, Nièce de M. Bertant, Evêque de Serz.

When, in 1648, she was publicly accused by the people of sacrificing the interests of the state to her regard for Mazarin, she withdrew to St. Germain, accompanied by her children, the "Great Condé," the Duke of Orléans, and Mazarin. The Palace having been ransacked, many of the Court were obliged to sleep upon straw, and the crown jewels were pledged in order to procure the necessaries of life.

Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, wife of Charles I., and daughter of Henri IV. of France, having at that time fled with her daughter for refuge to France, was so reduced to want on account of the political troubles raging there, that she was forced to remain in bed because she had no fire to warm her.

In the month of January in the following year, the martyrdom of Charles I., King of England, was accomplished, and at a later date when his exiled son, the young Charles II., arrived in France, he went with his widowed mother to the Château de St. Germain, which, in restored order, was even then made a home for the unfortunate Royal Family of England.

Queen Henrietta Maria was anxious that her son should espouse the rich and royal Mademoiselle de Montpensier, her own kinswoman; but that princess

had other views for herself in matrimony, and was thinking just then that she would prefer to be Empress of Germany.

Mademoiselle de Montpensier had so much courage that of her it was said, that she could carry a pike as well as a mask. The description she once heard of herself, and which she afterwards quoted with pleasure, was that of a *grande fille de belle taille*; handsome enough with a long face and a large nose; who once had a mind to be what was then called devout, but who "took it up too violently to last."

She had soft curling hair, which the Queen of England had once helped to display to the young King Charles,* but Mademoiselle declares that it was not until the latter was about to take his departure from St. Germain that she went thither to pay her respects to the Queen, his mother, and to take leave of him; but here let the Grande Mademoiselle, though with a mind preoccupied by thoughts of the Emperor of Germany, speak for herself.

"The Queen of England said to me,

" 'We must congratulate you on the death of the Empress; for if the affair were off on a former occasion, it will not be so again.'

* "The Tuileries and the Louvre."

"I" (the Grande Mademoiselle) "said that 'I did not give it a thought.'

"The Queen continued, observing,

"'Not far off is a man who is persuaded that a King of eighteen is worth more than an Emperor of fifty, with four children.'

"Her Majesty ran on for some time in this provoking manner, and concluded by remarking,

"'My son is too poor, and too unfortunate for you.' Assuming a milder tone, she then pointed out to me an English lady, of whom her son was enamoured, saying,

"'He is very apprehensive that you should discover it; see, how ashamed he looks at her when you are present; he fears that I shall tell you of it.'

"The King then went away, and the Queen took me to her cabinet, and, having shut the door, said,

"'The King, my son, has begged of me to ask your pardon, if the proposal he has made is displeasing to you—he is quite in despair about it. . . . All that I can desire is that his voyage may be prosperous, and that you will keep him in remembrance.'

"I returned her my most respectful compliments," continues Mademoiselle, "and took leave of her to go to Poissy, about two leagues from Paris. The Duke of York said he would go with me, and that I could

leave him on my return, at St. Germain. The King of England also expressed a wish to accompany me, but I would not allow of it, remarking that the Duke of York was only a boy, and that therefore there was no harm in my taking him. The King then requested the Queen, his mother, to accompany him, to which she consented; so I took them both in my coach. The Queen spoke of nothing all the way, but the friendship in which her son would live with his wife. . . . This the King confirmed; adding, that he could not understand how any man, having a sensible wife, could love any other woman."

But Mademoiselle could only at that moment think of her chances of becoming Empress of Germany, although she describes the young King of England (then not twenty years old) as tall for his age, with a beautiful head, black hair, a brown complexion, and of a tolerable figure. The future temptations of his own restored Court were far from Charles II. when he declared to his mother's guest at St. Germain that he could not understand how a man "having a sensible wife" could love any other woman; nor could his younger brother, the Duke of York, foresee, when begging for a ride in the rich princess's coach, how after many years he would return, again an exile, to St. Germain, there to die. Nor could Mademoiselle

de Montpensier then surmise how such a return would affect her own fortunes in a way here to be told.*

In 1670, when Charles II. had been ten years restored to the throne of his ancestors, and Louis XIV. desired to conclude a secret political league with him, the *Grand Monarque* chose for his ambassadress, Henrietta, Duchess of Orléans, the wife of his own brother, and the sister to the King of England. From the Château de St. Germain to the coast, was a gala scene upon this occasion, for Louis XIV., attended by his splendid Court, accompanied his sister-in-law, and remained on the opposite shore to Dover whilst she crossed over thither to confer with her brother, Charles II.

After ten days passed gaily in England, the Duchess, having successfully achieved her mission, returned to France, where, almost immediately afterwards, she died suddenly—of poison, it was supposed.† Her delight at her recent and triumphant journey had not abated when she was snatched away from earth; a flattering court was around her, not the least conspicuous member of which was the Count (afterwards

* Gaston, Duke of Orléans, father of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and uncle of Louis XIV., died in 1661.

† "St. Cloud," following.

Duke) de Lauzun, who had recently commanded the body of troops by which she had been escorted to the coast.

This was the same Duc de Lauzun, to whom the royal heiress, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, finally attached herself when about forty-two years of age, after having refused to ally herself to any of the many sovereigns who had desired to espouse her. Of her a portrait has already here been given ; her courage and intelligence were remarkable, but the latter failed her in her choice of a husband.

DE LAUZUN,—a small fair man, of good figure, haughty countenance, much ambition, plenty of wit, but full of strange caprices, and of so discontented a temper, that one of his contemporaries describes him as *méchant et malin par nature*,—was scarcely more than a soldier of fortune who, under the name of *Puiguilhem*, had made his first steps in the great world by the performance of various small services, by which he gained the good graces, first of Cardinal de Mazarin, and subsequently of the King ; but the fickle nature of Court favour soon became known to him ; for, after holding more than one military appointment of honour, he soon had his first experience of the Bastille for speaking insolently to his Majesty, under the delusion that the latter was

his rival in a love affair. Upon his release from prison he presented himself before the King with a beard as long as that of a Capuchin, much to the amusement of the Court at St. Germain, where at that time large curling wigs, and small, well-trimmed moustaches, were worn ; but, far from having again offended his Majesty by this eccentricity (which was only one of many), De Lauzun was soon afterwards made Colonel of French dragoons, and—in 1669—Captain of the Gardes-du-Corps. He commanded the Royal Army in Flanders, and had achieved therefore something more than notoriety, both in Camp and at Court, when the *Grande Mademoiselle*, having passed her *première jeunesse*, desired to complete his good fortune by bestowing upon him her immense wealth, four Duchies, the County d'Eu, the Palais d'Orléans (Luxembourg), the sovereignty of Dombes,—and her own royal hand. The marriage contract was prepared ; the *Puiguilhem* of former days was about to sign himself Duc de Montpensier, when the King, assailed on every side by priests, princes, and politicians—all against this mésalliance of that too generous princess, Mademoiselle—forbade the marriage ; and the bridegroom elect, having offended Madame de Montespan by concealing himself under a sofa in order to overhear a conversa-

tion between her and the King, when they thought themselves alone, was again conducted to the Bastille.

Fortune, however, eventually favoured him, though not without dragging him through innumerable vicissitudes. He married the *Grande Mademoiselle*, but the union was a miserable one for her. He it was who, in 1688, conducted the Queen of England, Consort of James II., with her son, to the Château de St. Germain. Louis XIV. himself no longer resided there, for, after the death of the Queen-Mother, Anne of Austria, he had taken up his abode at Versailles, whither he had at first retreated with Louise de la Vallière.*

To Louis XIII., as here before mentioned, it was a pleasure during his last illness at St. Germain, to look from his chamber window towards St. Denis, whither he knew he would soon be carried to rest there with his ancestors; but Louis XIV. liked not to behold, from his Palace, the cathedral tomb of Kings of France. Yet though this weakness helped to impel his removal from St. Germain, it may be forgiven him in consideration of the noble use he made of that château in behalf of the exiled Royal Family of England, for it was by his command that De Lauzun

* "Versailles," preceding.

undertook to convey the wife and son of James II. to the royal residence where the widow of Charles I. and her children had already found a home in exile.

The Duc de Lauzun, as escort to the proscribed Royal Family of England, displayed such zeal, such tact and courage, in the mission assigned to him that, when he arrived safely at Calais with the future inhabitants of St. Germain, Louis XIV. wrote to him with his own hand, and cordially granted him permission to return to the Court of Versailles, whence he had of late again been banished. Forty Guards, with a Lieutenant of Guards, an *Exempt*, M. le Premier, with carriages, and some *Maîtres d'Hôtel*, were forthwith sent by the King of France to attend the Queen of England on her way from Calais, and when at last she was installed with all honour at St. Germain by Louis XIV., he pointed her out to the ladies of his Court as a model of female majesty and grace.

De Lauzun afterwards became, as said one of his Court acquaintances, the prime minister of England in France; and by Louis XIV. his services to the royal family of England were so highly esteemed that his Majesty sent a confidential messenger to the *Grande Mademoiselle*—for so, as a princess of the blood, she was still called, despite her alliance with De

Lauzun—to say that after the political services rendered by the man whom she had once only too much delighted to honour, he felt bound to receive him back to favour. At this message she flew into an indignant rage and exclaimed, “That then is gratitude for all that I have done to benefit the King’s children!” And when one of the friends of De Lauzun was sent by him to deliver a letter to her as a sign of marital penitence for his many offences against her, she could not contain herself, for she snatched the letter from him and threw it into the fire; the emissary of peace pulled it out again and presented it afresh to the wrathful lady, respectfully reminding her, meantime, that at least she ought to read it, whereupon “*Mademoiselle*” took it, retired with it for a moment into another apartment, and then returned, saying that she had burnt it unopened.

Many were the miseries which this haughty princess had inflicted on herself by her *mésalliance* with the brilliant, but egotistical and eccentric, libertine, De Lauzun; repeatedly had she pardoned his offences against her, though with increasing difficulty on her side, for upon one occasion it was not before he had dragged himself on his knees, down the whole length of a great gallery, until he reached her feet, that she forgave him some fresh injury that he

had inflicted on her ; and at last they separated, for she drove him from her presence and refused to see him again even when, at last, in 1693, she was dying.

At St. Denis she was buried in that same cathedral tomb of kings at which, when a child at St. Germain, she remembered Louis XIII. gazing—with a longing for rest—in the distance.

De Lauzun survived her some years, but fell into insignificance ; the best achievement of his life having been the safe conduct of the Queen of England to St. Germain.

Thither, when the exiled James II. arrived, came various of his brave followers with him. Amongst them was the ancestor of the present Lord Perth, who, as secretary to the King of England, occupied the suite of apartments beneath those—consisting of fifteen or sixteen rooms—dedicated to the private use of his Majesty. These Jacobite nobles, whose estates were confiscated for their fidelity to the Stuart cause, were partakers of the noble hospitality extended by the King of France to the King of England.

Upon the magnificent Terrace of St. Germain, commanding a view as imposing by its extent as by its variety, the courtiers of England would mingle with those of France ; and to the pavilion *de la Muette*, the picturesque *rendez-vous* of the chase for

which the vast forest-land around is celebrated, the French bugle of the chief royal huntsman—the "*gros-veneur*"—would often summon them.

James II. passed a life of prayer, in his oratory at St. Germain, and when at last he died at that same Château where, as a boy with his mother, he had sought a refuge, his son, commonly called "the Pretender" in England, was formally proclaimed James III., by Louis XIV., although this French recognition of the title of King of England was considered in the light of a declaration of war, by William of Orange and his English subjects.

Any attempt, however, at the political history of that time, would here be out of place, although at St. Germain there was an eloquent commentary upon its result, when some few years since, her Majesty Queen Victoria visited that forest palace in company with the Emperor and the Empress of the French.

In the oratory where James II. had spent so great a part of his exiled life, the present Queen of England, embodying in herself those principles for non-adherence to which he had forfeited the crown which now rests upon her brow, lingered with an evident sentiment of that sympathy and respect which a liberal mind cannot fail to feel for misfortune, and for individuals who have brought misfortune upon

themselves by self-sacrificing acts of mistaken judgment.

Upon that day when Queen Victoria visited St. Germain, the echoes of the vast forest were roused by sounds of rejoicing at her presence.

England and France, allied together, were at that time both at peace; nor could any of the chief personages of the Royal and Imperial party then meditating upon the past at St. Germain have anticipated the future (now) when a letter dated from that historic site contains this passage:

"It is mid-day of the shortest day of 1870. Valérien's threatening growl is once more heard swelling into indignant roar. We sally forth to the Terrace, whence we behold it spitting forth its deadly venom in the shape of shot and shell. The rarely heard field-bugle sounds through St. Germain's streets, assisted by the roll of the Prussian drum. . . . Let us hope that the dawn of 1871 may usher in a thorough cessation of all the blood-stained episodes of the present departing year."

THE LOUVRE AND THE TUILERIES.



THE CHÂTEAU OF THE TUILERIES is so named because its site, in former ages, was used for tile making (*fabriques des Tuiles*), and, like many other important edifices in France, its origin is due to Catherine de Médicis, who, when in Paris, held her Court at the Louvre, with which Palace, in modern times best known for its picture galleries and art *Musées*, that of the Tuileries is connected.

Impossible, therefore, is it to dissociate the historical memories of the Palace of the Louvre from those of the Château of the Tuileries, although so ancient is the origin of the Louvre, that it is almost lost in obscurity, the most authenticated fact in long past times being that Philip Augustus occasionally dwelt there, and that, according to some antiquarians, its

name is derived from one originally signifying *chasse au loup*,—wolf-hunt—and, according to others, from the old Saxon word *Louwer*, signifying a château, or castle.

Francis I. authorised the building of what in his time began to be called the new Louvre, from designs presented to him by one Pierre Lescot. Catherine de Médicis, daughter-in-law of Francis I., carried out these designs—which, perhaps, were first due to her—with energy, and during the successive reigns of her three sons, the result, under her continued rule, was so successful that Henri IV., after his accession to the throne, generally inhabited this Palace when in Paris. His son and successor, Louis XIII., added “the Clock Pavilion” to it : and his successor, again, Louis XIV., still further embellished it by the addition of the famed colonnade (due to the genius of the celebrated Claude Perrault), whilst the same monarch caused the gardens of the Tuileries to be planted by his great landscape-gardener, Lenotre.

But it is to the time of Catherine de Médicis we must now go back in making our entrée at the Louvre, and there, in the midst of the brilliant and chivalrous Court surrounding the Queen and her husband, Henri II., we behold Mary, Queen of Scots, a lovely child of about thirteen years of age, reciting before their Majesties an oration in Latin, the subject

of which was the necessity of Female Education in literature and the fine arts.

Brantôme, the chronicler of the Louvre, and one of its courtiers, being present at this scene, which took place in the great *Salle* of that Palace, describes Mary, Queen of Scots, as already of great beauty and intelligence ; possessing also such grace that by it even a “*barbarisme grossier*” was made elegant, so that upon one occasion when he beheld her dressed in what he calls “*la barbaresque Mode des Sauvages de Son Pays*” (which could be nothing else than the Scotch Highland costume of that day), she appeared “a true goddess ;” and therefore, as this venerable courtier himself asks, “What must have been her appearance when arrayed in her beautiful and rich apparel, whether French or Spanish, or with the *bonnet à l’Italienne*, or in those other habiliments of her deep mourning . . . the whiteness of her face rivalling the whiteness of her veil ?” A song was made at Court concerning Mary, Queen of Scots, when she appeared at the Louvre wearing the weeds of her widowhood, after the death of her first husband, Francis II., her raiment being at that time white, for thus began the song in the quaint French of that time :

“ L’on voia, sous blanc Atour
En grand Deuil et Tristesse.”

Upon the day when her marriage with Francis, then called the "Roy Dauphin," was celebrated, the young Queen-bride appeared, declares Brantôme, "more beautiful than a goddess from heaven, whether in the morning, *aux Espousailles en brave Majesté*, or whether after dinner walking through the ball;" and he further adds that she had, *pour faire mieux embrasser le monde*, a sweet voice, and that sometimes she accompanied this voice with the lute, upon which instrument she had a firm touch, though it was that of a hand soft and white, and of fingers beautiful as those of Aurora. After the young King, her first husband, was snatched from her, the widowed and sorrowing Queen Mary, who was a poetess, composed a song bewailing her "*Perte incomparable*," which song thus ends:

"Mets, Chanson, icy Fin
A si triste Complainte,
Dont sera le Refrein
Amour vraye et non feinte.
Pour la Séparation
N'aura Diminution."

Mary, Queen of Scots, singing thus mournfully, was about to quit the Louvre for her own bleak mountain land where, in the midst of the misfortunes awaiting her, she could not but think of the days of her youth ere premature widowhood had paled her

cheek,—bright days passed in the midst of the Court of France which her old friend there, Brantôme, describes as a true Paradise of the world and a school of all Honesty and Virtue.

In the time of Catherine de Médicis, and under her patronage of art and literature, the festivals both at the Louvre and the Tuileries were diversified in their magnificence and sometimes fantastic in their character. During one of them at the Tuileries, when foreign and potential visitors were present, a “bizarre Ballet” was performed, in which the dancers, who were all ladies of the Court, represented the (then) Sixteen Provinces of France. This Ballet lasted at least an hour, and when it was over the noble and fair performers in it advanced towards the King and Queen of France, and towards their guests the King of Poland and his brother, not forgetting the King and Queen of Navarre and others of the distinguished company, and offered to each a finely chiselled and enamelled plate of gold, about the size of the hand, upon which were engraven the various fruits or products for which each province was famous—such as the citrons and oranges of Provence; the wines and grapes of Champagne and Burgundy; the warriors of Guyenne; so on, symbolic of all the provinces, and by these chiselled plates of gold those

to whom they were presented must have been reminded of Benvenuto Cellini, the great Italian gold-sculptor, who, by Catherine de Médicis, his pupil, was introduced to France.

Queen Catherine de Médicis herself stands out as a grand central figure in the festivals inaugurated by her both at the Louvre and the Tuileries. Her observant courtier and chronicler, just quoted, describes her as of an extremely fine appearance and very majestic, but always gentle when necessary ; of Italian countenance, powerful, handsome, but agreeable ; of an "*embonpoint très riche*," her hands of remarkable beauty ; her dress, in later life, of black velvet, except upon such occasions as the marriage fêtes of her various children, when she sometimes wore violet, which well became her white and full throat, and a coif with veil, the former of the same form as that since known by the name of her daughter-in-law, Marie Stuart.

Henri II., Consort of Catherine de Médicis, was, from his early youth, devoted to Diana de Poitiers, who not only charmed him but refined his originally rough manners, though she was old enough to be his mother.*

The character given by Brantôme of Catherine de

* "St. Cloud," following.



Médicis, and the praises of her echoed by more than one more recent biographer of France, are incompatible with the conduct ascribed to her by exclusively Protestant historians concerning the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day.

Eulogists upon the one hand and detractors upon the other have never ceased disputing as to the true nature of Mary, Queen of Scots, nor will they, perhaps, ever cease to hold different views of the motives that impelled her mother-in-law at a time when the brand of civil discord was lighted in France, when sedition and insurrection took the name but by no means were always actuated by the spirit of religion ; and when (after the battle of Jarnac, in 1569) the great resource of the Protestants against the Guises was in the brave Admiral de Coligny, who had borne arms from his childhood, who had been treated with marks of flattering distinction at Court, but who was yet the first to fall in the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day.

The horrors of that massacre are too notorious to need recording here, but it must not be forgotten that years afterwards, when Catherine de Médicis lay dying, she exhorted her son, Henri III., to put a stop to the persecution of the Protestants, and to be reconciled to the King of Navarre, whose

sincerity, she declared, she had always experienced.

Henri IV., when at the Louvre, just before the intended coronation of his Consort, Marie de Médicis, was oppressed by the most gloomy forebodings that his own end was fast approaching ; for, having summoned the Duc de Sully to his presence, he said to that faithful subject, "O my friend ! this coronation does not please me ; I know not whence my fears arise, but my heart tells me some fatal accident will happen." And having said these words, he threw himself on a chair, and seemed overcome by a weight of apprehension, for at length he again exclaimed, "Par-dieu ! I shall die in this city." The Duc de Sully was much alarmed by the state of mind in which he beheld his royal master, and advised him to take measures in order to leave Paris ; but the sequel is only too well known, as before the King could do so he was stabbed to the heart by the assassin Ravailac, in the near neighbourhood of the Louvre and the Tuileries.

During the minority of Louis XIII., son of Henri IV., his mother, Marie de Médicis, when holding her Court at the Louvre, as Regent, had to contend against sedition. Eventually the mighty genius of Cardinal de Richelieu re-established the power of the

monarchy,* but upon one especial occasion Marie de Médicis summoned several of the discontented magistrates of Paris to the Louvre, and pointing to her son, who was at that time about fourteen years of age, "He is your King and your Master," she exclaimed, "and though there be people disaffected to his service who lead you to treat his orders with contempt, he will know how to exert his authority, should you set his prohibitions at defiance."

During the minority of Louis XIV., the Regent Queen Mother, Anne of Austria,† held her Court at the Tuileries from time to time, until the people of Paris having incurred her Majesty's displeasure, that Palace was presided over by Madame de Soissons, one of Cardinal Mazarin's seven nieces, who soon became the centre of a brilliant circle in the Capital of France. At the Tuileries, when Madame la Comtesse de Soissons was *Surintendante* there, Louis XIV. first acquired and then displayed those graces of manner for which he afterwards became famous; it was there too that he first learnt to love the beautiful but soon repentant La Vallière, and mourn her two earlier flights from him, the first to the convent of the *Benedictines de St. Cloud*, and the second to that of *St. Marie de Chaillot*, whither the

* "St. Germain."

† *Ibid.*

despairing young King sent M. le Duc de Lauzun, to bring her back to his arms by force.*

At the Louvre, Queen Henrietta Maria of England sought a refuge from the political troubles which brought about the martyrdom of her husband, Charles I.; and thither that unfortunate monarch sent his son, the Prince of Wales (afterwards Charles II.), to join his mother, considering that in her native land he would find safety.

The Queen of England,—daughter of Henri IV.,—was received with all honours due to a princess of the blood royal of France, and she soon evinced a wish to ally her son with her rich kinswoman, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, daughter of Gaston, Duc d'Orléans, and grand-daughter of Henri IV. and Marie de Médicis.

Speaking of herself, it is Mademoiselle de Montpensier who says, .

“When I visited the Queen of England, the Prince of Wales led me to my carriage, never putting on his hat until he had taken leave of me One day when I was going to an assembly at Madame de Choisy's, the Queen of England, who wished to dress my hair and to adorn me herself, took every care to see that I was well attired, the Prince of

* “Versailles,” and “St. Germain.”

Wales holding the flambeau near me, to give light. He wore on this occasion a little flesh-coloured white and red *eye*, because the ribbons which tied my tiara of jewels were of those colours. I wore, also, a plume of the same, the whole being as the Queen of England had arranged it."

Afterwards, when the war of the Fronde was raging, and when the Court of France was compelled, by political reverses, to submit to severe privations, the future Cardinal de Retz went one day to visit the Queen of England at the Louvre, and there found her Majesty in the chamber of her daughter (afterwards Duchesse d'Orléans), because that Princess was unable to rise from her bed for lack of fire, and her mother was unwilling to leave her alone in such destitution. Six months had passed since Cardinal de Mazarin had been able to pay the Queen of England her pension; the merchants of Paris were unwilling to give her further credit, and in her splendid abode of the Louvre, there was no more fuel for their use until the Parliament sent her the sum of fourteen thousand francs.

De Retz was then the most popular preacher in Paris. He was a Doctor of the Sorbonne, and became coadjutor to his uncle, the Archbishop of Paris. At one time he had entered into a conspiracy against

Richelieu, for his political intrigues were scarcely less notorious than was the number of duels he had fought; but nevertheless, he, by his pulpit oratory, had gained an immense influence over the bourgeoisie at a time when the tide of popular favour had turned against Mazarin, who, nevertheless, returned ultimately to Court with renewed power, a power which, henceforth on the increase, made itself felt throughout Europe to the end of his eventful life.

At one period even the rich Princess, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, had to endure misery in consequence of the political vicissitudes by which France was harassed; but in time she re-appeared at the Tuileries with, apparently, an increased sense of pleasure in that palatial abode.

"I was the first to return to Paris," says she, "and to visit the Queen of England at the Louvre I found the second son of her Majesty, the Duke of York (afterwards James II.), with her he was then about thirteen or fourteen years old, very pretty, with a good face, fine figure, and of fair complexion."

Queen Henrietta Maria was then a widow; the martyrdom of her husband, Charles I., had not long since been accomplished; and when after the battle of Worcester, her elder son, Charles II., again arrived

in France, his kinswoman, Mademoiselle de Montpensier—whose alliance he desired—confesses, whilst here again speaking of herself at the Louvre,

“I really thought he had a very fine figure, and was looking much better than before his departure, although he had little hair and a great deal of beard, which affect the appearance of most people” (to save himself, he had been obliged to cut off his long cavalier locks, and assume a roundhead disguise); “and he related how, after having lost the battle, he had passed with a party of forty or fifty horsemen through the enemy’s army, and through the city near which the conflict had taken place He conducted me through the gallery which leads from the Louvre to the Tuileries, and on paying me a second visit, he asked me the favour to hear my band of violins. I sent for the musicians, and we danced He came every day to see me, and we danced together. All the young and well-looking people of Paris came also; they had no court to pay to any one but me, as the Queen” (Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV.) “was not in Paris; and our assemblies were of consequence enough to be called a Court; they began at five or six o’clock, and finished at nine. The Queen of England attended them often.”

Mademoiselle de Montpensier, though she danced

thus at the Tuileries with Charles II., declined to become the partner for life of that monarch, because at that time she preferred the idea of marrying either the Emperor of Germany or Louis XIV. Had she been less ambitious and more capable of real love for a Prince in adversity, she would have avoided her *mésalliance* with the Duc de Lauzun, by which the happiness of her life was eventually shipwrecked. Meantime, by politically attaching herself to the great Condé, when that Prince was opposed to the Crown during the war of the Fronde, she sacrificed her hopes of being Queen of France; and was at one time banished from the Tuileries, where she habitually resided, and where she had lately wept when bidding the Prince farewell.

“Nothing could be more beautiful than to see the great walk of the Tuileries crowded with people,” says she; “it was the season for putting on their winter dresses, and they wore everything new. Monsieur le Prince was habited superbly with a *petite oye* of flame colour, gold and silver; and he wore a blue scarf, *à l’Allemand*, over a *justaucorps* which he left unbuttoned I confess that I shed tears when I saw him depart.”

Louis XIV. never forgave the people of Paris the part they bore in those turbulent times; and though,

for a brief space, he occasionally took up his abode at the Tuileries, after his marriage (in 1663) with the then young and timid Infanta of Spain, who seemed alarmed at the great and gay Court by which she there found herself surrounded, he eventually forsook that metropolitan Palace for Versailles.*

When, therefore, in 1789, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were forcibly compelled, by the seditious populace, to quit Versailles and to take up their residence in the capital of France, the Tuileries had been uninhabited by royalty for more than a century, for Louis XV., following the example of his great predecessor, had continued to hold his Court at Versailles.

Queen Marie Antoinette, when forced to dwell at the Tuileries, had reason to regard herself as already a prisoner in the midst of that Palace ; and when she looked forth mournfully from its windows on the public gardens in front of it, they presented to her gaze a very different scene from that which, more than a century before, the royal Princess, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, had, in company with the great Prince Condé, beheld in them.

For to General Dumouriez, at the Tuileries, Queen Marie Antoinette one day said, pointing towards the

* "Versailles," preceding.

gardens from the windows of the apartment in which he stood by her side :—

“Look what a scene there lies before us ! You see on one side a man mounted on a chair reading aloud the most horrible calumnies against the King and myself, on the other a military man insulted, and an abbé dragged through one of the fountain basins, outraged and beaten ; then turn to the other side, and behold people quite indifferent to such a state of things, playing at ball, talking merrily, or walking quietly about. What an abode !”

At that time of their residence at the Tuileries, the gloom of the King was constant ; the Queen’s tears flowed daily ; sleep had forsaken her ; her life was in constant danger. In company with her faithful friend, the Princesse de Lamballe (destined soon to perish by massacre for her fidelity), and the saintly Princesse Elizabeth (destined soon to die the death of a virgin-martyr on the regicide scaffold), the Queen often sought to excuse her habitual and mournful silence by apparently occupying herself with tapestry work, but even her two surviving children were not deceived by her seeming calmness, for one day when the Dauphin was taking exercise within the limited space assigned to him for that purpose (railed off from the public gardens, though within view of them),

a woman approached and begged him to deliver a private petition to his Royal parents, declaring that if it were but granted, she should be happy as a Queen.

"Happy as a Queen?" asked the Dauphin in surprise; "I only know one Queen, who is my mother, but she is not happy, for she weeps every day of her life."

Upon the 20th day of June, 1792, a ferocious mob burst into the Palace of the Tuileries, and there penetrated to the presence of the King, who was then in company with his sister the Princesse (commonly called by right of her birth "Madame") Elizabeth, and a few of the friends who still remained at his side, amongst whom was the aged Maréchal de Mouchy Aclogue. Hatchet blows were heard against the door of the apartment, and the King commanded it to be opened.

Just at that moment, however, it was violently broken open from without, and Louis XVI. stood face to face with his savage subjects, who had armed themselves with pikes, bayonets, and other weapons. The King stepped forward and said, "I am here." The few devoted friends around him, exclaimed, "Respect your King!" His Majesty's sister soon saw that she was mistaken for the Queen by the

mob, and when some guards clustered around her for protection, she nobly implored them not to undeceive the people, as by falling a victim to their mad fury, she might save the Queen's life. The King did not lose his self-command for a moment, but declared, as soon as he could make himself heard, that he was the nation's best friend. "Show us that you are," cried one ruffian near him, whilst thrusting a republican red cap towards him; "put on this."

And the King did so.

Then came another ruffian, and jeeringly asked his Majesty to drink out of a bottle, with a glass attached to it, which at the same moment he rudely presented to him. The King had long dreaded poison, but, nevertheless, he took the glass offered to him, and calmly drank off its contents to the dregs.

The courage of this action was recognised even by that savage mob, and elicited a shout of applause; though it was not until the arrival of Petion, the Republican Mayor of Paris, and others, supposed by the people to be entirely in their interests, that the insurgent crowd was dispersed.

The Queen and her two children were at another part of the Palace at the moment when the mob had forced its entrance there, and when at last she reached

the side of the King, the populace had gone, but he still wore the odious *bonnet rouge*, for he had forgotten it in the midst of the scene which had threatened his life.

He still stood in the place where he had been outraged, and which was scattered by the wreck of broken furniture and shattered doors. When he saw the Queen and his children, he flung aside the *bonnet rouge*, and they, weeping, clung about him. At that moment, a municipal officer approached. His name was Merlin de Thionville. He was a stern republican, but yet tears were in his eyes as they rested on the King and his family.

"Ah!" said the Queen to him, "you may well weep, sir, to see the King thus cruelly treated by his people, whose happiness he has always desired."

But Merlin de Thionville answered :

"It is true, madam, that I shed tears ; yet they flow not for either King or Queen, but only for the fate of a beautiful woman, who is the mother of children. As for Kings and Queens, I abhor them."

Before dawn, on the morning of the 10th day of August, 1792, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette knew that some extreme peril was impending over them ; for nearer and nearer to the Palace of the Tuileries, where they were, came the rumbling of

artillery, the sound of vile songs, and the profane shouts of a blood-thirsty multitude.

When the light of day came, it revealed the fact that the Palace was besieged by the ferocious populace. The King was calm and full of courage, though pale with anxiety as to the fate of his wife, his children, and few remaining loyal adherents; and one who beheld the Queen upon that fatal day, and survived to tell its tale of horrors, declares that her fortitude was expressed by every one of her dignified movements. Her fine features were lighted up with magnanimous determination; her small head was thrown back, and her nostrils quivered with indignation at this fresh outrage on royalty, although as Queen and wife, as woman and mother, she had lately wept so much that her eyes still bore evident traces of tears. She kept her children close to her side, and her courage inspired them with confidence.

The King, heedless of the peril to which he exposed himself, stepped out on the balcony of the Palace, to judge for himself of the menacing scene without. Not having retired to rest during the anxious night preceding, he still wore a purple suit of Court clothes that he had on the day before, his powdered hair was disordered, a sword was buckled on to his side. This costume, or perhaps the starry

orders gleaming on his breast, helped to identify him; the sight of his courage rekindled a momentary gleam of enthusiasm amongst some of his insubordinate subjects nearest to him, and for the last time in France that century, a shout echoed in the air of "Vive le Roi!"

The King went down from the balcony to review the soldiers in the court below. About nine hundred brave Swiss Guards, and also a battalion of the National Guard, had remained near him; and presently, notwithstanding the entreaties of the officers by his side (who dreaded the result to his Majesty of such a perilous attempt), he issued forth from the vestibule of the Palace, with the intention of reviewing the troops in the gardens. There he was greeted by the execrations of the mob, the terrace of the Feuillants was thronged by the ferocious populace, but nevertheless the King proceeded calmly along it, an outstretched band of tri-coloured ribbon forming the only barrier between him and the crowd, which yelled forth all sorts of threats and insults as he passed. Having returned, as it were by a miracle, in safety to the Palace, and rejoined the Queen and his children within its walls, the opening scenes of horror and confusion which greeted him there, convinced the King that his only hope of saving the lives

of those most dear to him was at once to convey them to the bosom of the National Assembly.* But in order to do so it was necessary to pass through the Palace Gardens, along the terrace, and through the Court of the Riding House.

A popular deputy of the *tiers état*, named Rœderer, who had arrived at the Tuileries, urged this plan of escape on the King, who consented to it, but the Queen declared that, sooner than submit to it, she would be "nailed to the palace walls."

But when Rœderer earnestly protested that it was her only means of saving her husband and children, her Majesty turned and said to him, "Sir, do you make yourself responsible for their safety, if I consent?"

Rœderer pledged himself to this, and with difficulty the Royal family eventually reached the Assembly. There, at last, a wild shout from without proclaimed a hideous victory, the doors were broken up by a mob drunk with blood and crime, dragging after it the few of the brave Swiss Guards who, in mockery, had been spared but for a moment, the whole of their brave companions in arms having been massacred whilst to the last defending the Tuileries.

* M. Thiers, to whose chronicles the thanks of the present writer are due, has ably proved that this appeal to the National Assembly was by no means an act of cowardice on the part of Louis XVI.

Towards the end of the month of March, 1802, when Bonaparte, First Consul, had taken up his abode at the Tuileries, a grand diplomatic reception was held there, in the apartments of Joséphine, wife of Bonaparte,* to whom (ere she was married to her first husband, the Vicomte de Beauharnais) it had been predicted that she should be Queen and Empress.

Talleyrand, ex-Bishop of Autun, and prince of diplomatists, then being Minister of *relations extérieures*, had the task confided to him of introducing Joséphine to the representatives of foreign Powers who formed part of the diplomatic circle awaiting her, and when, with his lame gait but imposing presence, he entered with her, she looked all the more lovely because of the extreme, and, for her, unusual simplicity of her attire.

Her dark luxuriant hair was uncovered, its rich tints harmonised with those of her skin, upon which, however, there was a glow, as though of tropic sunshine. Her eyes, deep blue in colour, of varied though always sweet expression, looked with interest upon the scene before her. A simple white muslin robe revealed rather than concealed the supple, creole grace of her form and movements. Her arms

* "Fontainebleau," following.

were bare, and a string of pearls round her throat was the only ornament she wore.

She lightly placed her beautiful hand in that of Talleyrand, and then he, with an appearance of profound respect, conducted her round the circle of distinguished guests awaiting her, naming each one of them successively to her.

The apartments in which this reception was held were on the *Rez-de-Chaussée* of the garden side of the Tuileries, and when Talleyrand had led Joséphine round the second salon in a similar way to that already described, a door was flung open, and Bonaparte presented himself to the gaze of the brilliant assembly. He wore his simple uniform of First Consul; a tri-coloured scarf, fringed with silk, was tied round his waist; and his military-looking boots, his black neck-tie, his white *pantalon*, his pale face with its regular features, his lank hair, his penetrating eyes and determined movements, the sword at his side, and the cocked hat in his hand, were all points of separate but close observation to many who then beheld him for the first time.

Joséphine, belonging as she did, by birth and her first marriage, to the old *Noblesse* of France, brought back with her to the Tuileries many French subjects of the *ancien régime* who otherwise would have been

more opposed than they were to the installation there of the First Empire ; and by her side soon appeared her fair daughter, Hortense de Beauharnais, who was quickly espoused, though against her will, to Louis, the younger brother of Napoleon, afterwards better known as King of Holland. In 1808, the people of Paris were proud of the Emperor of their choice, whose victories gave glory to France; the son of Joséphine, Eugène de Beauharnais, was already a popular hero ; but, her marriage with Napoleon Bonaparte being childless, it was to the children of her daughter Hortense by the Emperor's brother, that Imperialists already looked for the continuation of the new dynasty.

At the time when Napoleon and Joséphine were crowned Emperor and Empress, none of the many adoring subjects of the latter anticipated her divorce, (which was formally effected in the Palace of the Tuileries in the year 1809,*) and the less so because about the date when the Pope arrived in Paris to perform the ceremony of the coronation, a child—subsequently baptized by his Holiness,—was born to Louis and Hortense Bonaparte.

That child died ; but it was in Paris and at the palatial château of the Tuileries, that another son, by

* “Trianon and Malmaison,” following.

the same parents, first saw the light, that son—the future Napoleon III.—being afterwards baptized * by the name of Charles Louis Napoleon.

It was not until he was two years of age that the ceremony of his baptism took place: and at that ceremony his grandmother, Joséphine, was not present; for her divorce having been effected the preceding year, the new Empress, Marie Louise, stood sponsor for him in conjunction with Napoleon I.

Marie Louise† was never popular as her predecessor, Joséphine, had been; and, despite the youthful good looks of the fair Austrian Princess who succeeded the graceful first Empress at the Tuileries, despite the splendour with which she was installed there, and despite the fact of her subsequently becoming the mother of Napoleon's child, called from his cradle King of Rome, the affections of the people still so clung to Joséphine, that at last, when ill-success caused the star of the first Napoleon's glory to grow pale and dim, it was said that in divorcing himself from Joséphine, he had parted with the good genius, the guardian angel of his life.

Nevertheless, it was with apparent confidence that, in the month of January, 1814, Napoleon I. confided

* "Fontainebleau," following.

† "Compiègne," following.

his Empress, Marie Louise, and her son to the care of the National Guard, assembled in the Salle des Maréchaux at the Tuileries, when he was about to depart on the expedition fatal to his arms, although it was not without profound emotion that, after having heard mass upon that occasion, he presented his wife and child to the brave citizen soldiers in front of him, and said,—

“If foreign troops approach the capital I confide to the courage of the National Guard the Empress and the King of Rome—my wife and child.”

Whilst uttering the last words, Napoleon's voice faltered; but they were received with acclamations and cries of “Vive l'Empereur!” so enthusiastic that many of the brave men who made the roof of the Tuileries echo with those shouts, shed tears whilst they stepped forth from the ranks that they might be privileged to touch the Emperor ere taking leave of him.

Upon the 29th day of March, following, the usual number of artists were quietly copying from pictures and works of art in the various public Musées of the Louvre, quite unsuspecting that anything unusual was going on in the adjoining Château of the Tuileries, though travelling preparations were quietly being made there upon so extensive a scale, that the courtyard of the Palace soon gave signs of them.

The Allies were fast approaching Paris; the Empress Marie Louise had resolved on flight, and at about an hour before noon she left the Tuileries.

Mesdames de Montebello and de Montesquiou were by her side when, in sad and solemn silence, she issued forth from her apartments. Her son, the King of Rome,—then three years of age—was carried by Madame de Montesquiou; he seemed restless and excited, as though by instinct knowing that the journey he was about to take would be fatal to him, for he kept crying out to the last, "*Je veux rester chez papa, je ne veux pas quitter mon Château des Tuileries.*"

MM. d'Haussonville, de Cussi, de Seyssel, de Beausset, and some other gentlemen were in attendance on Marie Louise; she wore a dark blue travelling dress, and looked, as indeed she was, scarcely more than a girl when she stepped into the carriage awaiting her in the courtyard, and, accompanied by her son and the two attendant ladies before named, drove away, never again to return, from the Tuileries.

Into that Palace, not many weeks afterwards, entered Louis XVIII., eldest surviving brother of Louis XVI.; the son of the latter, generally known as the Dauphin, but called by royalists Louis XVII., having perished in the prison of the Temple.

With Louis XVIII., from long exile, came back

his niece, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, the daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, who had fled with them from the Tuileries when that Palace was stormed on the 10th day of August, 1792.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême, called Madame Royale, by right of birth, was only fourteen years old when she left the Tuileries, and she was thirty-six years of age when she returned thither. She was married to her cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême, elder son of her uncle the Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.), but her marriage was childless; and she herself, though inheriting, in feature, something of the beauty of her mother, lacked the vivacity which had characterized the latter, for the sorrows of her youth, and her long imprisonment in the Temple, after the martyrdom of her parents—to say nothing of her lengthened exile in England and elsewhere—had made such an impression on this princess, that her serious countenance and manners, and her habits of austere devotion, fitted her more for a convent than a Court. At the time of the Restoration (1814), when Louis XVIII. made his public entrance into Paris, the Duchesse d'Angoulême was seated in the same carriage with him, and when it turned towards the Tuileries by the Pont Neuf, thoughts and memories of the past so overwhelmed her that she fainted.

Some amongst the crowd had seemed inclined to resent the tears flowing from her eyes on this occasion of public rejoicing in honour of her family ; but when the people beheld her conveyed, pale and motionless, towards the Palace of her ancestors like one already dead, every heart was, for the moment, moved with compassion. Arrayed in white, the hue of the *Fleur de Lys*, she afterwards appeared in the balcony (facing the public gardens of the Palace), standing between Louis XVIII. and his brother the Count d'Artois, whilst the multitude assembled in the grounds below testified their allegiance to the restored family of the Bourbons by cries of "Vive le Roi!" The Count d'Artois still retained something of the handsome look for which he had been celebrated in his youth at the Court of Versailles in the time of his sister-in-law, Marie Antoinette ; but the King, though he had a fine head, was prematurely old and gouty ; and had it not been that he had been heralded in France as "the father of his people," that people, accustomed to the military splendour of the First Empire, might have found it hard to recognize a King arrayed, as was Louis XVIII., in a blue coat, round hat, and velvet gaiters,—a King who could no longer conveniently ride on horseback.

This lack of martial grandeur on the part of Louis

XVIII. may have helped to make Napoleon I. all the more welcome to the capital—the heart—of France, when that Emperor, having escaped from Elba, and “knocked at the gates of Grénoble with his snuff-box,” arrived in Paris on the 20th day of March, 1815 (the anniversary of his son’s birth), and was received in triumph at the Tuileries—whence the Bourbons had fled at news of his approach.

“At nine o’clock in the evening,” says Count Lavallette,—who was present upon the occasion—“the Emperor, accompanied by the Duke de Vicenza, arrived in a common cabriolet, which stopped before the first entrance near the iron gate of the quay of the Louvre. Scarcely had he alighted when the shout of ‘Long live the Emperor!’ was heard, a shout so loud that it seemed capable of splitting the arched roofs. . . . He was dressed in his famous grey frock coat. I went up to him, and the Duke de Vicenza cried to me, ‘For God’s sake, place yourself before him, that he may get on!’ He then began to walk upstairs. I went before, walking backwards, at the distance of one pace, my eyes bathed in tears, and repeating, in the excess of my joy : ‘What ! It is you ! It is you ! It is you, at last !’ As for him, he proceeded slowly, with his eyes half closed, his hands extended before him, like a blind man, and expressing his joy only by

a smile. When he arrived on the landing place of the first floor a crowd of officers thronged the way." With joy they beheld that the predictions, then lately rife amongst them, were fulfilled; "the Imperial Eagle, having escaped from captivity, had flown, without pause, from steeple to steeple towards the towers of Notre Dame;" the hero of France had "come back with the violets;" the star of Napoleon was once more in the ascendant; and it was with boundless enthusiasm that the Emperor, upon his arrival at the Tuileries, was hailed by faithful adherents who had there awaited his coming.

Later in the evening of that eventful day Count Lavallette, being summoned to the Emperor's presence, found him in consultation with some of his former ministers; he had just come out of his bath, had put on his undress regimentals, and was talking with calm ease about the affairs of government; but, before this, the intelligence of his arrival having spread within the Tuileries, as he approached his own former apartments there, he had been borne forward in the arms of officers, who exhibited the most enthusiastic joy at his presence. Loud cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" rent the air, and made known to the people the news of his return. Napoleon was carried in triumph to the top of the great staircase of the

Tuileries, and looking around him at the familiar scene, and at the joy reflected on every countenance of the many brave men who crowded there, he shed tears. Presently, he walked straight forward ; he was silent, and looked not on either side of him, but he allowed his hands to be kissed by some who seemed with difficulty to refrain from prostrating themselves before him as he advanced.

The acclamations from without soon became deafening, and all Paris quickly echoed the repeated shouts of "Vive l'Empereur !" And when, next morning, he presented himself to the view of the people, and essayed to address them from that same balcony where, not long before, the restored Bourbon King had stood in their sight, the enthusiasm of the crowd became almost frantic. Within the Palace, he occupied himself in the organization of a government ; but this not until, at the Tuileries, he had found himself face to face with his step-daughter, Queen Hortense. Before quitting Lyons, on his way to the capital, Napoleon had written to his consort, Marie Louise, at Vienna, of the day that he would arrive at the Tuileries ; but no wife, no son, was there to welcome him.

As he himself afterwards bitterly said, Joséphine would never have deserted him. But Joséphine was

dead, and it was her daughter, Hortense, who stood before him.* Under the title of the Duchesse de St. Leu, she, being separated from her husband, Napoleon's brother Louis (ex-King of Holland), had remained in Paris with her sons. Napoleon was not pleased that, in doing so, she had necessarily availed herself of Bourbon protection, and it was, therefore, with some acrimony that he said, when beholding her at the Tuileries :—

“You are the last person I expected to meet here.”

“I remained,” replied Queen Hortense, “to take care of my mother.”

“But afterwards?” asked the Emperor.

“After her death,” continued Hortense, “I found in the Emperor Alexander a protector for my children, whose future prospects I endeavoured to secure through him And have not you, Sire, allowed your son, the King of Rome, to owe the Duchy of Parma to the generosity of this Prince?”

Napoleon then blamed her for having, by instituting legal proceedings against her husband and his own brother, made the misfortunes of his family public ; but presently he relented, and, opening his arms to Hortense, he embraced her, saying, “Let us talk no more on these subjects. I am a good father ;

* “Trianon and Malmaison.”

you know it. And you were present at poor Joséphine's death! Amid our many troubles, her death pierced my heart."

After this interview, Queen Hortense remained at the Tuileries, and did the honours of that château during the Hundred Days which elapsed ere Napoleon left it for ever.* And although at the end of those Hundred Days, he appeared, ere departing for Waterloo, at the splendid military scene on the Champ de Mars, clad in Imperial state robes, and seated on the throne, he still, whilst yet at the Tuileries, wore the well-known grey military coat and cocked hat, made familiar to the world by portraits of him in the later years of his reign. His movements were still quick and decided; his speech was still curt; but those who personally knew him best, observed that during his first exile, he had aged not by time but by anxiety, which probably sowed the seeds of bodily suffering; so that, in short, as said one who then conversed with him at the Tuileries, there was in his whole person an air of fatigue and depression which seemed to indicate a great man extinct.

When, after the battle of Waterloo, Louis XVIII. was again brought back to Paris, he determined on

* "Trianon and Malmaison,"

forming an alliance for his nephew, the Duc de Berri (second son of the future Charles X.), with the young Neapolitan princess, to whom that prince was not long afterwards united.*

Marie Caroline, Duchesse de Berri, brought life and animation with her to the Château of the Tuileries, and the aged, infirm, not slightly pedantic but still witty King was charmed by the joyousness and animation of her character. Small in person, with a fresh complexion, fair hair, the heart of a woman, but frolicsome in manner as a child, the Duchesse de Berri formed, upon her first arrival in France, a remarkable contrast to her serious and devout sister-in-law, the Duchesse d'Angoulême; as indeed did the then popular Duc de Berri, who, though many years older than his bride, was full of life and movement, to his ascetic but amiable brother, the Duc d'Angoulême.

At the Tuileries, the Duc de Berri was dining ere joining his wife at the opera upon the fatal night of his assassination;† and, gay as the Carnival-time then rife in Paris, he much amused the King by his conversation before bidding him a merry adieu in order to meet her. A very few hours afterwards his

* “Fontainebleau,” and “The Élysée,” following.
“The Élysée.”

Majesty was summoned from the Tuileries to the Opera-house, there to behold his nephew die, to find that nephew's distracted wife clinging to him in his last moments, the festive garb she still wore all stained with his blood, and to hear the dying Prince urge upon her the necessity of calm for the sake of the child that was yet unborn.

And that child, the Duc de Bordeaux, Count de Chambord (called even at this day by French legitimists Henry V.), first saw the light at the Tuileries, for it was there that his birth occurred, his widowed mother having been removed thither some months before that event took place.

It was an event which gave extreme joy to France; and by it the Duchesse de Berri, who, during the previous intervening time of her widowhood, had sorrowfully wandered from room to room of the palace, clad in deep mourning, and without scarcely a gleam of her former bright self, recovered fresh life, hope, and energy. For during the reign of Charles X., her father-in-law and the grandfather of her child (whose ultimate succession to the throne of France she doubted not), she was again the centre of all gaiety at the Tuileries, where, under her rule, and despite the austere devotional practices of his Majesty and the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême, (then called

Dauphin and Dauphiness of France) she, eager for popularity in behalf of her son, arranged that ball after ball, and festivity after festivity, should succeed each other.

Marie Amélie, wife of Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, then resident at the Palais Royal, was aunt to the Duchesse de Berri, both of them being Neapolitan Princesses by birth. The younger of them was much attached to the elder, and when, by the sudden Revolution of 1830, Louis Philippe was placed on the throne of France, and the Duchesse de Berri beheld, from St. Cloud, the banner of the Fleur-de-Lys, the emblem of her son's cause, disappear from the summit of the Tuileries, one of her agonized ejaculations took the form of the three simple words, "Oh! my aunt!"*

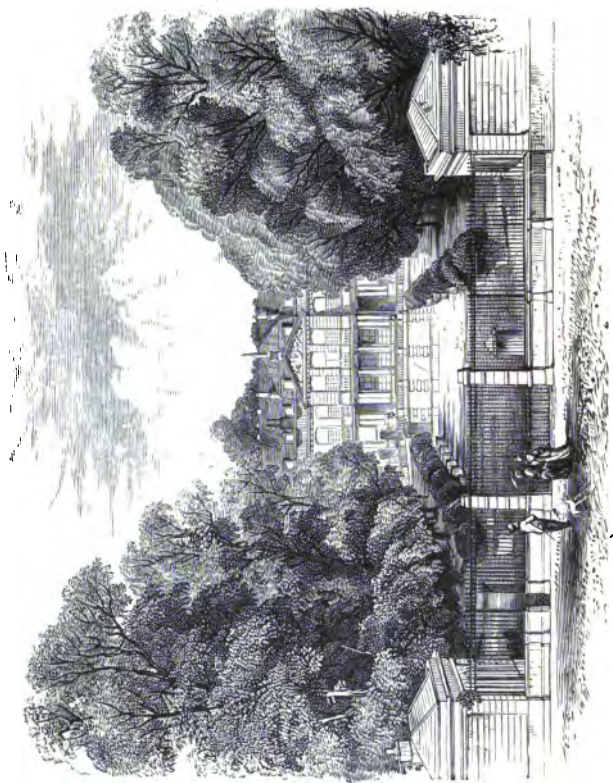
Rumour then declared that it was not without a pang of sharp pain that the noble-hearted consort of Louis Philippe found herself installed as Queen at the Tuileries. Daughter of Caroline of Naples, and niece of Marie Antoinette, she had been taught from early youth to reverence the traditions inseparable from the elder branch of the Bourbons; and yet, in the time of Marie Amélie at the Tuileries (from 1830 to 1848), that Palace presented a picture of

* "St. Cloud."

domestic virtue not always to have been found in a Bourbon Court. It was said, during his reign, that all the sons of Louis Philippe were brave, and his daughters beautiful, nor from the latter can be excluded the gifted Princess Marie, too soon snatched from earth, who, by her genius for sculpture, has left more than one exquisitely chiselled memorial of herself. Still less can be forgotten the amiable Hélène, Duchesse d'Orléans,—only too soon the widow of the eldest son of Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie,—whose high-minded and courageous conduct in behalf of her two sons (the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres), during the Revolution of 1848, still lives in the memory of many who then beheld its various manifestations. Without apparent adulation, or the danger of trenching too much upon memories of a personal nature, it is not possible here to speak either of the hospitality constantly exercised at the Tuileries by Napoleon III., or of the gracious presence there of his consort, the Empress Eugénie. But it may not be out of place in this page to ask of many now in England, who have their own vivid memories of the Tuileries during the Second Empire,—could it have been supposed, in the midst of recent festivities there, that the hour was close at hand when the Empress Eugénie would have to seek safety in flight

thence down that same, and here oft-mentioned, gallery of the Louvre, consecrated by historic memories?

Unlike the Empress Marie Louise, the Empress Eugénie, during the Revolution of 1870, remained at the Tuileries until the last moment possible for her; and even then, like Marie Antoinette, who—as here already quoted—declared that she would “rather be nailed to the palace walls” than fly, it was not until the safety of others impelled her to do so, that the Empress Eugénie left THE TUILERIES.



ST. CLOUD.

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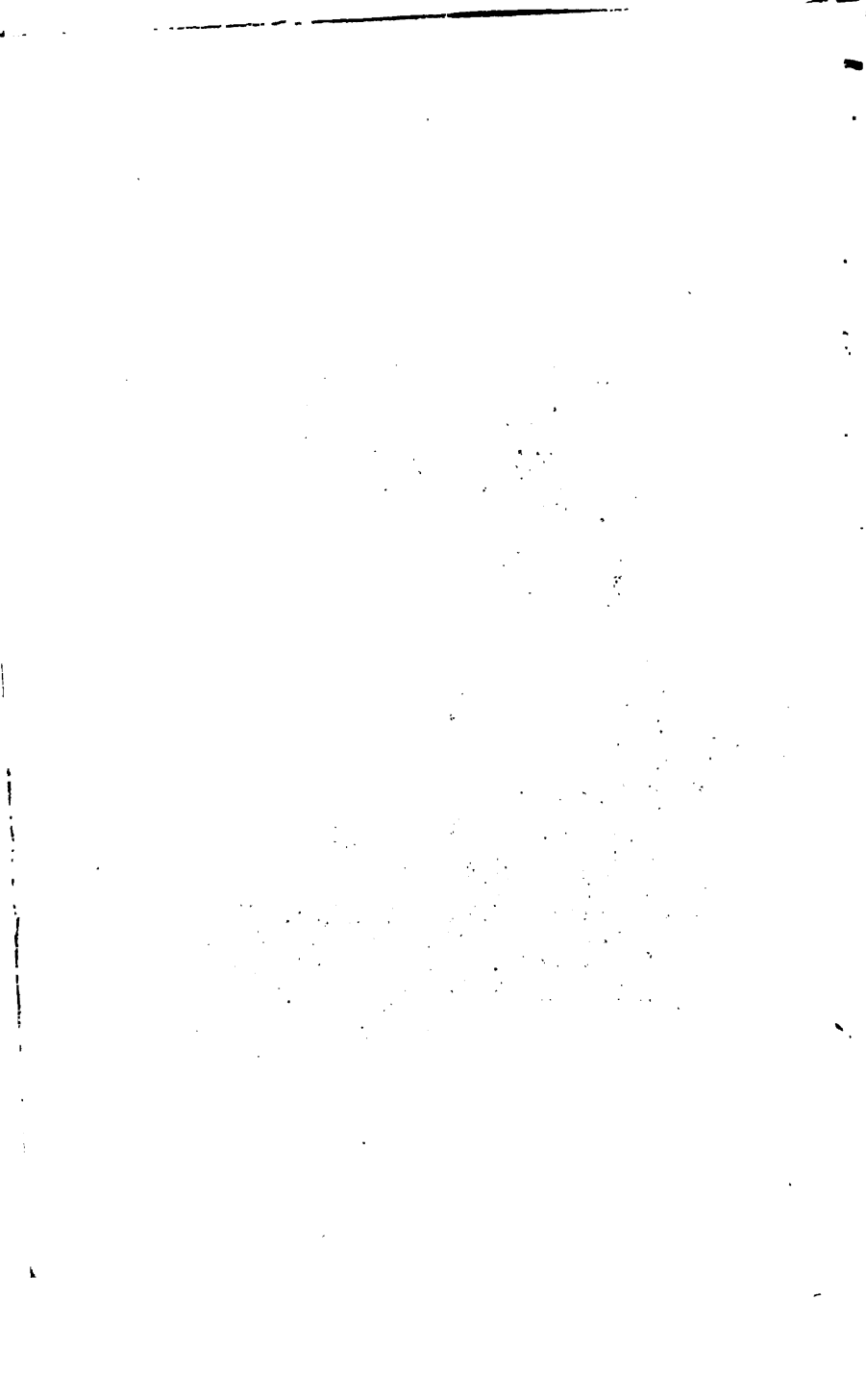
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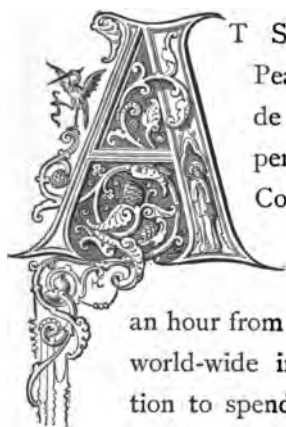
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ST. CLOUD.



AT ST. CLOUD, during the great Peace Exhibition of the Champ de Mars, in 1867, the Prince Imperial of France held his youthful Court; thither, from Paris, the Emperor was then almost daily seen to drive, snatching an hour from the various, and some of them world-wide important, claims on his attention to spend with his son. And when his Majesty was accompanied on one of these expeditions to St. Cloud by his guest, the Czar, there were some present at that interview who could not fail to remember how, in youth, the Czar Peter, afterwards surnamed the Great, was entertained at St. Cloud by the Duc d'Orléans, then Regent of France, the splendour of whose fêtes at this Palace is still quoted as a favourite matter of popular French tradition.

But the histories of St. Cloud date so far back that some of them are forgotten by the world at large, for such recollections are naturally apt to fade from the minds of those not personally connected with the spot to which they appertain, especially at such a time as this, when every morning journal brings into every household the daily and universal contemporary history of stirring events, many of them more strange than fiction; albeit not, as may presently be shown, more surprising than some facts which, even in this present century, have transpired at St. Cloud.

Facts, the possibility of which was certainly unsurmised by the founder of that historic abode, although it was not only his vocation to believe in miracles contemporary with himself, but to perform them. That founder, grandson of Clovis I., is still invoked in France as St. Cloud; and here it may be remarked, before touching upon any French legends still rife of his saintship, that his grandfather, Clovis, when still unconverted to Christianity (A.D. 487), held a general review of his troops on the Champ de Mars, and there struck off the head of one of his soldiers on the plea that the man's arms were not in order, but in reality because that same man had, during a recent pillage which the King had been anxious to prevent, refused

to restore the sacred vase which was claimed by St. Remigius of Rheims.*

The wife of Clovis, named Clothilde, was a beautiful Burgundian princess, and a Christian. By her means he was converted to Christianity, miracles being attributed to her in the achievement of this object. By her Clovis left three sons, amongst whom he partitioned his kingdom ; but two of these sons oppressing the children of the third (the King of Orleans, then dead), and threatening that they should become monks, Queen Clothilde—still surviving—declared that she would rather see them “committed to the earth” than submitted alive above it to such a fate. Two of them were killed, and to save the life of the third she was eventually compelled to yield ; and he it was who, known as St. Cloud the Hermit, founded a monastery, which in after ages was superseded by the palace of that name.

It is remarkable that Queen Clothilde—who after her death (in 549) was canonised—should thus have

* The Champ de Mars, where Clovis thus, in 487, executed vengeance on his refractory subject, and where the great Exposition in 1867, took place, was, even in those remote days, known by the name it still bears ; for not only reviews of troops, but civic assemblies were held on that site, from time immemorial, in the month of March (Mars); and, from the same motive, more than a thousand years afterwards, when Napoleon I. reviewed his troops there—before the battle of Waterloo—that same field was called the Champ de Mai (May).

strenuously opposed the proposal of a monastic life for her grandsons, but they were then still children in age, and as she was the guardian of their fatherless youth, it is not unnatural to suppose that in the exercise of her own womanly affections she had found the best fulfilment of her heavenly faith, and that, herself accustomed to keep all vows sacred, she dreaded, with the apprehensive instinct of feminine love, to shackle these young beings with promises for the future which they would be unable to keep. Her grandson, St. Cloud, however, lived and died "*en odeur de sainteté*;" and miraculous power was still attributed to Clothilde, like that which, according to tradition, had caused an *Écu Azur*, spotted with pure *fleur-de-lis*, to be presented by an angel to her husband, Clovis, after his conversion to Christianity, which event is declared by tradition to have been brought about by a successful battle against the Germans. Clovis swore, "God of my Queen Clothilde, if victory be granted to me, I here vow to receive baptism, and hereafter to worship none other than her God."

After this glimpse of the birth, parentage, and education of St. Cloud the Hermit, it need scarcely be said how pilgrims were wont to flock to the place of his abode; or how crusaders there did homage for

their safe return from wars against Saracens and unbelievers ; or, in time, how other wayfarers, with or without the scallop-shell, sought repose there when journeying from Paris or elsewhere.

Gradually the neighbourhood of St. Cloud became a favourite residence of money-lenders, not less than monks ; and G  r  me Gondi, a great Italian banker, had often the honour of receiving Catherine de M  dicis at his princely hotel there. To Louis XIV. the foundations of the Palace of St. Cloud are generally attributed ; but, in 1658, that "*lieu de plaisance*" belonged to Hervard, Controller of Finance ; this, not to speak of other adjoining properties, then passed to the Crown, but chief amongst them was one appertaining, by hereditary right, to Kings of France—the residence of Catherine de M  dicis. For generations before Louis XIV. was born, and long before Versailles was known as aught but an obscure spot chiefly celebrated for windmills, St. Cloud boasted of at least four grand separate abodes, or towers, built on the elevation formed by nature ; and from these the architects, Mansard (the elder, it is supposed) and Lepantre, formed a ch  teau adapted for a royal residence, surrounded by about four leagues of park and woodland, great part of which at a later date owed much of its extraordinary beauty to the magic

talent of Le Nôtre, the celebrated landscape gardener of Versailles.

St. Cloud had become a favourite retreat for royalty in the time of Catherine de Médicis, when that Queen and her Court were weary with the splendour of the Louvre or of Fontainebleau, in the entrance court of which latter Palace, Catherine set up the far-famed equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, from which that entrance derived its name, "Cour du Cheval Blanc." *

Of the Court of France in the time of Catherine de Médicis, the most agreeable view may be gained by means of its eye-witness chronicler, Brantôme, courtier and abbot, Lord Baron de Richemont, observant friend of Mary Queen of Scots when consort to the eldest son of Catherine de Médicis, and Chevalier not less than gentleman of the bedchamber to her other sons, Charles IX. and Henri III., Kings of France, the last-named of whom, as will presently be seen, not only sometimes dwelt, but died at St. Cloud.

Of the character of Catherine de Médicis, Brantôme, as the reader may remember, gives quite a different idea to that presented of it by later historians; for, according to his elaborate and minute statements

* "Fontainebleau."

(unadulterated), there was scarcely a grace or a virtue in which this notorious and fanatical foe of Protestants was deficient ; and he declares that to him it had long been "a matter of hundredfold astonishment that some good and young writer had not made '*une Iliade entière*' from such a majestic subject for his pen ;" but, bitterly reflects Brantôme, "they have all been lazy or ungrateful." *

Whatever the real character of Catherine—and by no means here regarding it from the too partial point of view presented by some of her biographers, or "rehabilitators"—it must be allowed that the Court of France was magnificent under her reign as Queen-Consort and Queen-mother ; and this, notwithstanding the fact that, after her widowhood, she showed

* To the above statement Brantôme, however, adds one exception, especially worth the notice of all future biographers of Catherine de Médicis ; for in his second *Discours* (p. 37, tom. i. ed. 1640) on that Queen, he says, "Il y en a eu un pourtant, qui s'est voulu mesler d'en escrire et de fait en fit un petit Livre qu'il intitula de la '*Vie de Catherine*.' Mais c'est un Imposteur, et non digne d'estre creu ; puisqu'il est plus plein de Menterie que de Vérité." And, furthermore, Brantôme, still forcibly speaking in old French of this anonymous "Life of Catherine de Médicis," declares that she herself, having seen it, affirmed it was "more full of lies than truth" ; but that in so condemning it, she added, "As such falsehoods are apparent to everybody, they are easy to note and to reject." The erudite and elegant biography of Catherine de Médicis, by M. Capefigue, recently published in Paris, is not unworthy the attention of English readers.

symptoms of ascetic gloom. Although a bigot upon some points, she was a liberal reformer in architecture and the fine arts, generally; and French Palaces, built or remodelled under her auspices, are monuments of splendid taste inherited by her from her Italian ancestors. Brantôme, in his quaint French, declares that her consort was so attached to her that, in the later years of their marriage, "*il disoit souvent, que sur toutes les Femmes du Monde, il n'y avoit que la Reyne sa Femme, en cela il n'en sçavoit aucune qui la vallust,*" a statement somewhat difficult for the present century to reconcile with that monarch's notorious and life-long devotion to Diana de Poitiers, widow of Maillé de Brezé, grand Seneschal of Normandy, and afterwards created Duchesse de Valentinois.

Catherine de Médicis, a daughter of one of the most noble and illustrious houses not only of Italy and Spain, but of the whole Catholic world, was so early transplanted to the Court of France that, according to royal custom in those days, she and the husband selected for her were both still children when married to each other, during the reign of Francis I., and it was not until long afterwards that the husband of Catherine awoke, as Brantôme, his confidant, affirms that he did awake, to a perception of her charms. Meantime, Diana de Poitiers, although double the

age of Henri II., exercised such unrivalled influence over him, that, in her society, he lost the almost ferocious roughness which he had acquired in the camp, and learned those accomplishments which afterwards distinguished him at his own Court. To the last he wore her "colours"—black and white—attached to his shield. As the King grew older, Diana did not grow younger, but her power over him remained unshaken; a power which, by some, was attributed to magic or witchcraft, and by others to pure chivalry, by the laws of which he had pledged himself to be the faithful knight of one whose advice in state affairs was useful, not less than her society was pleasing to him when seeking retirement.

A medal was struck on which Diana was represented as the chaste goddess of the silver bow, treading on Love, and saying—"I have conquered the conqueror of the world;" but, however this may be interpreted, she has been blamed by posterity for imbuing the young monarch devoted to her with a taste for pomp and luxury from which much misery in succeeding reigns ensued.

Brantôme, however, descanting on the glories of the Court of France under Catherine de Médicis, reminds the reader that it was in the reign of her husband's predecessor, that this taste for magnificence

became prevalent ; and declares with pride in the fact protested against by Huguenots : " It was the great King Francis who had introduced this *Bombance*" (*feasting* or *junketing*) "*belle et superbe*," and that the Queen made a sort of virtue in not only imitating but surpassing the costly customs of the French Court, and its splendid pageantry, in which as a child she had been initiated by the great Francis—her father-in-law. That she regarded this *bombance* as inseparable from the *prestige* of French royalty, was evinced by her at the Louvre (in which Palace, enlarged under her rule, Brantôme declares everything was "*tout brave, tout superbe, tout esclattant*"), also at the Tuileries, first erected, as here elsewhere told, by her command.

During her consort's lifetime, Catherine de Médicis by no means manifested any jealousy of Diana de Poitiers, but when Henri went hunting, to St. Cloud or elsewhere, she took such care to accompany him as often as possible, that even Brantôme confesses the probability of other reasons besides love for the chase having their share in this activity ; and indeed Catherine could scarcely fail to remember that within a very easy day's hunting from St. Cloud stood the Château d'Anet, where dwelt the Duchesse de Valentinois (Poitiers) whose symbol, the crescent of

Diana, was by that time conspicuous in all the King's palaces.

When the Queen rode on horseback, she was followed, says her observant courtier above quoted, by forty or fifty "*dames ou damoiselles montées sur des belles Haquenées harnachées.*" "The Queen," he continues, "held herself on horseback with a good grace, and her apparel was such that not even Virgil, when ambitious of describing the *haut appareil* of Queen Dido, on her way to and at the chase, could have imagined anything so magnificent as that worn by our Queen and her ladies when they donned hats well trimmed with plumes . . . so that the feathers fluttering in the air seemed to demand either love or war."

The husband of Catherine de Médicis was killed at a tournament in Paris, 1559; and the Queen herself, when seventy years of age, died at Blois, of sadness, declares Brantôme; "of sadness, with which she was afflicted on account of the massacre that had been perpetrated, and because of the melancholy tragedy which had then been acted. . . . She had summoned the princes, thinking to do good, but Monseigneur le Cardinal de Bourbon said to her: 'Alas! you have led us all to the slaughter-house. . . .' That and the death of those poor people, cut her so keenly to the heart, that she again took to her bed, having

been before ill, and henceforth she rose no more from it."

To throw light upon this passage, and on an event which soon afterwards happened at St. Cloud, it may be pardonable here to remind the reader that during the reign of Catherine's third son, Henri III., and not long before the time of her death (1589), the civil wars between the Catholics and Protestants were renewed. The assassination of the Guises had taken place by order of the King, but it is said that in her last moments Catherine exhorted her son, Henri III., to allow freedom of religion.

The King (Henri III.) was, after his mother's death, resident at St. Cloud ; and it was most probably in consequence of his having made a treaty of peace with the King of Navarre (who at sixteen years of age had been declared head of the Huguenots), that Jacques Clement, a fanatic and Jacobin friar of Burgundy, there sought an interview with him by means of a passport to the royal presence, forged in the name of M. le Comte de Brienne, then a prisoner in the Bastille, and one of the King's generals.

Fortune seemed to favour the fanatic ; for on his road to St. Cloud from Paris, he fell in with La Guesle, the Attorney-General, and one of the King's chief advisers, whom he so convinced that he—

Clement the friar—was really intrusted with some private intelligence important to the King, that La Guesle engaged to introduce him into the presence of the monarch at St. Cloud ; and as it was not until the next morning that he could do so, he invited the friar to partake of a night's rest in his own quarters there.

The morning came, and Friar Clement was ushered into the presence of Henri III., a prince too fond of pleasure, and cruel withal, but at that time intent, albeit for his own interests, on making peace with his enemies. Friar Clement advanced. He was not an old man, but, clothed from head to foot in the austere monkish garb peculiar to his order, and the emblem of Christianity hanging by a long string of beads at his side, his ecclesiastical presence was respected by the King, who (in an old picture of this interview) is represented arrayed in the splendour of apparel peculiar to the French Court at that time. With one of those hands, the extreme beauty of which Brantôme, gentleman of his bed-chamber, declares to have been inherited from his Majesty's mother, Henri III. received the forged letter presented by Clement to him ; but, whilst still engaged in the perusal of it, Clement drew a sharp knife from the folds of his sleeve, and stabbed the King.

La Guesle, who was in waiting after having introduced the friar into the King's presence at St. Cloud, sprang forward, together with some of the royal guards, and by them Clement was despatched, thus dying before his victim ; for the King's wound was at first not supposed to be mortal ; but such proving speedily to be the case, the monarch sent for his late foe, the King of Navarre, and embracing him in presence of weeping courtiers, conjured them to acknowledge him his successor. It was at St. Cloud, therefore, that the line of the Valois became extinct, and that a new dynasty was proclaimed.

The granddaughter of that monarch who at St. Cloud was thus, in 1589, first hailed as Henri IV., lay dying at that Palace when his grandson, Louis XIV., had been many years seated on the throne of France. Henrietta Maria, daughter of that King with whom Catherine de Médicis on her deathbed implored her own last surviving son to be reconciled, inherited the dark destiny which overshadowed her race. She, the widow of Charles, martyred King of England, returned broken-hearted to the land whence she had gone forth in youth radiant with hope, love, and happiness, and was a dependant on the bounty of Louis XIV., to whose brother, the Duc d'Orléans, her own ill-fated daughter was espoused.

Not long after the marriage of Louis XIV. with the Infanta of Spain, did that of his only brother, the Duc d'Orléans, take place with Henrietta, daughter of Charles I. of England, and granddaughter of Henri IV. of France. The lands of St. Cloud were then conferred on the Duc d'Orléans, and the château of that name, as until lately it stood, may be said to owe its date to the time of that marriage, which was celebrated there by splendid out-door fêtes; but seven years afterwards, when life seemed brightest to Henrietta, Duchesse d'Orléans (1670), she was taken suddenly ill, and lay, as above stated, dying at St. Cloud.*

Her kinsman, Louis XIV., for whom she had lately and successfully achieved a mission at the Court of her brother, Charles II. of England, was summoned to St. Cloud by the intelligence of her mortal agony. It was in the month of June, and the upland woods of St. Cloud were in all their beauty, when this princess, dear both to France and England, and in the summer of her days, was dying there. Her gay Court did not seem aware, until the King came, that her hours were numbered. How lovely the view without the Palace, of which its lofty windows gave glimpses, and how appalling the scene within its walls! Without, on

* "St. Germain."

that June day, the Seine was winding its way through the fertile country stretching towards Paris, though as yet the vast Parc de St. Cloud, laid out by Le Nôtre, the cascades, the temple, the *orangerie*, and other beauties which have since made this retreat of the hermit saint of old times famous, were things more planned than achieved.

✧ So many pleasant things to be done, so many grave duties to be performed, and yet within the Palace this princess was dying, "extended on a small bed, her hair dishevelled, having had no interval of ease that would suffer her to arrange her dress; her cheeks pale, and with every symptom of death on her countenance." Louis XIV., when he beheld her, manifested such concern, that the courtiers of St. Cloud soon became ominously silent after his Majesty's arrival there; and in an oration at a later hour, Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, declared: "O disastrous night! O night of horrors! when, like a sudden burst of thunder, this astounding news is heard to resound,—Madame is dying, Madame is dead!"

After Henrietta, daughter of Charles I. of England, had thus passed away from St. Cloud, her widower-husband, the Duc d'Orléans, espoused the daughter of the Elector Palatine. This princess was not popular amongst the crowd of courtly guests who, in

her time, stopped at St. Cloud on their way either to Paris or to Versailles, to pay their respects to the King's brother, her husband. She selected for her own private use a cabinet, the windows of which were about ten feet from the ground, and there she spent her time in contemplating tapestry portraits of various Palatines, and other German princes,—her ancestors and relatives—with which she had hung the walls. When she visited the brilliant Court of Versailles nobody took any especial notice of this German and not too animated Princess, although she was the mother of Philip d'Orléans, afterwards Regent of France, notorious not only for his wit and courage, but for his profligacy.

The branch of the royal family resident at St. Cloud was not generally celebrated for domestic happiness ; but the natural and artificial beauties of this abode were increased with time, until, on the 13th of April, 1747, the French Prince who in after years, when he had succeeded to the Orléans title and estates, was notorious as "Égalité," was born there, and with reference to him in his youth at St. Cloud, it may here be said that though in stature below the middle size, he was very well made, and that in all bodily exercises he excelled ; in face, when young, he is portrayed as not only handsome, but pleasing ; in

fact, it is difficult to identify the princely youth, skilled in martial exercises and graceful accomplishments, at St. Cloud, as the Duc d'Orléans of the Palais Royal in later years, his face covered with inflamed pustules, his head prematurely bald, his *sobriquet* "Égalité"—a licentious by-word in the Revolution, to which, having stimulated it, he fell a victim.*

In 1752, his father, Louis Philippe d'Orléans—who at a later date married Madame de Montesson, aunt of Madame de Genlis—gave at St. Cloud one of the most splendid fêtes on record in France, to which fête the people were admitted; so that there, in the *amphithéâtre de verdure*, extending in view of the obelisk known as the "Lanthorn of Demosthenes," and elsewhere in the park and gardens, citizens from Paris might behold the King and his Court from Versailles. Louis XV. was King then, and Madame de Pompadour had set the fashion of those fêtes, such as Watteau and Boucher painted, Marmontel depicted in his tales, and Marie Antoinette perpetuated.† Festive memories of St. Cloud in those days abounded, not only in Paris, but in the neighbouring Palace of Versailles; and when Marie Antoinette

* "The Palais Royal."

† "Trianon and Malmaison."

became Queen, her love for idyllic life made her desirous of possessing another residence besides the "Petit Trianon," to which she could retreat, when the fancy to do so suited her, from the full splendour of her Court. And thus it came to pass, when, in 1785, the pecuniary embarrassments of the Duc d'Orléans (Égalité) were notorious, her Majesty was not less glad to purchase than was he to sell St. Cloud, and by this acquisition the Queen hoped to rid herself of a neighbour who was suspected by her of conspiring against the Crown.

Wherefore, for five years before the Revolution forced Marie Antoinette against her will to reside at the Tuileries, St. Cloud was her favourite residence. Less fantastic in its style than the "Little Trianon," and less magnificent than Versailles, this abode was well suited to her Majesty's tastes at that time, and also to the performance of such duties as, with increasing seriousness of character, she had prescribed for herself respecting the education of her children; but in 1790 it was only by permission of her own subjects that she was suffered to visit St. Cloud; for by that time, when the royal family had been forcibly removed from Versailles to Paris, it was but by the consent of the National Assembly that either the King or Queen was allowed to leave the capital,

even on the plea that a change of air was indispensable to the health of her Majesty.

It was, then, in the summer of 1790, that the Queen secretly summoned Mirabeau to a private conference with her at St. Cloud. For in him, whom she had formerly detested, at that time lay her only hope of safety for her husband, her children, and herself. A year before, when Mirabeau appeared at the meeting of the States-General at Versailles, and there, though by aristocracy of birth belonging to the first order in that vast assembly, took his political position amongst the third, the Queen, albeit enthroned on that occasion by the side of the King, and in the midst of her splendid Court, shared the thrill that passed through more than a thousand hearts as he approached. By his massive head, his plain but powerful face—which he himself described as the face of a tiger marked with the small-pox—it was easy to identify Mirabeau. Not, however, at sight of his personal ugliness did many present then shudder ; but from a conviction of his power, of the irresistible force of his genius, which, in word, look, step, and manner, caused his presence to be felt amongst all classes, at the opening of the States General at Versailles.*

* "Versailles."

When he appeared that day he was recognised as the plebeian Count, victim of parental tyranny and an uncongenial marriage in early life, who had been long imprisoned and proscribed at a period when *lettres de cachet* gave parents absolute power, in France, over the liberty of their own children. Even in matters of political opinion he was already known to be of energy extrême, of eloquence overwhelming; of invention so subtle as not only to have found means to escape from captivity, but for a lengthened term to subsist in foreign lands by the publication of his writings, which in France were condemned as seditious; and it was notorious that when at last, about forty years of age, he returned to France, he had sealed all his former offences against his class, the noblesse, and revenged himself against it by hiring a warehouse, proclaiming himself "Mirabeau, woollen-draper," and thereby securing his election as a deputy of the Tiers-État of Aix. He, the plebeian Count, when entering that vast assembly of the States-General at Versailles, one year before he was privately summoned to meet the Queen at St. Cloud, cast a threatening glance on the aristocratic ranks from which he was self-banished, ere seating himself in the midst of that rank from which he was destined to hurl thunderbolts that shook the throne. A gentle-

man of the Court came to Mirabeau at the lower end of the hall, at Versailles, when he had taken his seat there, and said to him, "If you wish to be pardoned, you must ask pardon ; for society, once wounded, does not easily forgive." But Mirabeau answered the courtier : "I am come hither to be asked and not to ask pardon."

Since the day of that reply, and before the evening of his secret journey to St. Cloud, Mirabeau had ruled the National Assembly, and was eventually elected its president ; but a seat in the cabinet had been refused to him. The Queen had turned lividly pale at what she deemed the audacity of such a proposal, and exclaimed, "A minister ! make Mirabeau a minister ! Is it possible our friends can give such advice !' That ministerial negotiation was consequently broken off for a season ; but now, when she was too well convinced of the vast field for activity presented to him by the French Revolution, of which she was already a victim, the Queen was painfully alive to the necessity of conciliating him ; although, surrounded as she was by treacherous spies, and aware of the political enmity lurking in the Assembly against him, it was, as before said, only in secret that Marie Antoinette could, in the summer of 1790, obtain an interview with Mirabeau. Events had proved to her Majesty that "he

was the only man capable of directing affairs in such a manner as to restrain the political factions of his time within the limits their various leaders hoped to pass ;” and in reply to her summons, he rode forth on horseback from Paris to St. Cloud, having previously disarmed the suspicions of his partisans that he was about to meet the Queen who had formerly shuddered at the mention of his name. It was twilight when Mirabeau reached St. Cloud. Marie Antoinette awaited him beneath the shadow of large trees, in a spot distant from the château, but yet within reach, not of hearing, but of aid, if necessary. Madame Campan was in her Majesty’s confidence.

In human nature it is scarcely possible to imagine a more curious contrast than that between Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau ; his massive head, his tiger-like face marked with small-pox, his powerful bearing, his overwhelming energy, which made itself felt in every movement, have already been mentioned ; and who needs to be reminded of the finely-chiselled features, the graceful form, and seductive grace of the Queen, who at that moment, when she stood face to face with Mirabeau in the garden of St. Cloud, was animated with hope that she had found means to subdue him ! According to her Majesty’s own after account of that interview, she opened it by

saying to him :—" Before an ordinary enemy, before a man who could have pledged himself to the ruin of the monarchy without justly appreciating the utility of that institution to a great people, I should at this moment stand in a most misjudged position ; but, when a Queen speaks to a Mirabeau !" . . .

Marie Antoinette flattered herself that Mirabeau was overcome by those subtly suggestive words " a Mirabeau," and with reason ; for the plebeian Count, lover in his youth of Madame Monnier, so far succumbed to the fascinating influence of the most beautiful Queen in Europe, that, ere the shades of evening shut her out from his sight, he had sworn to her, " Madame, the monarchy is saved." But death prevented the execution of any plans which Mirabeau might have formed for the salvation of the monarchy ; and it was only three months after he was elected President of the National Assembly, that in his last moments he declared to those around him, " You seek the cause of my death in my physical excesses ; you will find it rather in the hatred borne me by those who wish to overthrow France, or who are afraid of my ascendancy over the minds of the King and Queen." *

* A " Peer of France," contemporary with Mirabeau, whose *Mémoires*, long since authenticated and published, are known under that

The Queen herself was, at the time of Mirabeau's death, in constant danger of assassination; and of this she was only too well aware, when, in the summer of 1790, she contrived to gain the secret interview with him already alluded to, at St. Cloud. Treachery was lurking then within that palace, where the King and Queen were little more than prisoners, but outside its walls loyal hearts were throbbing in compassion for the misfortunes of Marie Antoinette. And thus it came to pass that some fifty of her subjects, villagers and country folks, in the neighbourhood of St. Cloud, ventured to assemble, during that same summer of 1790, on the lawn beneath the windows of her Majesty's apartments, for they desired to convey to her some expression of their sympathy and devotion. On a hot summer's day, and at an hour when the royal household was least likely to be upon its guard, these people—some of them arrayed in bright-coloured holiday clothes, some of

title to most French students of the causes and characters of the French Revolution, says, "Immediately after a party of pleasure, in which Mirabeau had intemperately indulged, he was himself aware that he was poisoned, and said so to Cabanis, his friend and medical attendant. It is even asserted by some, that Robespierre ventured to boast, when off his guard, of the share he had had in Mirabeau's death." But, on the other hand, Madame Campan declares that Cabanis assured the Queen at St. Cloud, that Mirabeau's death, fatal to her Majesty, ensued from natural causes.

them aged chevaliers of St. Louis, in retreat, and more than one young chevalier of Malta, then dwelling in the environs of St. Cloud—collected together within a few paces of the apartment in which Marie Antoinette was seated, endeavouring to beguile the anxious time by needlework, and with only Madame Campan in attendance on her; but not one of those fifty folks outside ventured to shout aloud “Vive la Reine,” for fear of attracting attention inimical to her Majesty. At length, however; a confused murmur of voices reached the Queen’s ear, at that time acutely sensitive, because ready to be alarmed by any unaccustomed sound; and, at her request, Madame Campan withdrew the window blinds, which had been closed to exclude the heat of the sun. It was then that Marie Antoinette became aware of the small but devoted band of her subjects assembled without, and she stepped forward to bow her recognition; but, when surveying the group before her, and seeing looks of sympathy, whilst a subdued, simple though sincere, expression of loyalty greeted her, she was overcome, and her emotion was evident; for the people—young men and maidens, old men and women, aged knights of St. Louis, and young knights of Malta—looked at each other, hushed as it were by mingled awe and pity; until at last, from those fifty

loyal hearts arose the murmur, "Poor Queen! she weeps!"

Fourteen years afterwards, when the Empress Joséphine reigned at St. Cloud, she was not likely to forget how that Palace had been consecrated by the tears of her illustrious predecessor, considering not only that she herself had as the Vicomtesse de Beauharnais been a chief ornament of the Court of Marie Antoinette, but that in memory she was devoted to her; to say nothing of the other fact that Hortense, daughter of Joséphine, was, after the Revolution, a pupil of Madame Campan, the Queen's companion on the occasion recorded above.*

⑥ It is, perhaps, not here out of place to observe that the reverence for the memory of Queen Marie Antoinette once entertained by Joséphine, was participated by that Empress's grandson, Napoléon III., and his amiable consort; old names originally ascribed by royalty to various localities, especially in and about Saint Cloud, remained unaltered under the imperial *régime* of France. The "Place Royale" was still so called at Saint Cloud, where, until the recent destruction (1870) of that Palace, visitors could yet wander back to the past in the Salon de Mars, the Galerie d'Apollon, the Salons of Diana, Venus, Truth, Mercury, and Aurora, not less than in the *orangerie*, the gardens, the park, nor in the celebrated avenue of the "Lanterne de Démosthènes," mentioned in the text above, and from which its illustration was, by special favour, taken. No especial mention is necessary in the above narrative to the melodramatically famous—or infamous—"Filets (nets or snares) de Saint Cloud," which, according to Dulaure, were in former days attached to the arches of the bridge for the purpose of arresting objects and corpses carried thither by the current of the Seine from Paris; for it is now believed to be generally

The Empress Joséphine, however, in the years of her own fleeting happiness at St. Cloud, remembered also how Queen Marie Antoinette had smiled before she wept there ; and albeit Joséphine's own smiles were wont to be turned to tears by the slightest touch of compassion, she was the radiant centre of her own brilliant Court. Through the medium of one who was an *habitué* of that Court, and who long survived to speak of it, it is easy here to picture Joséphine at St. Cloud, most graceful of all the many beautiful women, who, engaged in various feminine occupations, surrounded her in the earlier hours of the day ; or, when the Emperor was not absent on any of his various campaigns—each one deemed more glorious than the last—driving with him in the environs of St. Cloud, or present at the review he daily held there ; or welcoming him home from the chase in which he there delighted ; or listening with a look either pleased or anxious to his conversation ; for with this he generally favoured her during the afternoon hours of her toilette—comments on which he would freely but not ungallantly make ; or dining with him, as was her custom at St. Cloud, alone ;

understood that these *filets* were nothing more nor less than fishing-nets, which the *pêcheurs fermiers* of that part of the river extended at certain seasons of the year for the capture of eels.

still, in caressing terms, addressing him as "Bonaparte," that name—which, originally, when it belonged only to a soldier of fortune—she, Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, was proud to share with him. Or, at a later hour in the evening, inaugurating *charades en action*, *vaudevilles*, &c., in that *petite salle de spectacle*, where by the force of imperial will, even in amusements, the barrier which in French society had hitherto as a rule been deemed insurmountable between Court actors and actors by profession, was thrown down; although, as regards the former, Napoléon, one night, protested that the play performed at St. Cloud, and of which he had been a spectator, was *impérialement mal joué*.

Assisting one evening, as above mentioned, at Joséphine's *toilette du soir*, the Emperor (who did not altogether approve of the amateur theatricals in which her Majesty delighted, and at which his presence, when vouchsafed, made most of the performers so nervous that they were aware of their own general failure before him) gaily confessed to her that when last present in the *salle de spectacle* he had hissed; whereupon Joséphine laughingly turned towards him, saying, "Bonaparte! Sur votre théâtre il faut bien être applaudie ou sifflée!" And then she told him how Marie Antoinette had acted comedy before her Court

upon the stage of the *Petit Opéra* at Trianon ;* to which his Majesty, in a more serious tone than he had yet assumed, answered : " I know that, Madame : but it was not for the best. Louis XIV. even danced in a ballet at Versailles ; but he renounced that amusement when once he heard the fine verses recited in which Racine represented to him how unworthy of a sovereign was such a pastime. The first time that Talma comes here," continued the Emperor, " tell him to read those same verses to you, and then you shall be free to perform, and I shall be free to hiss." Joséphine was not slow to profit by this hint ; and henceforth she restricted herself and her Court to the performance of some " *Proverbes de Carmontel*," the scene of which at St. Cloud was the *petit salon bleu* ; but when Talma was present, she preferred hearing that great tragedian read or declaim scenes, in listening to which the Emperor also delighted.

Joséphine set forth from St. Cloud to meet Napoléon at Fontainebleau, not many weeks before her divorce, scarcely less fatal to him than to her ; but she survived, as here elsewhere told, until 1814, when the Bourbons were restored to the throne of France. With Louis XVIII., from long exile,† then came back

* " Trianon and Malmaison." † " The Tuileries " and " Compiègne."

his niece, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, whose life was habitually saddened by the memory of her parents' martyrdom.

Mournful, therefore, was it for that Princess, who was between thirty and forty years of age at the time of the Restoration, to re-visit St. Cloud, where, in childhood, she had dwelt. When she, the daughter of Marie Antoinette, had left St. Cloud, she was still too young to understand all the causes why her mother's tears were shed there; but in the quarter of a century which had intervened ere her return to that home of her youth, what appalling tragedies had she not witnessed! For her the Palace of St. Cloud was henceforth a mausoleum, and the tenacity with which this princess clung to memories enshrined there, made her solitary in the midst of the Court over which she, a childless wife, was called from long exile to reign. But, though set apart by sorrow from the pleasures of the world at large, this saintly "Orphan of the Temple," for such was her *sobriquet*, was ready, if not to laugh with those who laughed, at least to weep with those who wept, as was proved when at St. Cloud it became her task to console the Duchesse de Berri at the time when that last-named princess was removed thither from the Élysée im-

mediately after the assassin's dagger had made her a widow.*

And with this task of consolation thus devolving on the Duchesse d'Angoulême at St. Cloud, was involved a stern one of self-abnegation; for the Duchesse de Berri, her newly-widowed sister-in-law, was the expectant mother of an heir to the throne—children, as before said, not having been vouchsafed to the Duchesse d'Angoulême. Her own political position, therefore, notwithstanding that she was then still regarded as future Queen Consort of France, she being wife of the next heir to the throne, had sunk into insignificance.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême, direct descendant of nearly a thousand years of French royalty, who in a few years, as it then seemed, must be Queen of France, and who, after the death of Louis XVIII., did become Dauphiness, as wife of the elder son of Charles X.; she, the granddaughter of the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa, some of whose noblest qualities were inherited by her, was nothing at St. Cloud by the side of the young Duchesse de Berri, but a sister of charity and of consolation, although as such she was unconsciously invested with claims to distinction far beyond those conferred by

* "The Tuileries," and "The Élysée."

royal blood or worldly rank ; and though dynasties have changed since that sad day, when, needing consolation herself, she prayerfully sought consolation for her stricken rival, it is impossible for posterity at large, and especially for those who knew and remember her best, to divest this princess of a diadem the lustre of which no earthly vicissitudes can diminish. By the Duchesse d'Angoulême was the Duchesse de Berri sustained in the hour of affliction ; and long after the latter had become the mother of a son (Duc de Bordeaux), the Duchesse d'Angoulême at St. Cloud had cause to lament, not that that event had dried the tears of the younger princess, but that with severe sorrow had passed away a certain seriousness from her rival, which might, if retained, have dignified some duties in the performance of which the future fate of the royal family of France was inextricably involved.

Nevertheless, the daughter of Marie Antoinette was one of the first to render justice to the energetic conduct of her lighter-hearted sister-in-law, De Berri, when the great occasion arose by which it was developed ; and albeit that energy was in the long run exercised for woe rather than for weal, yet the display of it, undaunted by political misfortunes, could not fail to command the admiration of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, granddaughter and namesake of that

Maria Theresa who for her valour was once proclaimed, by patriotic enthusiasts, "*King of Hungary.*" When the Revolution of 1830 broke out in Paris, Charles X. and his family were at St. Cloud ; and, consequently, it was there that the Duchesse de Berri first manifested that spirit of determination to maintain the royal birthright of her son—then ten years of age—which afterwards, variously demonstrated by her, became a matter of European agitation and world-wide celebrity.

The Dauphiness, as the Duchesse d'Angoulême was called in 1830, was at Dijon, during the first outbreak of the Revolution which caused her father-in-law to abdicate, and her husband to renounce his claims to the throne, to which her kinsman, Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, was then elevated ; but she arrived at St. Cloud before the crisis that resulted not only in the destruction of any hopes which she might have entertained of her own future sovereignty, but in her subsequent life-long exile. Calmly the Dauphiness submitted to the decree which deprived her of a throne, but the Duchesse de Berri at St. Cloud, feeling that the flight of every moment was carrying away with it the chances of her son for the future, importuned the King to allow her to start thence for Paris, so that she might herself appeal to the

infuriated populace of the capital in behalf of that child, in favour of whom his grandfather, Charles X., was prepared to abdicate. It was impossible, however, to prevail on the King to sanction this proposal of the Duchesse de Berri, and she was therefore condemned to wait at, and watch from, St. Cloud until her worst fears were confirmed. On the 29th day of July in that year, the Duchesse de Berri, telescope in hand, was standing at a window on the second story of the royal château of St. Cloud, whilst athwart the calm, clear, atmosphere of a summer-day, she gazed towards Paris, whence the summits of some principal monuments were visible to her. It was especially towards the Tuileries that the princess at St. Cloud was straining her eyes, when suddenly she exclaimed: "Ah! mon Dieu! I see the tricoloured flag there." And only too soon for herself and those round her the truth was confirmed; for even at that moment, when she, the mother of the heir to the throne, was looking towards the Tuileries, his birth-place, the white fleur-de-lys-banner of the Bourbons disappeared from the flag-mast of that palace, and the "drapeau tricolore" was hoisted there in its stead.

At that moment the Duchesse de Berri knew that the cause of her son was lost, although afterwards fal-

lacious hopes revived, and the aged King, Charles X., feeling that his safety consisted in flight, compelled her and the rest of his family to share it, ere he confirmed his abdication at Rambouillet, which place was, by a curious concurrence of circumstances, consecrated by family memories of the house of Orléans, memories especially dear to Louis Philippe, who then, removing from the Palais Royal to the Tuileries, was proclaimed King of the French.*

Eighteen years afterwards (1848), and again did royal fugitives touch at St. Cloud, in a way that could scarcely fail to remind Louis Philippe, then dethroned, how his predecessor had fled thence when he himself was declared King in his stead.

In hired conveyances, some members of the royal family of France, escaping from the Tuileries, arrived at St. Cloud in 1848, and journeying thence, the Queen, with some, but not all, of her sons and daughters, found momentary shelter at Dreux, where Marie Amélie, deposed Queen of the French, niece of Queen Marie Antoinette, and cousin of the then again long-exiled Duchesse d'Angoulême, desired, ere taking her leave of France, to pray at the tombs of her children, who, by early death, had been spared that last exile from which she herself was to return no

* "The Palais Royal," and "The Tuileries."

more. Again, a short interval, and the grandson of Joséphine reigned at St. Cloud. Victoria, Queen of England, there, not many years since, visited *Napoléon III.* and his fair consort, *Eugénie*; and upon that occasion expressed so much interest in the historic and biographical associations of the palatial château, that now (1871) when, by the fiery brands of a war which has cast a funeral pall over fair France, it is destroyed (nought but a heap of burnt ruins marking the spot where, until lately, it stood), her *Britannic Majesty* has doubtless ere this, once more united with the ex-Emperor and Empress of the French in recollections of ST. CLOUD.

To the Imperial family of France there are some political memories appertaining to that spot which have their own especial significance, for it was owing to then recent events at St. Cloud that in the last month of the last year of the last century, Bonaparte was nominated First Consul. The "Council of Five Hundred," and the "Council of Elders,"* had assembled there, the legislative body having been transferred to St. Cloud, and it was in that palace that General Bonaparte is reported to have declared

* The Council of Elders occupied one of the large apartments at St. Cloud, but for the Council of Five Hundred the celebrated Conservatory there was arranged as a Hall of Assembly.

to the stormy and agitated assembly before him, "Citizens, Representatives, you are on a volcano. . . . Already myself and my brave companions in arms are assailed by a thousand calumnies. People talk of a new Cæsar, of a new Cromwell. When I returned from Italy in the moment of most glorious triumph, and when invited to seize such a part, I did not do so. I aspire not to it now, but my zeal and yours are at this moment awakened by the dangers that threaten France."

M. Thiers, commenting upon the result of that eventful day at St. Cloud, says with regard to Bonaparte, the hero of it: "He came to continue, under monarchical forms, the revolution in the world . . . by blending all nations, by introducing French laws to Germany, to Italy, and in Spain; by dissolving many spells; by mixing up together and confounding many things . . . and meanwhile the new state of things was to consolidate itself under the protection of his sword; Liberty was to follow some day. It has not yet come, it will come."

But for the palatial château of St. Cloud there is no future; the past alone remains to it; wherefore with reverence and regret this garland of memories is laid on its ruins.

THE PALAIS ROYAL.



BEFORE the war of 1870, between France and Prussia, and when London and Paris were within twenty-four hours' journey of each other, every English reader had, or ought to have had, some memory of his own concerning the Palais Royal: a memory either of princely hospitality within the palace from which the popular mart below it derives its name, or of a delicious little *diner à la carte* in that favourite place of resort,—a dinner so light that, as said the irrepressible and oft-quoted “Englishwoman abroad,” there was “nothing of it for a cart to carry!”

An Englishman, writing from Paris of the Palais Royal in 1790, not long after dinners were first permitted to be eaten there by the people, declared, in

the following terms, that which in this present day is universally known to be true :—"You may here find luxury and simplicity, solitude and dissipation, the amusements of the open air and theatrical entertainments, the tranquillity of clubs, and the tumultuous scenes of a coffee house. The different views of social life presented in the Palais Royal have all of them their pleasures, and perhaps all of them their utility."

A sober reflection this just quoted, and few at the Palais Royal in times of peace could thus moralise, when dazzled by its bright shops and deafened by its many sounds. And who, when elbowing his way through the cosmopolite throng generally to be found on the spot, has leisure to recall or ascertain for himself not only the historical memories, but the domestic—though royal and imperial—records which appertain to the palace itself?

The Palais Royal, until lately (1871) the metropolitan abode of Prince Napoléon (cousin of the Emperor Napoléon III.), was founded by Cardinal de Richelieu at the time when his political genius influenced every cabinet in Europe, and when Marie de Médicis, widow of Henri IV., and Regent of France, was guided by his mighty intellect. After Richelieu, his successor, Mazarin, occupied the Palais Royal; and when in time that great Cardinal Prime Minister

had also passed away, it was inhabited by the Orléans branch of the Royal Family of France.

Madame la Comtesse de Genlis, who in 1770 was first installed as lady in waiting to the Duchesse de Chartres (afterwards Duchesse d'Orléans, and mother of Louis Philippe, King of the French), felt absolutely oppressed by some memories appertaining to the Palais Royal, when she went to take up her abode there, and since then, nearly a hundred years ago, their number has much increased.

But not of Cardinal de Richelieu, founder of the Palais Royal (called in his day the Palais Cardinal), did Madame de Genlis meditate when she first became its inmate; nor of his successor, Cardinal Mazarin; nor of the political measures devised there by that minister during the minority of Louis XIV.; but it was of the Orléans regency during the minority of Louis XV. that she thought, when she found herself lodged in the very apartments of the late regent himself—a suite of rooms, then still called the "*petits appartements de M. le Régent*," and which not only had a private staircase of its own, but a door leading from it and opening on the Rue de Richelieu. In some agitation the beautiful and talented, but generally self-sufficient, Comtesse de Genlis had traversed the great gallery on the first floor of the palace on her

way to these apartments, for her nerves had just been shaken by her carriage coming in dangerous contact with another vehicle in the Rue de Richelieu,—a bad omen 'as she thought,—and when at last glancing round her in the chamber of the late Regent Orléans, and perceiving that every object there remained as in his time,—“What orgies have taken place here!” she exclaims, “the same large mirrors on the walls and in the alcove of the bedchamber! The magnificence of this boudoir displeases me.” And then, reverting to the carriage shock, she ejaculates, “*Grand Dieu ! quel présage !*”.*

* The Duc d'Orléans, father of the Duc de Chartres, had contracted a second marriage with Madame de Montesson, aunt of Madame de Genlis. With the consent of the King, this marriage was solemnised by the Archbishop of Paris; but as the widow of the Marquis de Montesson, not being of royal blood, was forbidden to take the title of Duchesse d'Orléans, she preferred henceforth to be called only Madame de Montesson, thereby following the precedent given by Madame de Maintenon. It was through the influence of the Duc d'Orléans that both M. le Comte and Madame la Comtesse de Genlis obtained appointments at the Palais Royal, the former as Captain of the Guards, the latter as *dame*—lady of honour—and afterwards as *gouvernante* to the children of the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres. After the death of the Duc d'Orléans, who had married the aunt of Madame de Genlis, the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres became Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans.

Madame de Montesson exercised considerable and, on the whole, a beneficial influence over French society, although, being somewhat of a literary rival to her niece, Madame de Genlis, the latter was inclined to deride pretensions which were too likely to offend her characteristic

The Duchesse de Chartres, royal mistress of Madame de Genlis in 1770, had then not long since come home a bride to the Palais Royal. She was the only daughter of the Duc de Penthièvre, High Admiral of France, whose many virtues and sincere though unobtrusive piety were respected even by dissolute courtiers in the latest and most licentious days of Louis XV.

In early youth De Penthièvre had fought and gained laurels on more than one battle-field ; but for many years before his daughter married the Duc de Chartres, he had led a life of retirement, chiefly at Rambouillet (long a residence of kings of France before Versailles was built), and there, as at the Palace of Toulouse and elsewhere, he was venerated for the mild dignity of his conduct, and beloved for his unfailing beneficence.

Rambouillet, his abode, now within easy reach from Versailles, was surrounded by forest and park, and is still famous for its sporting grounds. The

egotism in those days when, the press being limited, manuscript works were read aloud in palaces to select audiences weary of dancing or gambling. Madame de Montesson, like her niece, survived the Revolution, and it was the former who, when between sixty and seventy years of age, gave the first ball in honour of the marriage of Louis Bonaparte to Hortense de Beauharnais, daughter of Joséphine, and mother of Napoléon III. .;

royal château of Rambouillet (since converted into a seminary for officers' daughters) was the favourite retreat of the Comte de Toulouse (father of the Duc de Penthièvre, and a son of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan), who there spent years of studious meditation and domestic happiness, during which time the gardens of Rambouillet, by the assistance of Le Notre, the famous gardener, were made to rival those of Versailles. The hospital of Rambouillet was founded by the Comtesse de Toulouse (1731), and the charities appertaining to it became the peculiar care of the Duc de Penthièvre, when in the winter of 1737 he succeeded to the estate on the death of his father. These few words concerning the paternal home of the Duchesse de Chartres, may help to throw light on her character as developed in after years at the Palais Royal, when the husband of her early choice was surnamed *Égalité*.

The Duc de Penthièvre, her father, had in his youth been married to a princess to whom he was tenderly attached, and whose death he survived to mourn; by her he had two children, one son and one daughter. That short-lived son was the Prince de Lamballe, espoused to the Princesse de Savoie Carignan, whose virtues and tragic end have made the name she bore universally known and respected,

and who was the solace of the Duc de Penthièvre's declining years after the marriage of his daughter with the handsome and insinuating, but licentious, Duc de Chartres, afterwards Duc d'Orléans.*

The only daughter of the Duc de Penthièvre, Mademoiselle de Bourbon as she was called, was pretty, gentle, and pious. She had been too carefully guarded by her father's care in the domestic sanc-

* The marriage of the Prince and Princesse de Lamballe was, despite its brief duration and the sinister circumstances attending the untimely death of the Prince, one that promised much happiness. When the Princesse de Lamballe was a child of about ten years of age, the Duc and Duchesse de Penthièvre arrived at the court of Turin, where she was being educated under the protection of her kinsman the King of Sardinia, she being a princess of the house of Savoy. The Duc and Duchesse de Penthièvre, being charmed with the ingenuousness of her character, and thinking that by her royal birth she would hereafter be a suitable bride for their son, then a child but a few years older than herself, and still under the tutelage of his *gouvernante* at Rambouillet, besought and obtained the consent of the King of Sardinia to her betrothal. Not for some years afterwards did she behold the husband intended for her, and when at last she met him she became enamoured of him, without being aware of his identity. Portraits had been exchanged, but he had outgrown that she possessed of him, and he feared that the one he cherished of her might be too flattering. He, therefore, resolved to disguise himself as a page, and thus to meet her and judge of her for himself on her way from Turin. The result exceeded his expectations. He could not conceal the love and admiration with which she inspired him, and though still *incognito* until she and her suite reached their destination, he so charmed her that at last it was with delight she found the pretended page was her betrothed husband.

tuary of Rambouillet for the echo of court calumny or public scandal to reach her either from Versailles or Paris. When her brother, the Prince de Lamballe, died after a brief illness, she was an angel of consolation to his heart-stricken widow ; and the latter, though scarcely older than herself in years, refrained from telling her that the premature death of her brother was attributed by some to the pernicious influence and evil example of the Duc de Chartres ; for the Princesse de Lamballe knew that the Duc de Chartres was dear to the sister of her own dead husband, and, with the unselfishness which gloriously distinguished her from first to last, she determined not to mar the happiness anticipated in an alliance with him. Mademoiselle de Bourbon Penthièvre had been formally presented at Versailles to the King (Louis XV.), and the Duc de Chartres had availed himself of that occasion not only to make himself pleasing to the young *débutante*, who was one of the greatest heiresses in France, but also to implore the King to sanction his marriage with her. The King did so, and the betrothal took place. It was witnessed with extreme reluctance by the venerable Duc de Penthièvre, although the fact of his having at last assented to it, helped to exonerate the Duc de Chartres from charges which public scandal had

brought against him ; and for ten years the Duc de Penthièvre had no cause to regret the alliance. The marriage took place in 1769, and the Princesse de Lamballe, being present at it, strove to overcome her own life-long sorrow for the moment, so that the ominous sight of it might not cloud the joy of her young sister-in-law newly wedded to the man who, she secretly believed, had helped to destroy her own happiness.

In after years, although a tender attachment still subsisted between them, the Princesse de Lamballe at Versailles was separated by political circumstances from the Duchesse de Chartres (d'Orléans) at the Palais Royal, and beneath the roof of the latter the gentle daughter of the pious Duc de Penthièvre had more than enough cause to shed bitter tears ; but at the time when she entered that palace as a bride, she could not foresee that it would one day become the centre of seditious agitation against the crown, that her husband would be hailed in it by a revolutionary people as royal chief of the popular movement, from which sacrilege, anarchy and regicide would ensue, and that she herself, whilst far worse troubles were awaiting her, would be separated in it from her children when they reached an age to be confided to the educational care of Madame de Genlis, for

whom, as their *gouvernante*, a separate residence would be provided.

▷ When the Duchesse de Chartres, scarcely eighteen years of age, left her paternal home for that of her husband at the Palais Royal, some elderly ladies formerly attached to the suite of the late Duchesse d'Orléans, his mother, still resided there ; and these, not to speak of the devotees, were more or less demurely addicted to gourmandising and gambling ; but a new and brilliant Court soon formed itself round the young princess, and most conspicuous in it shone Madame de Genlis, six years older than her royal mistress, but still retaining all youthful charms of face and figure, and not a little ostentatious of varied talents which helped to drive away *ennui* from the society to which, with gratified ambition, she found herself capable of imparting a fresh zest. Central figure of Palais Royal society in those days was Madame de Genlis, either reciting her own verses, or acting, and inducing others to act, her own comedies ; or, most frequently of all, playing on the harp, which she deemed her own especial instrument, and on which indeed she excelled in a way quite unusual at that date ; when, be it remembered, the press being gagged, authors were encouraged by uncritical curiosity and indiscriminate praise to read aloud

their own manuscript works in the *salons* of Paris; when, the public stage being unreformed, gods and goddesses still stalked on it in powdered wigs and buskins; and when operatic music was still so much in its infancy in France that the taste for it had not yet been stimulated by Court discords between Glückistes and Piccinistes.

Madame de Genlis was pretty enough to afford to be clever, especially as by being clever she made herself amusing; but her predisposition to vanity was so fostered by flattery, that even then there were not a few at the Palais Royal who would gladly have dispensed, and did dispense, with her recitations, her vaudevilles, and her harp. As her admirer, the Chevalier de Chastellux, said to her: "Ce jour est beau, mais il annonce des orages qui me font trembler pour vous."

In April, 1770, one year after the marriage of the Duc de Chartres, his sister was espoused to the Duc de Bourbon, heir of the Condés, and on the 16th day of the month following the marriage of the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XVI.) was celebrated with all due pomp and ceremony at Versailles.

The Duchesse de Chartres was delighted to go forth from the Palais Royal to Compiègne, there to greet Marie Antoinette, future Queen of France. How

their fates and that of their children would hereafter be opposed was then furthest from the thoughts of these two royal brides as they greeted each other for the first time with a kindred kiss. The Duc de Chartres (Égalité of the Revolution of twenty years afterwards) was also present to welcome the arrival of Marie Antoinette in France. The Duc de Penthièvre and the Princesse de Lamballe, the Duc and Duchesse de Bourbon, were likewise there (at the Château de Compiègne) first presented to the future Queen of France by Louis XV., who found an agreeable excitement in introducing the Dauphiness to her new royal relatives, never thinking how the bright young creature he held by the hand, and who was kissed in his presence "by all who were privileged by their blood to have that honour," including his own envious daughters, would hereafter be offered up on the scaffold as a sacrifice for his own sins; she, though innocent, being destined to be, as the consort of his saintly successor, "the symbol of the sin and misery of a thousand years."

M. de la Ferté, keeper of the Privy Purse of his Majesty Louis XV., has left a voluminous manuscript account of that first meeting at Compiègne between Marie Antoinette and her new kindred of the blood royal of France, in conjunction with an elaborate

description of the marriage and the *fêtes* which followed at Versailles; but neither could M. de la Ferté—judging from a copy of his manuscript now under the present writer's hand—nor any other courtly believer in the divine right of kings, surmise, when beholding the Duc de Chartres greet the future Queen of France with a cousinly kiss, that hereafter she would upbraid him, justly or unjustly, with being the arch-promoter of revolt against the crown, of a desire to transfer it from her husband's to his own brow, and that the result of future family and political disunion would be not only to dissever the interests of the Palais Royal from those of Versailles, but to cause the two chief princes and rivals of the royal family, represented by those places of abode, to perish by the will and in the presence of French Republicans.

The arrival of Voltaire in Paris, after more than a twenty years' exile from that capital, caused one of the first discordant key-notes to be sounded between Versailles and the Palais Royal. Four years then (1778) had Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette been on the throne of France, and latterly the king, despite his long estrangement from her in the earlier years of his marriage, and when still under the tutelage of the Austrian-hating Duc de la Vauguyon, the ascetically pious guide of his youth, had manifested much sub-

servience to the will of the Queen, whom he had learnt to love with a late though true and lasting affection; but not all the growing influence of Marie Antoinette over him could induce his Majesty—in very truth the Most Christian King of France—to receive Voltaire at Versailles.

Voltaire, banished from France, and therefore made cynical by misfortune, in the time of Madame de Pompadour, his former patroness; Voltaire, who had since vowed allegiance to Frederick of Prussia, and been cast aside as a sucked orange by the latter; Voltaire, whose pungent pamphlets had, by the agency of Freemasonry and other secret channels, found their way to Paris, the heart of France, although he, meantime, was exiled at Ferney, Pays de Gex, whither French political malcontents flocked year after year to worship him as the great reformer of abuses in the Church, and Cabinet, and Court of France (just as in former ages pilgrims had flocked to Rome, there to worship the Pope, of whom the King of France was then sanctified by the title of the “eldest son”); Voltaire, personally remembered by many of the elder generation, and familiar by his writings to young ardent thinkers of the new generation, born since his exile, arrived suddenly in Paris during the Carnival time of 1778, the term of his long

exile then having expired, and he himself being eighty-eight years of age.

It was not a week after the French treaty with America had been signed that Voltaire, the friend of the American, Dr. Benjamin Franklin, thus reappeared in Paris, and the reader need scarcely here be reminded that (as long afterwards said Lafayette to Napoléon I.) "the American Rebellion, though but a skirmish of sentinels, precipitated the French Revolution and decided great interests of the universe." Louis XVI. had received Dr. Franklin at Versailles, and had sanctioned the treaty with America; loving his people, he was anxious to redress their grievances; the philosopher, Turgot, and afterwards Necker, were his ministers; the philosopher, de Malherbes, was his faithful friend to the last; but Louis XVI., former pupil of the Jesuit Duc de la Vauguyon, was nevertheless "seized at times with superstitious terrors; he fancied that he beheld anarchy and impiety marching hand in hand with liberty and toleration;" and, early trained to abhor Voltaire as the arch-prophet of anarchy and impiety, he refused to receive him at Versailles. The Queen, however, desired to have Voltaire presented to her; she was anxious that her subjects, not less than her Court, should adore her; she knew that Voltaire

was the idol of Paris, where she herself had always been regarded with more or less distrust, on account of her Austrian extraction. It was not long before the birth of her first child when Voltaire took up his abode in Paris, and therefore Marie Antoinette was more than ever anxious to insure popularity for the future ; but upon this point the King turned a deaf ear to her entreaties, and her Majesty was compelled to content herself by remarking that it was a hard thing that she who, for political reasons, had been urged to receive the notorious Madame Geoffrin, "the nursing mother of philosophers," should now be forbidden to welcome their chief.

Her Majesty's own brother, the Emperor Joseph of Austria, who in those days was too much inclined to trespass on his fraternal privileges by lecturing her, had, in a visit to Versailles, concurred with the clergy in dissuading Louis XVI. from the reception there of Voltaire, by declaring that though himself a *soi-disant* philosopher, his *métier de souverain* would always prevent him (Joseph) from professing himself a disciple of that sage.

The Emperor Joseph, travelling as Count Falkenstein, paid a visit, however, to the Palais Royal, where the Duc de Chartres was daily gaining popularity with the people of Paris in proportion as the King at Ver-

sailles was daily losing it. Joseph was there amused by Madame de Genlis, who, after lying in wait, suddenly presented herself to him, and took upon herself to do the honours of the picture gallery—telling him not only the names of the pictures but their histories, and not only the name of the painters, but—as she herself afterwards boasted, “*les anecdotes et les généalogies.*”

The host of the Palais Royal, the future Égalité of the Revolution, was prepared to receive Voltaire with all honours when that king of philosophers came back from long exile to the capital of France, to be there, as he said, “stifled with roses,” and forbidden to appear at Versailles.

Voltaire, whose frail body was enveloped in a vast pelisse, but whose eyes still gleamed magically bright from beneath the big Louis Quatorze wig of black wool which—surmounted by a red cap trimmed with fur—shaded his thin cheeks, came back to Paris to be madly worshipped by the people; to be embraced, in public, by the American Republican, Dr. Franklin; to be drawn along the streets in a sky-blue chariot studded with gold stars, like a triumphal car in a pantomime; to have his bust crowned with laurels by nymphs at the theatre, where his pet pieces were performed; to deliver an address at the Academy,

scarcely a word of which could be heard because of overwhelming applause ; to have the house he dwelt in thronged by worshippers, to whom the crowd outside looked for news as to whether he had eaten the white of an egg, or had put the finishing touches to his last play ; to poison himself by an overdose of opium which he took to calm his nerves, super-excited by adulation ; and, just before this last event, to be received as a demigod at the Palais Royal.

Madame de Genlis, as deputy of the Palais Royal, and governess of the children of the Duc de Chartres, had previously visited Voltaire ; she had in former years made a pilgrimage to his shrine at Ferney ; but when she saw him in Paris he was suffering from disappointment at his exclusion from Versailles. "He received me," she says, "with grace ; but I found him so broken and dejected that I felt certain his end was near."

To the Court at Versailles the reception of Voltaire at the Palais Royal was an offence, and did not help to mitigate the aversion entertained by the usually gentle Princesse de Lamballe, then superintendent of the Queen's household, towards Madame de Genlis, who was suspected of not contributing to the domestic happiness of the Duchesse de Chartres. "The face of a lamb, the heart of a wolf, and the cunning of a

fox," was the extraordinary verdict (and that uttered in soft Italian, her native tongue, in which she habitually spoke) of the Princesse de Lamballe at Versailles, on Madame la Comtesse de Genlis at the Palais Royal, who thought to charm all the world by her playing on the harp, and to edify future generations of kings by her erudition; and who had visited Voltaire both at Ferney and at his temporary residence, the hotel of the Marquis de Villette, in Paris.

The Duchesse de Chartres, "gentle, pious, but romantic," and much in love with her husband when she married him, less than ten years previously, was said to be ill and not out of bed when Voltaire, having once more mounted his sky-blue, star-studded chariot, arrived at the Palais Royal, arrayed in his fur pelisse, his scarlet cap, and black Louis XIV. wig. But presently she entered the apartment where the philosopher was seated by the side of her consort, the Duc de Chartres, and where the young princes, her children, were being presented to the "Roi Voltaire." Already had Voltaire's benediction been elsewhere bestowed on the grandson of the American republican, Franklin, in the name of "God and Liberty;" and he now blessed the children of the Duc de Chartres, although not in the same words. When Madame la Duchesse de Chartres appeared, the aged philosopher would

fain have knelt before her ; but, with the gentleness peculiar to her character, and with the reverence for old age habitual to her, she—the daughter of the Duc de Penthièvre—overcame her seeming dislike of Voltaire, prevented his prostration, and reseated him in a way to flatter his vanity. He bestowed many fine speeches on their highnesses and their children, and declared that of the latter “the little Duc de Valois * resembled the late Regent, his great grandfather—a doubtful compliment, if estimated by the shudder with which Madame de Genlis, as previously mentioned, professes to have been seized when first finding herself in the apartments of that defunct prince.

Louis Philippe, eldest son of the Duc de Chartres (the latter will henceforth be here mentioned as the Duc d'Orléans) was between four and five years of age when Voltaire paid this, his last visit, to the Palais Royal. In 1782—about four years afterwards—his education was intrusted to Madame la Comtesse de Genlis ; and upon this point it must be confessed that whatever cause, real or exaggerated, the Princesse de Lamballe had for her dislike to Madame

* The Duc de Valois, afterwards Duc de Chartres (when his father became Duc d'Orléans), and eventually Louis Philippe, King of the French.

de Genlis, that last-named lady acquitted herself of the important trust committed to her with extraordinary ability and untiring zeal. When Louis Philippe had grown to be a man—brave in battle, patient under adversity, and during long exile,—his conduct offered a finer tribute to the educational influences brought to bear on his childhood than does the voluminous statement of them somewhat egotistically penned in the *Mémoires* of Madame de Genlis.*

The political conduct of his father, the Duc d'Orléans, was variously viewed by contemporaries of the latter according to their political prejudices,

* It is perhaps unnecessary here to remind the reader that Louis Philippe, Duc de Chartres, afterwards Duc d'Orléans, and in 1830 proclaimed King of the French, fought, in 1792, under Dumouriez at Valmi, and distinguished himself at the battle of Jémappes; that afterwards—an exile, and having placed his sister under the care of Madame de Genlis, in a convent—he travelled, unknown, destitute, and on foot, in Switzerland, until he was engaged as a professor of geography, French, and mathematics, at the College of Reichenau. In 1794, when, by the death of his father on the scaffold, he had become Duc d'Orléans, he, exposed to fresh dangers, assumed the name of Corby, and wandered through Norway and Sweden; journeying on foot with the Laplanders, and reaching the North Cape in 1795. Until this time the want of pecuniary means had frustrated his wish to sail for America, but in 1796 he paid a visit to General Washington at Mount Vernon. Afterwards he came to England, and resided with his brothers at Twickenham; but in 1809 he went to Palermo, and was there married to the Princesse Marie Amélie, daughter of the King of Naples, niece of Queen Marie Antoinette, and grand-daughter of the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa.

even when that prince, thinking to overcome his pecuniary embarrassments by speculation, surrounded the gardens of the Palais Royal with buildings, which he let for trade purposes. Indiscriminately he admitted the people into the wide centre area of his palace, and for this he was either praised or blamed, according to political partisanship.

The magnificent centre of the Palais Royal thus not only became surrounded by cafés and some of the most attractive shops in Europe, but it was soon also regarded as "the rendezvous of foreigners, of debauchees, of loungers, and, above all, of the most vehement agitators. It was generally notorious that the Duc d'Orléans had squandered his vast wealth in prodigality and vain schemes of ambition, and that therefore he had contracted debts which he took this means to cover;" but by the citizens of Paris, who thus found themselves installed at the Palais Royal, he was regarded as a friend of the people and the champion of free discussion; although in a caricature which appeared in Paris, and which he himself suspected to have emanated from Versailles, he was represented in the costume of a rag-man picking up tatters from the ground (*loques à terre*), thus deriding both him and his "lodgers" (*locataires*).

The press was still gagged in France, but hence-

forth a seditious orator had only to mount a chair outside a café in the Palais Royal to make himself heard, and to inflame the minds of the people against abuses, real or supposed, in the administration of public affairs. It was in the public garden of the Palais Royal that Camille Desmoulins, in July, 1789, recommended an appeal to arms; and when, two days afterwards, the Bastille was destroyed and its governor massacred, it was round that same garden that the released prisoners were dragged in triumph and exhibited, more scared than elated, by their wildly excited deliverers. Revolutionary Parisians, however, were disappointed rather than delighted to find that the Bastille, of which such tales of horror had been told, contained only seven prisoners at the time of its demolition, and that none of these were victims either of the Queen or the Comte d'Artois, the two most unpopular residents at Versailles, where the Queen, at the opening of the States-General in the month of May preceding, is said to have shuddered visibly when the Duc d'Orléans entered.

In the month of October following, when the Comte d'Artois (younger brother of Louis XVI.) had already emigrated from Versailles, and not many days after the King and his family were thence brought in triumph by the mob and compelled to

take up their residence at the Tuileries, the Duc d'Orléans left Paris for a time and sought a refuge in England, where a favourable view was taken of his political character, and one quite opposed to the feeling which subsequently prevailed in the same country when he had voted for the death of Louis XVI.*

According to the History of the Convention, it was with a "face paler than death itself" that the Duc d'Orléans gave that vote; but by that time, as says M. Thiers, "he was reduced to the necessity of rendering himself endurable to the Jacobins or perishing." When, some months later, he himself was

* The *Political Magazine*, of 1790, contains a remarkably favourable view of "The Character of the Duke of Orleans." In it he is thus commended for having covered the gardens of the Palais Royal with buildings, as above mentioned:—"The Duke is generous: the people have derived succour and relief; men of letters have been benefited by his patronage, and the animosity of few individuals . . . has been well exchanged for the applause of Europe." In another part of this 1790 laudation of the Duke of Orleans, "Why"—it is asked, alluding to Madame de Genlis, though not by name—"Why should not a woman of intellectual ability, of sound knowledge, of fervent zeal, form the minds of young princes to the love of virtue, and unfold in them the talents that nature implanted? The Duke," remarks the same writer, "chose a singular method to conduct his children to the moral goal that he had marked out for them; but it required no deep philosophy to inspire the attempt, and success has attended upon its execution."

This prince's children educated by Madame de Genlis were the Duc de Chartres; his two younger brothers, the Duc de Montpensier and the Comte de Beaujolais; and Adelaïde, Mademoiselle d'Orléans.

condemned to death by "the sovereignty of the people" (resistance to which he had declared, when voting for the execution of the king, deserved death), he demanded only one favour, which was granted—namely, that his execution should be postponed for twenty-four hours. "In that interval," says Alison, "he had a repast prepared with care, on which he feasted with more than usual avidity. When led out to execution, he gazed for a time, with a smile on his countenance, at the Palais Royal, the scene of his former orgies. He was detained above a quarter of an hour in front of that palace, by order of Robespierre, who had in vain asked his daughter's hand in marriage, and had promised, if he would relent in that extremity, to excite a tumult which should save his life. Depraved as he was, he had too much honourable feeling left to consent to such a sacrifice, and remained in expectation of death, without giving the expected signal of acquiescence, for twenty minutes, when he was permitted to continue his journey to the scaffold. He met his death with stoical fortitude. The multitude applauded his execution."

The people soon break their idols in pieces, as Queen Marie Antoinette had, two years previously, declared to Dumouriez, and surely none who suc-

ceeded her on the scaffold had cause to think so more than the Duc d'Orléans, the once popular idol of the Palais Royal, who had been caricatured at Versailles for having turned his palace into a place of popular resort, and a public centre of popular discussion. His eldest son was an exile. Mademoiselle d'Orléans remained for some months under the protection of Madame de Genlis, in Switzerland, and elsewhere, until the guardianship of her was resigned to the Princesse de Conti, also proscribed by the Revolution. Her brother, Louis Philippe, Duc de Chartres, now, by the death of their father, become Duc d'Orléans, exhibited, as stated in a previous page, the greatest fortitude under the privations to which he was exposed during his exile; and in long after years, as King of the French, he took an honest pride in alluding to the time when, as an unknown pedestrian traveller, footsore and hungry, he was engaged as a teacher at the college of Reichenau. Not less heroic was the conduct of his mother when driven forth by anarchy from the Palais Royal. Her virtues were respected even during the Reign of Terror, but only by prayer to Heaven could she hope to aid her absent children, and she flew to the succour of her father, the Duc de Penthièvre, at his country estate called Vernon. He died in 1793,

and was buried at Dreux, the last resting-place of his wife, so dear to him in long past happy days at Rambouillet, and it is said that at Dreux he had succeeded in having the remains interred of his beloved daughter-in-law, the Princesse de Lamballe ; although the horrible details of her massacre as one of the first and most innocent victims of the Revolution would appear to throw some doubt on the possibility of such a fact.* Blood-red republicans, however, were not always insensible to bribes, and the venerable Duc de Penthièvre had done nothing to provoke the animosity of these monsters in human form who had made his hearth and home desolate. When he himself was dead, and the duty of attempting to console him therefore no longer existed for his widowed daughter, the Duchesse d'Orléans, she voluntarily allowed herself to be conveyed to the Prison of the Luxembourg, rather than permit the

* One of the most interesting spots, not far from Versailles, is Dreux, historically celebrated as the scene of a battle between the Roman Catholics and Huguenots—the former under the Duc de Guise, and the latter under the Prince de Condé—in 1563. The ruins of the Château de Dreux, in ancient times the residence of Counts of that name, are still to be found on the hill above the town ; and there, within an enclosed space, was the burial-place alluded to in the text. During the Revolution, however, this sacred spot was not respected ; but, as told in an after page of the present work, it was restored by Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, grandson of the Duc de Penthièvre, before his elevation to the throne.

vassals of her late father to shed blood, or fall victims in her defence. When at length she was released from captivity, she was exiled. Two of her sons, the Duc de Montpensier and the Comte de Beaujolais, died during the weary time of her and their proscription (the former in England and the latter at Malta). Her daughter, however, remained to her, and also her eldest son. He, the Duc d'Orléans, on a visit to Palermo in 1809, there won the heart of the Princesse Marie Amélie, daughter of Ferdinand, Bourbon King of Naples, and niece of Queen Marie Antoinette.

From Sicilian court chronicles of the date just named, it appears that the princess's mother, Queen Caroline of Naples, was at first averse to Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans; for her Neapolitan majesty, by whom from early youth her sister Marie Antoinette was much beloved, could not forget that he was the son of *Égalité*, to whom, with irrational passion of political prejudice, she attributed the terrible fate of the King and Queen of France. From her attempts to avenge that fate, by measures more or less sanctioned by the Chevalier Acton for the furtherance of his own ends, she herself was, in 1809, suffering from political reverses. The very name of Orléans caused Queen Caroline—the austere but intellectual and

ambitious counterpart of her martyred sister, Marie Antoinette—to frown ; but she had justice enough at last to admit that in this case the sin of the father ought not to be visited by her on the son, and in the month of November, 1809, her daughter was married, in the royal chapel at Palermo, to the Duc d'Orléans, who, born at the Palais Royal and privately christened in 1773, was—according to an antique French custom with regard to princes of the blood—affiliated by public baptism to Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette in 1785, that King and Queen then standing sponsors for him. His exiled mother and sister were present at his marriage.

Little could the Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans surmise—when standing together, bride and bridegroom, amidst the orange blossoms and under the sunny sky of Palermo—what changes were in store for them both during the long life they were destined to pass together in various lands, and under divers circumstances.

The throne of France in 1830 ; exiled from France in 1848 ; then another long term of proscription, bringing to public light many private virtues ; and, at last, a tomb in England, the present home of their children and grand-children. Meantime, when in 1814 Louis XVIII. was restored to the throne of his

ancestors, the Duc d'Orléans was recalled from exile to the Palais Royal, and it is said that when once again finding himself within that abode of his childhood, he knelt down in a rapture of gratitude and kissed its floor.

It was not long before the birth of his son, the Duc de Nemours, that the Duc d'Orléans returned to France, and his consort, already the mother of two sons, was soon beloved by all classes in Paris. Her cousin, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, the pious daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, held the infant Duc de Nemours at the font of baptism ; for, though herself childless—to her own private sorrow and the political regret of many—that princess generously rejoiced in testifying her affection for the Duchesse d'Orléans, whose mother had suffered much on behalf of the late King and Queen of France. The memory of their martyrdom, and of her own early captivity with them in the Prison of the Temple, was constantly present to the mind of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, when at length she herself was recalled from exile to the Tuileries, and her cousin was established at the Palais Royal.

To the last-named Palace, on his return, the Duc d'Orléans was also accompanied by his mother and sister. Chastened by the sorrows of earlier days was the dowager Duchesse d'Orléans, when again

she found herself at the Palais Royal, where in these pages we first beheld her a bride; and her saintly example made itself beneficially felt in Paris; but her heart still clung to the past, and one of her first thoughts in returning to France was to restore the sepulchre of her father and of the Princesse de Lamballe.

There, at Dreux, she herself, after a long life of affliction, and much painful wandering in distant lands, was at last suffered to rest in peace. Her son, Louis Philippe, whilst still at the Palais Royal, expended large sums of money in the erection and embellishment of a chapel at Dreux, to replace one destroyed during the Revolution, and her gifted grand-daughter, the Princesse Marie—destined soon to sleep her last sleep there—enriched it in later years by a piece of sculpture, preferred by some to her celebrated statuette of Jeanne d'Arc. The eldest son of Louis Philippe, husband of that gentle Helen of Orléans, who afterwards, during her widowhood and exile, became so dear to the people of England, was also buried at Dreux. Queen Marie Amélie, the aged and saintly lady who now rests by the side of her husband in the land of his last exile, paused at Dreux, ere leaving France for ever in 1848, to pray there before the tombs of her dead children. And

who, knowing aught of her chequered life, can forget, when wandering near her own tomb in England, how once she was the smiling bride at Palermo, and afterwards the happy mother of many children, by whose presence the Palais Royal was brightened ?

Thankful for the peace of her own domestic life there, she was gracious to all who approached her, and thus even appeased the pain which she, by that time, aged Madame de Genlis must have felt when she again appeared in that scene of the long past triumphs of her youth. The aspect of society had altogether changed when Madame de Genlis returned to Paris after years of banishment. Her husband had perished during the Revolution ; her works were no longer read and heard read, as formerly, in the *salons* of Paris ; her beauty had vanished, and the taste for what it had been was changed with the fashions of outward clothing in which it was once arrayed ; nay, the very language in which she had reason to think herself proficient, was perverted by many modes of expression which shocked her undiminished and sensitive self-love ; but the Palais Royal still stood in the midst of Paris, and was inhabited by the two pupils she had best loved, and of whose conduct in intervening years she had good cause to be proud.

Mademoiselle d'Orléans, the beloved "Adèle" of

twenty years before, was untiring in her successful attempts to soothe the soul of her former *gouvernante*, and the frank courtesy of the Duc d'Orléans completed the charm ; but the supreme moment came when the latter—the child Louis Philippe of bygone days, on whose head, as narrated, Voltaire had placed his hand—went and fetched his consort, the Princesse Marie Amélie of Naples, to present to her.

Madame de Genlis had arrived at an age to need consolation, especially amidst the scenes of her vanished youth ; and she found consolation to the last hours of her long life, in the beneficent conduct of the Duchesse d'Orléans, her former pupil's wife, who greeted her with the words :—"There are two things, loved passionately by me, and for which I have to thank you : your pupils and your books." And not only by gracious words but by benevolent deeds was Madame de Genlis convinced of princely generosity.

The shops still glittered in the Palais Royal below, as when Charlotte Corday, in 1793, entered one of them to buy the knife with which she stabbed the demagogue tyrant, Marat, when the young Duchesse de Berri, after her marriage in 1816, was wont to flit in and out the Palace above on visits to the Duchesse d'Orléans.

The last-named princess was aunt to the former, the Duchesse de Berri being daughter of the Prince Royal (afterwards King) of Naples; and during the brief happiness of her married life at the neighbouring Palace of the Élysée, before the assassin's dagger suddenly made her a widow,* the Duchesse de Berri was on terms of confiding intimacy at the Palais Royal.

And again, some few years afterwards, when as mother to the Duc de Bordeaux (Count de Chambord, then regarded by Bourbon legitimists as future King of France), she was more susceptible than formerly of political distrust, the Duchesse de Berri still shone resplendent at a grand ball given at the Palais Royal, in honour of her father's visit to Paris, he having lately married her sister, Christina, to the King of Spain.

Charles X., then King of France, was present at that ball, and on the same night that it took place within the Palais Royal, the public area below, generally known by that name, showed signs of popular disturbance, indicating the approaching Revolution of 1830; but here let a contemporary spectator briefly describe the scene within and without.

* "The Elysée."

“The royal families of France and of the Two Sicilies were invited to that ball at the Palais Royal ; two kings, princes, princesses, illustrious men of the army, powerful men of the tribune, the ministry, and the opposition, were crowding into the vast saloons of M. le Duc d'Orléans. The terraces were covered with orange trees, and flowers of every sort seemed to form a continuation of the stately apartments by suspended gardens. It was a fairy scene, and so illuminated, that even from a distance the Palais Royal resembled an enchanted palace.

“It was a scene that promised to gratify some hearts as well as all eyes ; for in the King of Naples the Duchesse d'Orléans welcomed her own brother, and the Duchesse de Berri her own father, and between the royal guests from the Tuileries, viz., the King of France, his son the Dauphin (Duc d'Angoulême), the Dauphiness, and the Duchesse de Berri, reigned much harmony. These royal guests were received at the foot of the grand staircase of the Palais Royal by the Duc d'Orléans and his two sons, the Ducs de Chartres and de Nemours. The summer weather was magnificent ; every thing seemed to breathe joy ; but presently in the midst of this atmosphere of light, of flowers, and melody, the King of France advanced to an open window, and lifting

up his eyes to the clear, calm sky, 'Gentlemen,' said he to those around him, 'this is fine weather for my Algerian fleet. My army at this moment ought to touch the coast of Africa.' Whilst the aged King was pronouncing these words, other conversations were taking place in different parts of the spacious rooms; comments were hazarded on the political difficulties of the time, and conjectures were rife as to what would be the issue of the problem then consuming the peace of society at large.

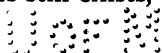
"And all the while that these grave knots of politicians, with knitted brows and serious faces, were thus engrossed, fairy figures, smiling faces, crowned with flowers, floated past them in the dance, and to the sound of delicious music from the orchestra; until at last somebody standing within the recess of a window, said 'We dance on a volcano.' The idea soon became prevalent, for at the very time that the gay crowd within the Palace was thus giving itself up to pleasure, a sort of insurrection was taking place in the public gardens without.

"Shrubs were torn up, chairs were piled one upon another, and the whole was ignited. The flames, mounting, caused alarm as to the extent of the conflagration; and the King could perceive, from the height of the terrace on which he stood, the popular

commotion reigning immediately near him in Paris." Soon afterwards the abdication of Charles X. was dated from Rambouillet, the Palace consecrated by memories connected with the late mother of his host and with her father, the Duc de Penthièvre.

Some readers may have been present at that ball of the Palais Royal; and if so, their memory can supply any deficiency in the account just quoted. Of the splendid hospitality, exercised there at a much later date and under the imperial dynasty of France, it is needless to speak to those who have as guests delighted in it. Another Princess of Italy (of the north and not the south of that poetical but long politically opposed land), has since reigned at the Palais Royal; and here, be it remembered, that the earliest years of the Princesse de Lamballe were passed at the Court of Turin, and that two Princesses of Sardinia came thence, by the way made specially for them over Mont Cenis, to be the brides of the younger brothers of Louis XVI. when he was Dauphin, and Marie Antoinette was Dauphiness.

Also let the reader here recall that "Madame Clothilde de France," sister of Louis XVI., and of the saintly Madame Elizabeth, was in 1777 espoused to the Prince of Piedmont, afterwards King of Sardinia. A fine portrait of this Princess still exists, or did until



lately, in the Musée de Turin, and few, if any, when gazing on the pictures which adorn the walls of the Palace of Turin, or when standing in the chapel attached to the royal residence there, can fail to remember old facts and matrimonial alliances which link the history of Sardinia to that of France from age to age, and which impart a new interest to the position of Clothilde, wife of Prince Napoléon, lately resident at the Palais Royal, and married to him (1859) in the chapel above named. The childhood of Prince Napoléon, like that of his sister the Princesse Mathilde (son and daughter of King Jérôme Bonaparte, by the Princesse Catherine of Wurtemberg), was spent chiefly at Rome. Hence, possibly, the love for, and patronage of, art which distinguish the Princesse Mathilde and her brother. Since the marriage of the latter with the young Sardinian Princess Clothilde, he has travelled with her into Algeria, that same country from which Charles X. was hoping, as already described, for tidings of glory when standing at the windows of the Palais Royal during the fête there, not long before his abdication.

It was hoped by Napoléon I., during the latter part of the Hundred Days, that his brother Lucien, then at the Palais Royal, would make that historical residence

a point of centralisation for the arts of peace and industry. Prince Lucien, during his subsequent life in Italy, treasured up, as did the world at large, every remembered word that had fallen from the lips which at one time decreed the fate of kingdoms, and he loved to repeat the following which the Emperor had said to him not long before the battle of Waterloo : " Plus de querelles entre nous, plus de discussions qui flétrissent le cœur et l'affection fraternelle ni de rien de ce qui touche à la politique Il faut que le Palais Royal soit le centre des arts, et que les artistes trouvent en vous un protecteur zélé, ce que vous pouvez être, étant à la fois mon frère et le Prince Lucien, connu par son esprit et son esprit *savant*."

These words were not destined to be realised by Prince Lucien beneath the roof of the Palace to which they referred, although the home of his later years in Italy was a gathering point for authors and artists, as some of the younger of his gifted friends, still surviving, can testify. To Prince Napoléon, son of Jérôme Bonaparte, and husband of the Italian Princess Clothilde, it has been allowed to fulfil the first Emperor's prediction within the walls of that historical residence, some of the various chronicles of which have been glanced at in the preceding pages ;

but, as surmised at the opening of these pen-and-ink sketches, most readers, in these locomotive days, have some special memories of their own concerning the Palais Royal.



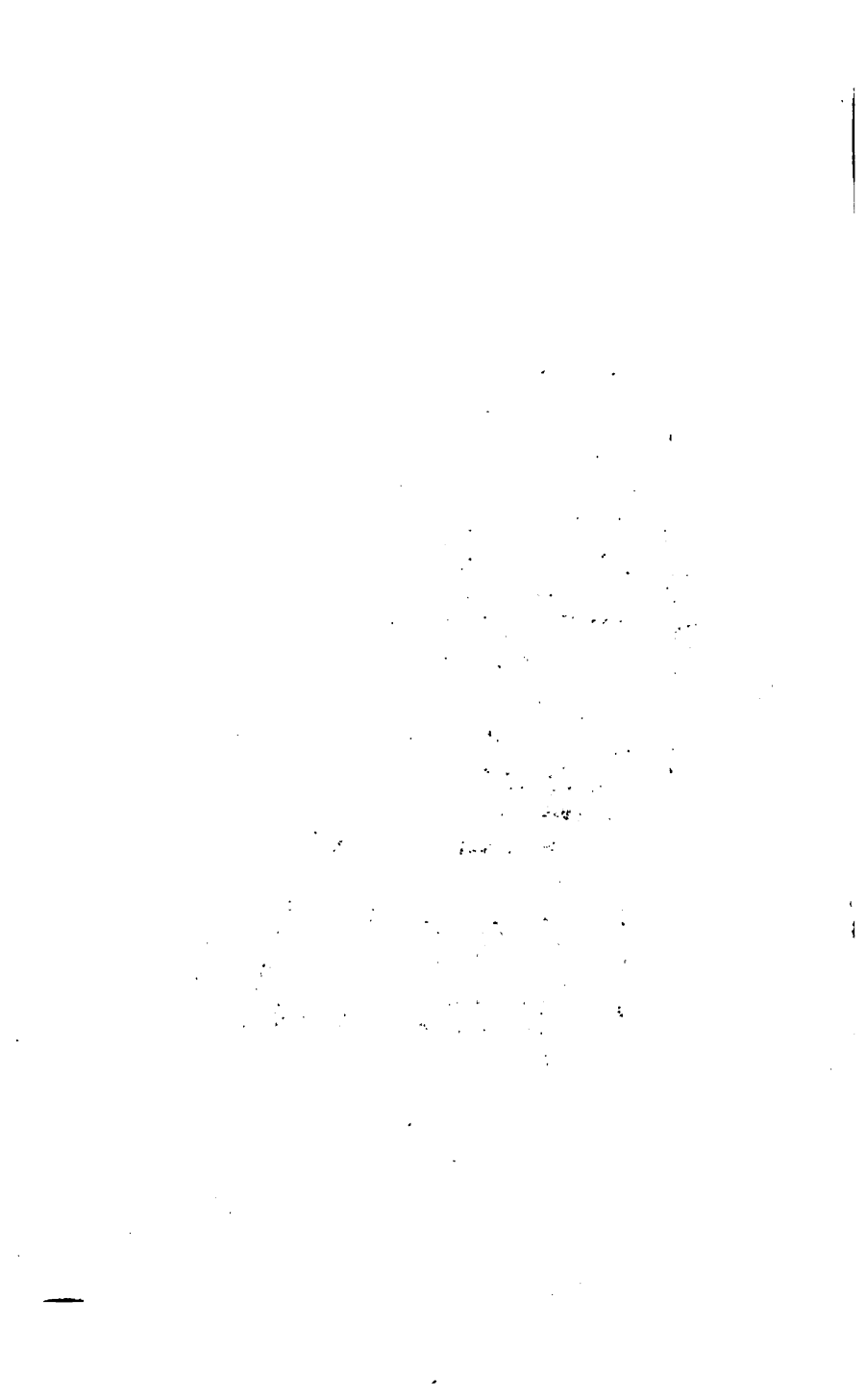
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THE ÉLYSÉE.



APOLÉON III. is said to have created a new Paris; but in doing so his Imperial Majesty brought old plans to light. He held old places sacred; and, in the restoration and completion of old palaces, he displayed much tender respect for old memories. Of these neither the fewest nor the least important cling to the Palace of the Élysée, for in no French palatial abode have various historical personages been more accessible than there. It is unnecessary here to remind the reader of political events which took place there before the French Republic of the middle of this present century was superseded by the Empire; or of the fact that at the Elysée the Emperor of the French installed his guest, the Emperor of Russia, upon the occasion of his visit to the Peace Exhibition of the

Champ de Mars in 1867, a fact which could not but recall to the mind of his illustrious host how he, Napoléon III., when a child at Malmaison in 1814, was embraced by another Emperor Alexander of Russia, the political foe but the private friend of the universally beloved Joséphine, his grandmother, and of her accomplished daughter Hortense, his mother.

The Palace of the *Élysée*, built in 1718, was occupied by Madame la Marquise de Pompadour more than thirty years afterwards. From this residence, assigned to her by Louis XV., she dictated or suggested many of those political measures which united France with Austria after centuries of hereditary discord, and thereby provoked the satire of Voltaire and the hatred of the then King of Prussia. Voltaire owed his first fame to the favour of Madame de Pompadour, at whose intercession with the King he was appointed historiographer and dramatist to the Court of France, but he transferred his allegiance to Frederick the Great of Prussia, who was opposed to the alliance of France and Austria, or rather to that of his Silesian enemy, the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa and the Marquise de Pompadour.* Yet, whatever odium the fatalities of the Seven Years' War which ensued may attach to the political memory of the Marquise, and

* "*Versailles*," preceding.

howsoever her private conduct may have deserved the opprobrium inseparable from her name, it is certain that Paris was indebted to her for various topographical improvements, and that some of the plans attributed to her and to her brother—Minister of Public Works—have taken a century to complete. To the immediate neighbourhood of the Palace of the Élysée this remark is more especially applicable.* For example, the fine space, generally known as the Place de la Concorde, was, in the time of the Marquise, thrown open as the Place Louis XV., and the equestrian statue of that monarch, then erected in the centre of it (where now stands the colossal obelisk of blood-red granite brought from Thebes), was designed by the Marquise ere the “Well-Beloved” had incurred the hatred of his people. At the time of its inauguration, that statue was regarded as a triumph of love, art, and loyalty; for, designed by the Marquise, it was executed by Pigalle the sculptor, and presented to the King by the people of Paris. Impossible was it for any of the latter, who on a certain gala day flocked to see it unveiled in the

* The road running by the Palace of the Élysée is even now familiarly known by the name “De Marigny,” it having been so called after Madame de Pompadour’s brother, the Marquis de Marigny, who held the appointment above alluded to.

living presence of the King, hailing it and him with loud cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" to surmise that within the lifetime of some of the youngest assembled there the name of the *Place Louis XV.*, where they stood, would be changed to that of the *Place de la Révolution*; that the statue on which they gazed would be violently displaced for a plaster one of Liberty, at the foot and in the name of which royal blood would flow; and that towards the Champs Élysées, opening from the Place Louis XV., a king on the scaffold—grandson and successor of the "Well-Beloved"—would turn his dying eyes.*

Still less could any human being have then foretold that at the beginning of the next century the distant point of perspective in the Champs Élysées would be spanned by an arch of Triumph in honour of a conqueror of name hitherto unknown, cradled in Corsica, but destined to be the founder of a new dynasty in France. Nor, although the *mot*, "After us the Deluge," has been ascribed to the Marquise, who then dwelt at the Palace of the Élysée Bourbon, could even she, with the reins of government in her hands, foresee that the very name of this palace would for a time be obliterated, and that a new one

* The Champs Élysées were planted by Colbert in 1670; but in the time of Louis XV. they were much improved.

would be written afresh in characters of blood. As though desiring to sanctify the means by their result, the Marquise de Pompadour strove hard in her last days at the Élysée to be useful to France, and her autograph letters—to say nothing of the apocryphal ones attributed to her—bear testimony to the fidelity with which she worked in accordance with her views of the king's public welfare. The story of her life lived out and of her talents perverted, conveys, perhaps, its own best moral ; for, regarded apart from the opposed views taken of it by either her traducers or rehabilitators, it was a life saddened by remorse and long physical suffering. As told elsewhere in this volume, she lived to feel herself neglected, to witness the failure of her most cherished political plans, to know that their failure had made her a byword and an object of public dislike ; to be calumniated on matters in which she was innocent, and to mourn the death of her only daughter, the one being in whom her last love and ambition were centred.

Many tears had the Marquise de Pompadour cause to shed in the Palace of the Élysée, which she inhabited until the year of her death at Versailles. Her daughter was by her marriage with M. d'Étioles, whose supposed conduct in aiding and abetting the circumstances which, in accordance with the king's

will, separated him from the mother of his child, is beneath comment, even though judged by the social code of France contemporary with him. The guardianship of Mdlle. d'Étioles was resigned to the Marquise, and the latter, whose one great fault may be traced to the evil examples to which in childhood she was subjected, was scrupulous in the education she bestowed on her daughter, who was placed by her in a convent, where young ladies of highest rank were then educated, and where she herself is reported sometimes to have gone into retreat, when a prey to remorse. And here it may be added that the most reliable evidence of her contemporaries proves the Marquise, for many years before her death, to have been regarded at the Court of France as a political power only. Montesquieu, regarding her also as an intelligent patroness of literature and art, claimed her protection for an edition of his "*Esprit des Lois*." He had been acquainted with her in the happier and unblemished years of her youth, as were also Voltaire, Marmontel, and others, who owed their rise to her fall. Her brother, the Minister of Public Works, above alluded to, was created Marquis de Marigny by Louis XV.

During the reign of Louis XVI. the Palace of the Élysée was assigned to the Duchesse de Bourbon,

daughter of the then Duc d'Orléans, and sister of his son and successor, Philippe Égalité, who, suspected by Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette of fostering the Revolution to further his own ambitious ends, was none the less a victim to it when he perished on the scaffold during the Reign of Terror.

Of the life of the Duchesse de Bourbon, the little that need here be said may be summed up as follows: The conventual seclusion of her girlhood, as then befitted a French princess *de pur sang*; her early marriage to the Duc de Bourbon, a prince of fresh complexion, passionately fond of hunting, and not deficient in the courage of the Condés, of whom he was the heir; her notorious adventure at a carnival masked opera ball in Paris, which caused a duel of six bloodless thrusts between her husband and the king's younger brother, the Comte d'Artois, but which made them at court and in camp only the more staunch friends afterwards; * her emigration

* It was upon Shrove Tuesday, in 1778, that this adventure took place. The best account said to be given of it was by the blind but infallible gossip, Madame du Deffand, to whom, seated in her basket chair—which, from its shape, she called her “cask”—courtiers vied with each other in eagerness to tell something new. This story about the Duchesse de Bourbon, told as something new then, is a very old one now, so old that by some it may be forgotten; wherefore, it may be as well to remind the present reader that the Duchesse de Bourbon and her kinsman, the Comte d'Artois, both went to the opera masked

during the Revolution, and her return to Paris from long exile after the Restoration, when old ladies there, not seeing themselves, wondered that she was no longer young ; her being subject in those later days to *réveries d'illuminisme*, believing herself to be in constant communication with the spectre of a certain, or uncertain, Chevalier de Roquefeuille, to whom, when the supposed interview was over, she would say, " Adieu, Chevalier, I shall expect you back in a few hours ;" her attempt to clothe her extremely small person in costumes combining the tastes of the different times through which she had lived, though not even the elaborate cap she wore could make her placid, smiling face unpleasing ; her deeds of charity and almost ascetic devotion ; and her death, which came to her suddenly when she was kneeling, absorbed in prayer, some say within the Caveau de Sainte Geneviève ;—this is all that

carnival ball ; but the Duchesse de Bourbon had lately had cause of displeasure against one of her ladies in waiting, and when she saw the Comte d'Artois dancing with this same lady in waiting, her royal highness committed the indiscretion of raising his mask, by which he was irritated to such a point that he broke her mask across her face. Consequently, the Duc de Bourbon, although not loving his consort enough to be jealous of her, was compelled, as a matter of etiquette, to avenge her cause. The king tried in vain to prevent the Comte d'Artois and the Duc de Bourbon fighting ; but their bloodless duel took place, and it helped to cement their friendship for each other.

need here be said of Madame la Duchesse de Bourbon, who lived, however, until 1821, and therefore, as will presently be seen, long enough to welcome royal inhabitants of another generation at the Élysée, which palace was a central scene of ferocious deeds when, after the storming of the Tuileries in 1792, Marat appeared in the streets of Paris at the head of the Marseilles battalion.

Marat—formerly veterinary surgeon in the household of the Comte d'Artois, and afterwards stabbed to the heart while in his bath by Charlotte Corday—provoked the insurgent mob to vengeance. By means of his seditious journal, entitled "The People's Friend," he was one of the first to advocate murder, revolt, and pillage. Born of Calvinist parents, and of hideous countenance, scarcely five feet high, and with a disproportionately big head; predisposed to sinister views of human nature, but unscrupulous to insanity in self-assertion; bloodthirsty and ambitious, yet preaching the doctrine of community of property; Marat was triumphantly hailed when, armed with a sword which proclaimed massacre, he appeared before the palace where the Pompadour had devised schemes for the embellishment of Paris, and where the divine right of kings had been held as a matter of practical household faith.

And yet the demagogue Marat was prone to luxury. For example, Madame Roland in her *Mémoires* relates: "A woman of Toulouse, desiring the liberty of a relation, resolved to solicit it from Marat. On presenting herself at his abode, she was told that he was absent; but he heard the voice of a female, and came out himself. He wore boots, but no stockings, a pair of old leather breeches, a white silk waistcoat, and a dirty shirt, the bosom of which was open and showed his yellow chest. Long dirty nails, skinny fingers, and a hideous face, suited exactly this whimsical dress. Marat took the lady's hand, and leading her into a very pleasant room, furnished with blue and white damask, hung with elegantly festooned silk curtains, and adorned with china vases full of natural flowers, which were then scarce and expensive, he seated her beside him on a luxurious couch, then listened to her recital, became interested in her, kissed her hand, and promised to set her cousin free,—a promise which he really kept within twenty-four hours."

The same sort of reception might he afterwards have given to Charlotte Corday, had she but have allowed him a chance of so doing; but no favour from the tyrant's hand would she who came to kill him have accepted, any more than Judith would

have accepted honours from the hand of Holofernes. When Marat was stabbed to the heart by Charlotte Corday ; when his memory had been at first apotheosised, and then execrated ; when the Reign of Terror was over, and the fury of the Revolution had spent itself ; when, as says Forbes Campbell, Bonaparte "by the force of transcendant military genius, combined with political and legislative talents of the highest order, not less than by the force of circumstances, insatiable ambition, and an iron will," had raised himself to the sovereignty over a mighty Empire, and "achieved those wonders which throw an air of romance over the name of Napoléon ;" when, at the beginning of a new century, that founder of a new dynasty allotted ancient kingdoms and principalities to various members of his own family, the Palace of the Élysée Bourbon was called by the name of the Élysée Napoléon, and the sister of Napoléon, Caroline, wife of Murat, Grand Duchess of Berg and Cleves, and afterwards Queen of Naples, resided there.

Young, handsome, elated by magically good fortune, with, as Talleyrand described her, "the head of a Cromwell on the shoulders of a pretty woman," the wife of Murat inaugurated festivities suitable to her youth at the Élysée, not dreaming whilst she

danced there that in a few years afterwards her husband would be seized, tried, and ordered to be shot by Ferdinand, Bourbon King of Naples, on whose throne she was destined to sit for a brief season by Murat's side. He, Joachim Murat (son of an innkeeper, and originally intended for the Church), was remarkable for the beauty of his person, not less than for his deeds of valour. It was after his return with Napoléon from the Egyptian expedition, previous to which time he had taken the rank of general of brigade, that he married Caroline Bonaparte; and, like his consort, he could foresee only honours in store for her and glory for himself when his military duties permitted him to share her abode at the *Élysée*. He was not prophetic of the day when, having walked with a firm step to the place of his own execution, he would for the last time press his lips on her portrait, engraved on a cornelian, ere, holding it in his hand, his own death-word would thus be given by himself: "Save my face; aim at my heart. Fire!"

Such a scene was furthest from the thoughts of Murat at the *Élysée*.

The Duchesse d'Abrantès, friend of Caroline Murat, took a sad pleasure, long after France had again changed her rulers, in recalling the time when the

sister of Napoléon dwelt at the Élysée, although she was rather inclined to dispute the posthumous fame of Murat's personal beauty, declaring: "I do not admit that a man is handsome because he is large and always dressed for a carnival." But here let it be remembered how her own husband had been one of Murat's rivals in the camp and at the court of the first Empire.

Andoche Junot, created by Napoléon Duc d'Abrantès, was the son of humble parents, and the friend and companion in arms of his leader since early youth. He was talented, brave, and handsome, and by these qualities—before by the favour of the Emperor he could lay claim to any other distinction—did he attract the notice of Mademoiselle de Permont, daughter of one of the oldest and haughtiest families of the Faubourg St. Germain, at least on her mother's side, and who even prided herself on her descent from the Emperors of Constantinople. Junot had no fortune but his pay as a soldier; but—against the will of her family—Mademoiselle de Permont determined to marry him, just as Joséphine, Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, had determined to marry Bonaparte, when her lawyer took upon himself to tell her, that that General had "nothing but his cloak and his sword" to offer her. The marriage of Mademoiselle de Permont was for many

years a brilliant one.* Napoléon made Junot Duc d'Abrantès, and conferred various other and more important honours on him, thereby reconciling the friends of Junot's wife to what they had considered her *mésalliance* with him; but a dark day was at hand. Junot still continued to win fresh laurels until he was defeated by Sir Arthur Wellesley at the battle of Vimiera. His wife was the first to fear—although she kept her fear secret as long as possible—that, by wounds in his head, his brain was affected. Children having been born to the Duc and Duchesse d'Abrantès, she was compelled occasionally to remain in Paris, at her hotel in the Champs Élysées, during her husband's absence in the camp. She is described by one who knew her well as very pretty and very witty; sometimes gay and sometimes sad, according as she hoped or feared; for she was alternately elated or depressed by news of her husband's deeds of valour, or of his acts of eccentricity. The latter at last predominated.

* The wife of Junot, though proud of her own ancestry, as above stated, gloried in the fact, that he "who had begun life with the Revolution, and who was absolutely one of its children," displayed marked filial respect towards his own humble parents. "I recollect," says she, "being told by Mr. Fox, how he had been struck on the preceding evening, when leaving the opera, by seeing my husband, Junot, paying as much attention to his mother as he himself would have done to the first peeress in England."

It was no longer possible for the Duchesse d'Abrantès to keep her fear a secret; news reached Paris from Illyria that the man whom she had married for love had become an incurable maniac. The news was true; by death only was he released from his sufferings. When, therefore, the widowed Duchesse d'Abrantès, after many long years of lonely regret, thus recalls the time when her friend, Caroline Murat, dwelt at the Palace of the Élysée, there is a sort of pathos in the vivacity of her recollections.

"There was a *quadrille à la cour*," says she. "It was the Queen of Naples, then Grande Duchesse de Berg—Madame Murat, in fact—who organised it. We were all, for that one night, peasants of the Tyrol. No men were permitted to dance in that quadrille, and so it was composed of sixteen women, chief amongst whom were the Princess Caroline, the Princesse de Neufchâtel—not then married, but Princess of Bavaria—Mademoiselle de la Vauguyon, afterwards Madame de Carignan, a delightful creature beloved by everybody; Madame la Comtesse du Châtel; Madame la Comtesse de St. Jean d'Angély, myself, and several other women, whose names I have forgotten.* Our costume was charming, and all its

* It is remarkable how names of the old nobility of France are above cited by the Duchesse d'Abrantès, as taking part in the Princesse

peculiarities properly observed : very short petticoat, half royal blue and half scarlet, embroidered with gold and coloured silks ; red stockings also embroidered with gold ; on the head a veil of Indian muslin, and curiously puckered sleeves to match. The bodice of this charming costume was formed of red braces embroidered with gold, which, springing from the petticoat, were crossed on back and breast. It be-

Caroline Murat's quadrille at the Elysée, especially that of Mdle. de la Vauguyon, the hereditary prejudices of whose family even Queen Marie Antoinette herself had had cause to lament ; and in observing this proof of imperial social triumph in the first part of the present century, the reader can scarcely fail to remember how, in the latter half of it, an important alliance has not long since taken place between the old and new *régimes*, by the marriage of the Princesse Anna Murat to the representative of one of the formerly uncompromising families of the Faubourg St. Germain. In reference to the quadrille organised by Caroline Murat at the Élysée, it may here be stated (on the evidence of a lady who was present at a *bal masqué* given at the Tuileries some few years afterwards) that she, when Queen of Naples, and visiting Paris, introduced one representing all the various costumes of Italy. This quadrille, however, was *ecrasé* by the superior brilliance of another under the command that night of Queen Hortense, daughter of the Empress Joséphine, which symbolised Peruvian sun-worshippers. The light and dazzling garments worn by Queen Hortense in this quadrille, were in memorable accordance with the elegance of her figure and movements—an elegance which not even prejudiced legitimists of the Faubourg St. Germain were disposed to deny, for the accomplished Hortense, though wife of the Emperor's brother Louis, was none the less daughter of the late Vicomte de Beauharnais, who, as an *aristocrat* of their own order, had perished on the scaffold during the Reign of Terror.

hoves me not to observe that wearers of this costume ought by no means to be fat or in any way ungraceful; and that we—well!—we were all young and none of us too badly made.”

After the battle of Waterloo (which, as already referred to, doomed Murat to death, by order of Ferdinand), restored a Bourbon King to Naples, a scene was enacted at the Palace of the Élysée very different from any of the gay ones over which the Princesse Caroline had there presided. To the authenticated *Mémoires* of a gentleman in the household of Napoléon I., and who in boyhood had been adopted at the Tuileries as one of the pages of honour to Joséphine, we are indebted for the following record :—

“About an hour before noon on the 20th of June, 1815, a courier arrived at the Tuileries, where we were anxiously awaiting news from Belgium, with an imperial despatch containing orders that all the officers of the Emperor’s household should repair instantly to the Palace of the Élysée. Much wonderment and many whispers ensued. What was the meaning of this command? . . . At nine o’clock precisely in the evening of the 21st, a grey carriage covered with dust enters the courtyard of the Élysée. I recognise it as belonging to the suite of the Emperor. Scarcely have I gone downstairs to be in attendance, than up

drives a second carriage, and this is quickly followed by a third and last one. An agitated conviction seizes me that my worst presentiments are confirmed. The gates are silently closed behind this last carriage, and my comrade D——, who has just alighted from the first one, advances towards me, takes me aside, wrings my hand, and from between his clenched teeth stammers forth these crushing words—‘All goes badly ; we are lost.’

“Meantime, the door of the third carriage has been opened. Within it, half-reclining, is a man who at first sight I mistake for the Emperor ; it is Prince Jérôme, his brother, wounded in the hand, which he holds in a sling. This prince, weary and sleepy, descends slowly from the carriage ; he has scarcely done so, when the Emperor himself thrusts him aside, darts forward, strides up the staircase, and reaches his own apartments without saying one word, or looking at anybody. We hurry after him ; but, on our way, my friend D—— seizes me by the arm, and in a stifled voice repeats :—‘*You see, all is lost !*’ The entrance door to the first apartment at that moment opening, the Emperor darts a look at D——, and abruptly adds, ‘*Except honour, D——.*’ His Majesty then enters his study, whither I am commanded to follow him. But, as I prepare to do so, my comrade,

whispering again to me, says:—‘That is the first word he has uttered since the last eight-and-forty hours.’

“For an instant the Emperor seats himself. I present his despatches to him. Selecting the smallest one from amongst them, he throws all the others on a table. A perfumed note is that selected ; and, before reading it, he conveys it first to his nose, perhaps to his lips ;—the gesture doubtful. He reads, pausing two or three times to look upwards. Whilst still reading this note, ‘Some soup,’ says he to me ; and, a moment afterwards, ‘An inkstand.’ He writes, and folds what he has written ; then, signing me to take a pen and seat myself, so as to address the letter, ‘To the Queen Hortense,’ he says. The letter is sent ; the soup arrives ; the Emperor takes half of it ; and then, speaking to me again, he adds, ‘Write, sir.’ I write, by the Emperor’s dictation, to summon the Duc de Bassano, and the Comte Regnault de St. Jean d’Angély. That done, Marchand is called ; he takes off his Majesty’s boots. The Emperor flings himself on a couch, dressed ; he orders me to leave him, but to return and wake him as soon as the ministers arrive.

“The Emperor awoke of himself, and sent word that the ministers had come, and that I was required

again to be in attendance; but all that my friend D—— had meantime told me was so calamitous, and presented a catastrophe so frightful, that when I again entered the Emperor's study, his Majesty instantly noticed the pallor of my countenance.

“‘Ah, bah!’” cried he; ‘I see that D—— has been prattling as usual.’—‘Sire,’ I stammered.—‘He *has* prattled,’ interrupted he, ‘D—— is a *peureux*, timorous,’ and the word *peureux* was uttered severely. But in a moment the Emperor's voice softened; and, appearing to address himself to M. Regnault de St. Jean d'Angély, who had arrived during my absence and was now seated, he added significantly, ‘Any evil that can be repaired is not to be called great; but when it becomes irreparable one must of necessity resign one's self to it.’”

The political measures which were, nevertheless, that night proposed at the Élysée to avert the destiny of Napoléon, only to be negatived by invincible circumstances appertaining to general history, need not be here recounted. During his brief stay at the Élysée after the battle of Waterloo, the Emperor seldom left his own apartments, except to breathe the fresh air in the gardens of that palace, beyond the outer gates of which he never once issued. The low wall which at that time separated the grounds of

the Elysée Palace from the Marigny Avenue, was then under repair; the people were therefore able to gain a clear view of Napoléon, when he appeared from time to time, and he was greeted with almost frantic cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" His brother, Lucien, who was with him at the Elysée, afterwards declared, when recalling the sight and sound of this enthusiasm, and the calm though mournful gestures with which his Majesty strove to repress it, that he himself, though notoriously the last to flatter the Emperor on the throne, now turned to him and said: "Behold! Listen! That which these many voices shout, France echoes;" but Napoléon solemnly interposed: "For France I am still ready to risk all things; but for my own sake, nothing." Re-entering the palace with the Emperor, "My eyes were filled with tears," says Prince Lucien, "and for the first time in my life I prostrated myself at his feet, in heartfelt admiration of this father of the country, betrayed and misunderstood." In after years, during his exile at Rome, Prince Lucien, called by the Pope, "son, well beloved," still spoke with emotion of those last days of Napoléon at the Elysée; the part historically played by Prince Lucien, with regard to the French Chambers during that interval, is too well known to be recorded here. He followed his brother

to Malmaison, there to bid him farewell; and the proclamation thence issued by Napoléon to the French army, June 25, 1815, could not fail to renew his admiration: "Soldiers," declared Napoléon, at the conclusion of that proclamation, "although absent from you, I shall follow all your steps Prove by your future successes that it was your country which you served above all in obeying me Save the honour, the independence of the French: remain such as for twenty years I have known you, and you will still be invincible."

Count Lavalette, who, in a previous page of this present volume, has described the triumphal return of Napoléon for the "Hundred Days" to the Tuileries, says, "I learned the result of the battle of Waterloo. I flew to the *Élysée* to see the Emperor; he ordered me into his closet: and as soon as he saw me he came to meet me with a frightful epileptic laugh. 'Oh, my God!' he said, raising his eyes to heaven, and walking two or three times up and down the room. This appearance of despair was very short. He soon recovered his coolness 'Alas!' he added, 'I have accustomed them to such great victories, that they do not know how to bear one day's misfortune! What will become of France, poor France! I have done all I could for her.' Then he heaved a deep sigh. Some-

body asked to speak to him, and I left him for a time. The next day I returned to the Emperor at the Élysée he was in some measure master of himself ; but the agitation of his mind and the horrors of his position betrayed themselves in his face and all his motions. 'I know,' said I, 'that your Majesty may still keep the sword drawn, but with whom, and against whom ? Dejection has chilled the courage of every one ; the army is still in the greatest confusion. Nothing is to be expected from Paris, and the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire cannot be renewed.' 'That thought,' he replied, stopping, 'is far from my mind. I will hear nothing more about myself. But poor France !' At that moment S—— and C—— entered, and having drawn a faithful picture of the exasperation of the Deputies, they persuaded him to send in his abdication. Some words he uttered proved to us that he would have considered death preferable to this step.

"This great act being performed, he remained calm during the whole day, giving his advice on the position the army was to take."

The wily Fouché, Duc d'Otranto, afterwards declared by Napoléon at St. Helena to be more treacherous than Robespierre, went to the Élysée to pay the Emperor a visit, and to speed his departure

thence. In Fouché's colourless face it was difficult to trace human emotion. Napoléon received him coldly and politely, and the cunning diplomatist retired from a spot where, as a French cabinet minister has since declared, every object seemed to reproach him, and where Napoléon's haughtiness, though free from all reproof, made him feel ill at ease. By his double dealings the second Restoration was partly effected immediately after Napoléon's second abdication.

No sooner was Louis XVIII. reseated on the throne of France than he declared his intention of marrying his nephew, the Duc de Berri (younger son of the Comte d'Artois), to Marie Caroline, of Naples, granddaughter of the King Ferdinand who had ordered Murat to be shot as the usurper of his throne ; and it was decided that to the royal bride and bridegroom the Palace of the Élysée,—now again called the Élysée Bourbon,—should be assigned as a residence. It was hoped by the aged and infirm King Louis XVIII. that in that Palace would be cradled a future heir to his throne ; for the Duc d'Angoulême, elder brother of the Duc de Berri, though then married many years to the orphan-daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was childless.

The first interview between the Duc de Berri and

his bride took place in the forest of Fontainebleau. It was on a fine day in the month of June, 1816, that the young princess, whose journey by sea and land from Naples and through France (*vid* Marseilles) had been an ovation, first charmed the aged King of France and his court assembled on the greensward to greet her beneath the grand old oak trees of Fontainebleau, and near the cross called the *Croix de Saint-Hérem*.

Daily letters, however, had lately passed between the royal bridegroom and bride elect, and much mutual fear had been expressed by them in these as to not personally pleasing each other; for the Duc de Berri was many years older than the youthful princess selected for him. In England he had some years previously, it was said, contracted a private marriage; but, since the Restoration, it was deemed essential to form a royal alliance for him, and, dreading that his nearly forty years of age might be unacceptable to a bride not twenty, he had written to her with meekness quite unusual in him, the much flattered, vivacious, and gay descendant of Henri IV., "Press my hand when you see me, if I displease you not too much."*

And at Fontainebleau, where these future inha-

* "Fontainebleau," following.

bitants of the Élysée Bourbon first met, as before said, the hand of the Duc de Berri was pressed by his blushing young Neapolitan bride, whose blue eyes and pretty figure, floating fair hair and tiny feet, won his heart as she tripped across the green turf, and then knelt at the feet of the King, who raised her with paternal delight and folded her to his heart. The marriage was formally celebrated at Notre Dame, with all antique pomp and ceremony; and then for a few bright, fleeting years, the Palace of the Élysée was worthy of its name, for within its walls its owners royally enjoyed life; not the less so, because they strove to make it enjoyable to others.

Unconstrained by the severe etiquette observed at the Tuileries, where dwelt King Louis XVIII. and *Monsieur* the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.), the Duc and Duchesse de Berri delighted in the privacy of domestic life at the Élysée. Between that Palace and the Palais Royal a constant and friendly intercourse was during those years maintained; for the Duchesse de Berri was niece to Marie Amélie, the wife of Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans (afterwards King of the French), and a marriage is said to have been proposed between the infant daughter, for some time the only surviving child, of the Duc and

Duchesse de Berri, and the Duc de Chartres, son of the Duc d'Orléans.

Innumerable are the anecdotes still extant amongst Paris gossips of the "ancient Faubourg," of deeds of charity unobtrusively performed by the Duc and Duchesse de Berri when resident at the Élysée, but published more than thirty years since.

For example : One day the Duc de Berri was driving a cabriolet in the Bois de Boulogne, when he met a child laden with a heavy basket. The prince stopped his horse, and asked the child whither he was carrying his load. "To La Muette," said the child. "Then," said the prince, "that basket is too heavy for you to take so far ; give it to me, and I will deliver it for you." The basket was placed in the cabriolet, and the prince delivered it at the address given him by the child, to whose father he said, "I met your son ; he ought not, at his age, to carry such heavy loads as this ; they would better suit the back of a donkey. Here is some money with which to buy one for him."

Often this prince and princess walked out in the happy "*simplicité de la vie bourgeoise*" (as certain imperial personages of a later date are said to have done with fortunate results to their subjects) ; they mingled in the crowd of the Champs Élysées, observ-

ing the manners and customs of the people over whom they expected some day to reign, and frequently paid visits of charity to some of the numerous recipients of their bounty.

But, alas ! a terrible doom was hovering over the Palace of the Élysée ; a fatality so well known, that it is scarcely necessary here to remind the reader that on the 13th of February, 1820, Shrove Sunday, the Duc de Berri, after dining with the King at the Tuileries, repaired to the opera in company with the Duchesse de Berri, and that, whilst handing her into her carriage when she was about to leave, he was stabbed by the fanatic assassin, Louvel. Nor is it within the scope of this present page to specify all the heartrending circumstances of the scene which ensued within the walls of the opera-house—for the dying Duc de Berri was conveyed back thither ; his wife, half frantic with grief, still clung to him ; the gala dress and flowers which she wore were stained with his blood. It was during that scene, that the Duc de Berri, in presence of the royal family, who had been summoned to attend his last moments, implored his wife to calm herself for the sake of her unborn child, and in consideration of that hope which had not yet been proclaimed, but which was all important to royalists in France ;

and thus with his dying breath, the Duc de Berri first intimated the coming birth of his son, "Henri Dieudonné," Duc de Bordeaux, commonly now called Count de Chambord.

In a few hours afterwards, whilst many of the yet unconscious people were still keeping high carnival in Paris, the widowed Duchesse de Berri found the Élysée insupportable to her, and she was removed thence to St. Cloud. At first she had "been taken home," but, insisting on entering her husband's special apartment there, on her way to it she caught the reflection of herself in a large mirror, which showed her the appalling sight of her own sorrow, and the disorder of her hair which her husband had himself only lately caressed.

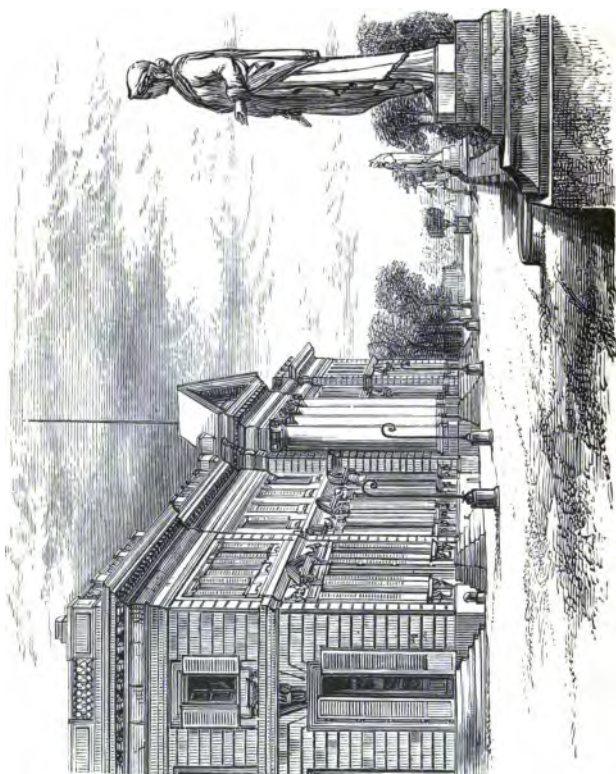
"Charles, Charles!" she cried aloud, in despair; and, seizing a pair of scissors which lay at hand, she cut off the whole of the long fair tresses which he had never wearied of admiring. "Charles will see them no more," she exclaimed; then handing them to Madame de Gontaud, one of her ladies in waiting, and governess to her infant daughter (afterwards also to her son), "Take them," she continued, "and some day give them to my daughter, telling her that her mother cut them off on the day her father died."

In time the locks of the Duchesse de Berri grew

again ; and her son was born ; but months before that event she had taken up her abode at the Tuileries.* The Élysée, however, became the scene of festivities at a date so much later that the present reader may have personal memories of them ; and, if so, words would only be superfluous here to record the hospitality exercised at that Palace after the Revolution of 1848, or to recall some fêtes there graced by the presence of the future Empress of the French ;—fêtes under the presidency of the Princesse Mathilde, by whom many guests were enchantingly reminded of her aunt, and friend of her childhood, the amiable and talented Queen Hortense.

* “The Louvre and the Tuileries.”





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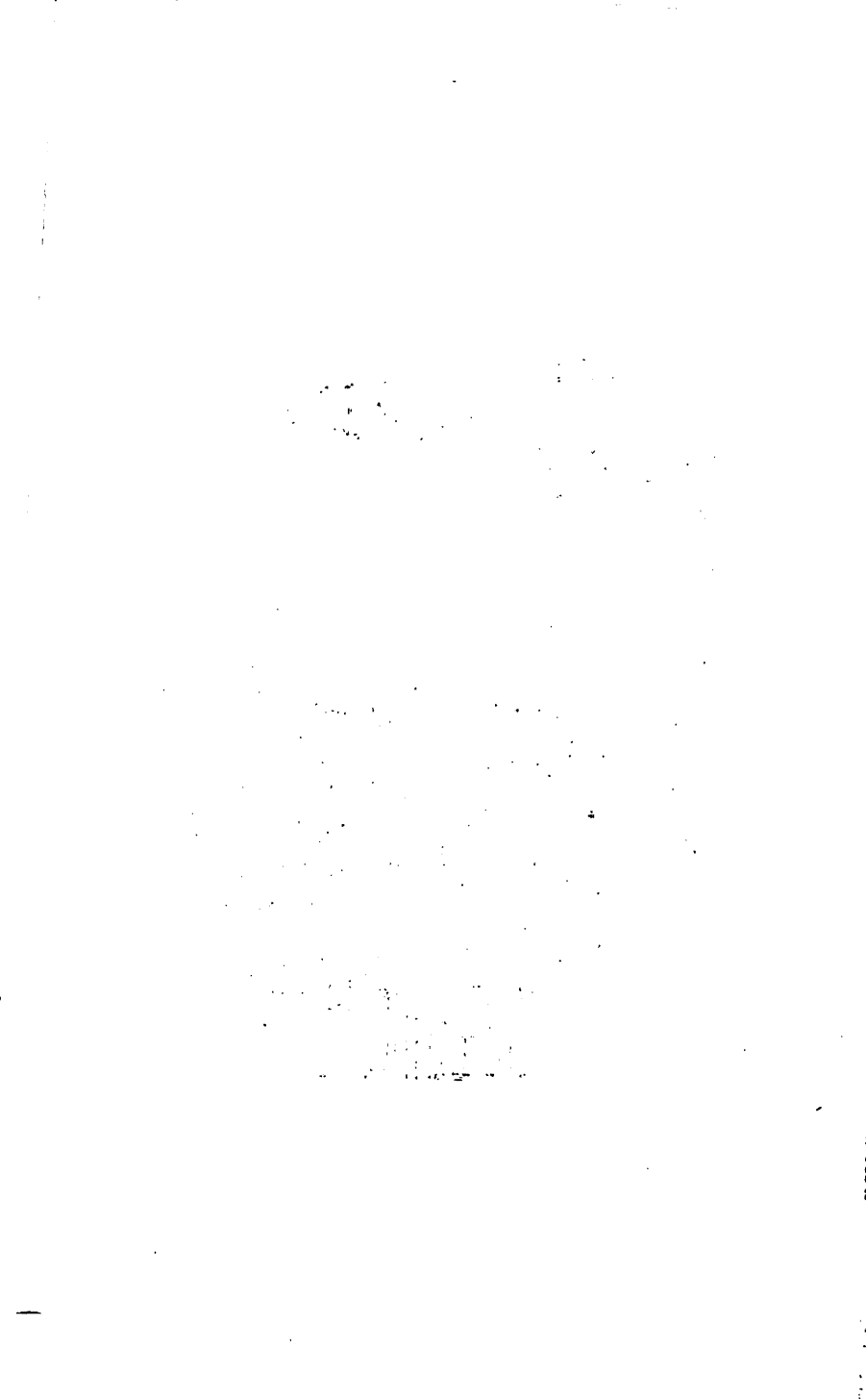
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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1990; 263: 1025-1028.

11

Abstract

1. What is the purpose of the study?



COMPIÈGNE.



T was at Compiègne that Napoléon III. parted with the last but by no means least welcome crowned visitor who, not much more than three years ago, honoured the great Champ de Mars Peace Exhibition with his presence, and not a few of the historical memories of that palace were then recalled to mind, especially those which, as will here be presently pointed out, refer to a bond of personal union between the imperial families of France and Austria.

With the year celebrated by it, the French "Temple of Fame" has vanished, though now, despite the gloom of recent war-time, it does not seem long since the eagerly expectant world beheld its

"Sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold
Raised on a thousand pillars, wreathed around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd :
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From different quarters fill the crowded hall."

Young summer leaves were on the trees near Paris then, and now, like the Temple of Fame, many of those goodly trees are fallen ; but, as the late imperial host of Compiègne himself once observed, “Les générations qui se succèdent participent toutes les mêmes élémens.”

Compiègne was called *Compendium* by the Romans, of whose time, when it was a place for military stores, it still abounds in remains ; but as such relics are quite beyond the scope of these present “Memories,” it will suffice here to say that since the days of Clovis, first Christian King of France, and grandfather of the hermit, St. Cloud,* Compiègne was a favourite residence of French monarchs, some of them repairing thither for the enjoyment of such out-door sports as were favoured by its vast forest, and others resorting to its garrison for military purposes, which last was the case in 1422, when Charles VII., who eventually owed his crown to Jeanne d’Arc, was King.

What thinking person, when at Compiègne, or elsewhere, regarding the celebrated work of a French princess who, though of a different race, manifested the same love of art which was lately there displayed by more than one talented member of the imperial family of France,—what thinking person, when be-

• “St. Cloud.”

holding the well-known statuette which has helped to immortalise the memory of Jeanne d'Arc, can forget that at Compiègne she, the heroic "Maid of Orléans," displayed dauntless heroism under reverses for which her previous miraculous successes had ill prepared her? She, the patriot peasant girl, humble at heart, yet believing herself inspired by Heaven to expel the invaders of her country, had raised the siege of Orléans, and, with sacred banner in hand, had conducted the King to be crowned at Rheims. Then, declaring her divine mission fulfilled, she desired to return to the seclusion of her former pastoral existence. Had she been allowed to do so, her well-known fate might have been averted; but the King and his army, believing in the special providence of her presence, compelled her to remain at the garrison of Compiègne, and there, whilst performing feats of valour, she fell into the hands of the enemy. From that time until the day when she was burnt to death as a sorceress (at Rouen), her only nourishment was "the bread of pain and the water of anguish;" but, though tortured, she calmly awaited her martyrdom, and when at last she ascended the fatal pile, a cross made of two broken sticks, said to have been mercifully placed in her hand by an Englishman, was pressed to her heart

in the attitude immortalised by the young Princess of Orléans, resident at Compiègne four hundred years after Jeanne d'Arc, "Maid of Orléans," was there taken prisoner.* It was near an old bridge across the stream that Jeanne d'Arc was captured; and although that bridge is now removed, and the fortified royal retreat of former days has given place to the palace which owes its date chiefly to the reign of Louis XV., as will presently be seen, the forest-lands of Compiègne, like those of Fontainebleau, echo the universal truth that in Nature, ever renewing and renewed, ever young yet ever old, centuries are but yesterdays.

It is in this volume said elsewhere how, when, in 1602, bright autumn tints were on the forest trees of Fontainebleau, shouts of joy resounded there because the cry of the first born legitimate son of Henri IV. had just made itself heard in the world.†

Marie de Médicis, the young child's mother, had, as queen and wife and mother, threefold cause to

* The well-known statue of Jeanne d'Arc alluded to above, is generally supposed to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of the accomplished Princesse Marie, daughter of Louis Philippe, late ex-King of the French; but by many connoisseurs the palm is awarded to another work by the same hand (representing an Angel), placed in the chapel of Dreux, the burial-place of the Princesse Marie and other members of the Orléans family.

† "Fontainebleau."

rejoice in that event which then took place at Fontainebleau ; but when her son (Louis XIII.), only nine years afterwards, succeeded his father, who had been assassinated by the fanatic Ravaillac, much tribulation did civil war cause to her, the Queen Regent of France : and at Compiègne, in 1631, she found herself the prisoner of her own son (then just thirty years of age), or rather of his ministerial adviser, Cardinal Richelieu.

In the month of July, 1631, Marie de Médicis, captive at Compiègne, appealed to the protection of Parliament against the Cardinal, albeit she had formerly treated the Parliament with contempt ; and there are reasons appertaining rather to general history than to these pen-and-ink sketches for supposing that her escape from Compiègne was, for his own sake, ultimately favoured by Richelieu. During her captivity there she was placed under a strong guard, although treated with all marks of external respect, and at liberty to take walking exercise if she chose.

Beneath the forest trees of Compiègne, how bitterly must Marie de Médicis have reflected on the instability of human greatness, the illusions of human hopes and ambition ! She, the daughter of a sovereign prince, the mother of crowned princesses, the

Queen-Mother of the reigning King of France, and the widow of the heroic French monarch called "the Great,"—she, a woman to whose charms of person and mind in youth Italian poets had sung songs, was deprived even of the society of those of her Court who were still faithful to her, and doomed by her own son to wander desolate in the shades of a gloomy forest, knowing that spies on her despairing movements were lurking in its shades. Her political honour and reputation were attacked; the Parliament was powerless to defend her against the Cardinal; and her son, the King, thus addressed his brother, the Duc d'Orléans, concerning her:—"You have no right to censure my actions, nor those of my ministers My cousin, Cardinal Richelieu, has on all occasions served me faithfully and with courage. I should ill deserve the title of 'Just' if I failed to testify to the whole world my perfect satisfaction at the signal services he has rendered to my person and the State, or suffered any opportunity to escape of conferring fresh favours on him. Know, once for all, that I have perfect confidence in him." More so, it would appear, than the Cardinal had in his own position after the appeal of the captive Queen to the Parliament; for even if it be true that at one time of her forced residence at Compiègne, Marie de Médicis

was not allowed to wander beyond the fortifications, it seems none the less certain that her guards were so distributed, in the summer of 1631, that during the night of the 28th of July she succeeded in evading their vigilance and escaped; first to Capelle, a frontier town in Picardy, where she might easily have been re-captured, but was not, and finally to Brussels. In the month of July, just eleven years after her flight from France, she died at Cologne; the "pressure of want" and the increasing infirmities of age having meantime been added to the heartburning miseries of her position, and it was not until too late that her son, Louis XIII., repented of his conduct towards her. He had, as shown in his letter above quoted, delighted in being called "the Just," but after his exiled mother's death his repentance darkened into remorse; "a just punishment for his injustice towards a parent who, whatever might be her failings, could never be accused of a want of tenderness for her son." In the winter of the same year (Dec., 1642) that Marie de Médicis died in poverty at Cologne, Cardinal Richelieu, of the Palais Royal, expired in the midst of his splendour and was buried at the Sorbonne. It was by his death-bed advice to the King that Mazarin succeeded him in the direction of state affairs.

A slow fever consumed the King; and on the 14th

day of May, 1643, he died. His son, then in the fifth year of his age, to whom Mazarin was godfather, succeeded him, under the regency of the widowed Queen-mother, Anne of Austria.* The influence of Cardinal Mazarin then made itself felt throughout Europe, and his exercise of authority over the young King, Louis XIV., was absolute.

After Louis XIV. had attained his majority, Mazarin's power over him was unabated, even to the sacrifice his Majesty was compelled to make of his affection for Marie Mancini, the Cardinal's own niece.

Separated from her, the youthful monarch bewailed his fate at Compiègne, for thither was he compelled to retire for a season previously to his marriage with the Infanta of Spain. A jealous guard did his mother, Anne of Austria, there maintain over him, although for some time he succeeded in so far eluding her watchfulness as not only to indite "sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow," but to employ emissaries in placing his written declarations of love beneath the eyes of Marie Mancini. Woe, however, to all who ventured to express sympathy for the lovers; and when Christina, eccentric and errant ex-Queen of Sweden, arrived on a visit to the Queen-mother of France at Compiègne, she incurred the displeasure of

* "St. Germain."

her royal hostess by declaring that could she and the love-sick King change places, Marie Mancini would not long be left to weep in a convent.

By Mazarin was Christina presented to Louis XIV. and his mother, they having gone forth in state to meet the Queen of Sweden on her road to Compiègne. Crowds had previously assembled to witness her arrival in Paris, where all sorts of reports were rife as to her masculine garb and manners. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "the *grande* Mademoiselle," cousin of Louis XIV., was deputed to receive her at Fontainebleau; and if it be true, as some of Christina's biographers surmise, that any idea of a marriage between the Swedish royal lady and Louis XIV. had been entertained, it must have been quickly scared away by the written reports of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who was herself at one time suspected of matrimonial designs on her royal kinsman. Elegant in person and manner was Anne of Austria, and so fastidious in her tastes, so sensitive in her sense of touch, that no cambric could be found fine enough, no velvet soft enough, for her wearing apparel. Cardinal Mazarin is said by an old French author (Anquetil) to have jestingly observed, that "if punishment were reserved for her Majesty hereafter, it would be to lie in holland sheets." What, therefore, could this

Queen-Mother of France have thought at Compiègne when news from Fontainebleau there reached her of the Swedish Queen sitting up in bed with a towel tied round her head because she had just been shaved ; or of her stalking about the stately galleries (where Francis I. and Catherine de Médicis had successively held their sumptuous courts) in male boots, a buff jerkin, and a man's wig? Strongly-flavoured, but epigrammatic compliments did Christina pay both to Louis XIV. and Anne of Austria, when they met her on her road to Compiègne ; and to them she was a subject not less of amusement than of wonder, until, as beforesaid, she incurred the displeasure of the Queen by her loudly-expressed opinions concerning the unfortunate position of Louis XIV. as a royal lover. Her subsequent outrage to princely hospitality by the murder of Monaldeschi at Fontainebleau, is notorious ; and when to this crime her Swedish Majesty, whose chief passion was for philosophy and abstruse science, added the offence of writing in flattering terms to Ninon de l'Enclos, the French Aspasia of her time, it need scarcely be said that she was henceforth, coldly regarded by the Court of France.

And yet, strange to declare—strange, both in point of time and conscience (or *convenance*)—Madame de

Maintenon, the scrupulous wife of Louis XIV. in his later years, was also the friend of Ninon de l'Enclos; or, rather, she was not ashamed to own her admiration of the intellectual gifts bestowed on that too celebrated and marvellously long-lived beauty. Louis XIV. himself could scarcely fail to remember Christina when visiting Compiègne, in company with Madame de Maintenon, long after most of the actors in the drama of his youth had passed away.* The perfume of a forest flower may then have recalled how remarkably fond his mother (dead of cancer in 1667) was of sweet scents; and by the beauty of Madame de Maintenon's hand Louis XIV. might have been reminded how Christina of Sweden—who seldom, if ever, wore gloves herself—prevailed on Anne of Austria to withdraw her own glove, and then, with coarse flattery but in curt terms, declared her admiration of the most beautiful hand and arm in the world—upon which was displayed his own portrait.

What a difference between the portrait of Louis XIV. lover of Marie Mancini, in his youth at Compiègne, and Louis XIV. in old age, the husband of Madame de Maintenon—she having been for many intervening years the governess of his children, by

* "Versailles," preceding.

Madame de Montespan! What a difference during the whole of his long reign between Versailles and Compiègne! When his mother, Anne of Austria, received the ex-Queen of Sweden at Compiègne, the Palace of Versailles was not built.

It was at Compiègne that the Court of Louis XIV. became convinced of his private marriage with Madame de Maintenon; for the Duc de St. Simon tells us of a grand review, or rather a mimic battle field and siege, which, upon one occasion, the King commanded to take place there for Madame's edifying amusement.

"I," says St. Simon, "was in the *demi cercle*, quite close to the King but a spectacle of another sort was given by his Majesty, from the height of the rampart, to all his army and to the vast crowd of people of every condition present.

"Madame de Maintenon was there, facing the plain, in her sedan chair, and quite visible between its glass sides and glass front. Its bearers had withdrawn In front, to the left, was seated Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne; on the same side, behind in a semicircle, standing, were Madame la Duchesse, Madame the Princesse de Conti, and all the chief ladies of the Court. Behind them were gentlemen. At the right-hand glass side of the chair stood the King, and a little backward from him a

semicircle of illustrious and distinguished men. The King's hat was seldom on his head, as at every moment he was bending down in order to speak to Madame de Maintenon, to explain to her the military spectacle she was beholding, and the meaning of its various tactics. Each time, so as to listen to the King's words, she let down the glass window about four or five inches—and I must confess I paid more attention to this spectacle than to that of the troops."

X As a new seat of glorified French monarchy Louis XIV. erected Versailles, little foreseeing that this separation of the King from the capital—the heart—of France, would eventuate in the death of the monarchy itself. At Compiègne, nevertheless, appeared his great-grandson and successor from time to time ; but it was from Versailles, not the Tuileries, that he came to rouse the echoes of the forest by the hunting-horn, until such time that he—Louis XV.—beginning to yearn for "something new," yet daily more and more lamenting that there was "nothing new under the sun," determined in the midst of his luxurious life at Versailles to construct a new royal abode, worthy to be the palace of a King of Versailles, at Compiègne. And the Palace, as it at present stands, then quickly rose to view, as though commanded to appear by the wave of a magician's wand.

From designs by Gabriel was it erected ; but here, be it remembered, there were three architects of that name. To the first, who died in Paris, 1686, may be ascribed the Palace of Choisy, known, before it was engulfed by the Revolution, as "Choisy le Roy": this architect's son, who, having completed the Pont Royal, died in 1762, was created Knight of the Order of St. Michel ; and to his son, again, first architect to the King of France—a Gabriel who died in 1782—it seems most practically just to attribute the completion of the Château de Compiègne in its modern form, although he in all probability did but carry out the designs of his father and grandfather, whose hereditary genius was successively displayed in the construction of other Palaces of France. The Marquis de Marigny, brother of Madame de Pompadour, was Minister of Public Works, during the reign of Louis XV., and under her influence artistic plans—some of them requiring a century to complete—were adopted.*

But Madame de Pompadour† was dead when, the modern Palace of Compiègne being built, Marie Antoinette arrived there on her way to Versailles from

* The view of the Château de Compiègne, presented in these pages, is taken from the Parc Réservé. In other aspects, and especially from the garden side, the palace presents a much gayer aspect.

† "The Élysée," and "Versailles," preceding.

Vienna, four years before the death of Louis XV. There were yet additions to be made to it, but of these more presently ; the monarch destined to make those additions was only just born, in Corsica, when Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria, and bride of the Dauphin of France, arrived at Compiègne, and there for the first time beheld her husband, then but "a big lubberly boy" of sixteen, to whom she was already wedded by proxy.

But here we cannot do better than follow the old French Court account of all that took place on that occasion from the MS. of M. de la Ferté, who, as Keeper of the Privy Purse to his Majesty, Louis XV., felt a keen interest in observing every part of the ceremonial by which Marie Antoinette was welcomed at Compiègne.

"The King (Louis XV.) had been regularly informed of the progress of Madame the Dauphiness" (Marie Antoinette), "and when intelligence was brought to his Majesty that she had reached Soissons, he set out, about noon, accompanied by Monseigneur the Dauphin, for Compiègne, there to await her arrival. The next day his Majesty, Monseigneur the Dauphin, and Mesdames the Princesses (daughters of Louis XV.) attended by the principal officers of the royal household, went as far as the bridge of Berné to

meet Madame the Dauphiness. Detachments of the King's household troops preceded and followed the royal carriages; and the Cabinet Ministers also formed part of the procession, which was arranged according to the precedence of rank. The bridge of Berné is situated in the forest of Compiègne. When Madame the Dauphiness perceived the King, she alighted from her carriage, at a short distance from the spot where his Majesty stood ready to welcome her, and walked towards the King. Her first equerry gave his hand to her. She was also attended by her chevalier d'honneur, and by her lady of honour, and by all the French nobility whom the King had appointed to receive her on the frontier. When the Dauphiness reached the King she threw herself at his feet. His Majesty raised her, embraced her with much tenderness, and presented her to Monseigneur the Dauphin, who also embraced her. Then the King's daughters were presented to the Dauphiness. They, too, embraced her. The King now remounted his carriage to return to Compiègne; he placed the Dauphiness on the seat next to himself. Monseigneur the Dauphin, and the Countess de Noailles, lady of honour, were in the same carriage opposite to them. Upon her arrival at the Château de Compiègne, Madame the Dauphiness was conducted to her apart-

ments by the King and Monseigneur the Dauphin, who each held one of her hands. Within her apartments, the Duc d'Orléans, the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres the Duc and Duchesse de Bourbon the Duc de Penthièvre, and the Princesse de Lamballe, were presented to the Dauphiness by his Majesty.*

"All who were privileged by their blood to kiss the Dauphiness had that honour. The King then retired, and the nobility, who had accompanied him to Compiègne, were each in turn introduced to her. In the evening the King supped in public with the Dauphin, the Dauphiness, and the Princes and Princesses of the blood who were at Compiègne. Afterwards, the Grand Master of the Ceremonies caused a marriage-ring to be tried on the third finger of the left-hand of Madame the Dauphiness. Monseigneur the Dauphin lay that night, as on the night preceding, at the hôtel of the Comte de St. Florentin, Minister and Secretary of State.

"The next day the King, accompanied by the Dauphin and the Dauphiness, &c., set forth from Compiègne, for the Château de la Muette" (in the Bois de Boulogne), "and there his Majesty, having

* Biographical sketches of the members of the royal family named in the above paragraph are contained in "The Palais Royal."

ordered a magnificent set of diamonds to be prepared for Madame the Dauphiness, caused them to be presented to her. A necklace of pearls was also destined for her, the smallest of which was the size of a filbert. This necklace, originally brought into France by Anne of Austria, was always the property of the Dauphiness for the time being. The next day (the 16th of May) about ten o'clock in the morning, Madame the Dauphiness arrived at Versailles."

The original French MS., from which the above account of Marie Antoinette's first reception at Compiègne is quoted, then proceeds to give a most elaborate and ceremonious description of her marriage at Versailles, but with that this present page has nothing to do. It is remarkable, however, that Napoléon I., knowing as he did the fatal political results of that marriage, and prone as he was to superstition—simply, perhaps, because he had reason to believe that to him all things were possible—should model the ceremonial of his marriage with Marie Louise in conformity with that of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. That last-named unfortunate Archduchess was married by proxy before leaving Vienna for France; and Napoléon made choice of his "glorious adversary, the Archduke Charles," to represent him at Vienna in the marriage ceremony with the Archduchess Marie

Louise, kinswoman of the martyred Marie Antoinette, although the cruel fate of that Queen was a melancholy omen. Upon this point M. Thiers remarks: "But the more sad that fate, the more did it enhance by contrast the brilliance of the present. Napoléon would have the glory not only of having raised up royalty from martyrdom to the loftiest grandeur, but of having restored even its system of alliances. The measure of his glory and his services was the difference between the scaffold which Marie Antoinette had ascended and the dazzling throne to be mounted by Marie Louise. The old malcontent nobility of the Faubourg St. Germain were infected with the common feeling, and many of them came over to the new *régime*, thinking it no shame to serve under him whom the greatest reigning family in the world consented to adopt as a son-in-law; but Napoléon displayed consummate tact in forming the household of the Empress, Marie Louise, by choosing for her first lady of honour the Duchesse de Montebello, widow of Marshal Lannes, killed at Essling by an Austrian cannon-ball."

At six o'clock in the evening of the 11th of March, 1810, the marriage by proxy of the Emperor Napoléon with the Archduchess Marie Louise, was celebrated at Vienna, in the church of the Augustins

(the same church in which the Archduchess Marie Antoinette had been married by proxy on the 19th of April, 1770), and on the 13th, Marie Louise, being then styled Empress, left Vienna in a grand procession which reached Strasbourg on the 22nd, on the way to Compiègne, at which latter place the Emperor, surrounded by his family and court, impatiently awaited her arrival. His sister Caroline, Queen of Naples,* and wife of Murat, had gone from Paris to receive the new Empress on the frontiers of the Confederation of the Rhine. Every day did Napoléon write to his bride, whom as yet he had never seen, during her progress to Compiègne ; and it is from the French authenticated account of the emissary who brought the first reply to these letters from Marie Louise, that the following is quoted :—

“ When I delivered the first letter of Marie Louise to Napoléon, he unsealed it with such eager haste that its cover, escaping from his hands, fell to the ground. Intently engaged in deciphering the contents, he stepped aside ; his eyes devoured the *bien-heureuses lignes*, and he thought not of the *enveloppe* ; which, being speedily picked up, became an object of much curiosity in the salon, where everybody was as anxious to judge of the new Empress from her

* “The Élysée.”

handwriting as though it had been her portrait. . . . Every day the Emperor's manifest impatience increased ; he scarcely took any nourishment, and even less rest than usual, during the fortnight Marie Louise was journeying towards him. He himself had so traced her route that hour by hour he knew to what point of it she had attained ; and at last, on the day fixed for her arrival at Rheims, the Emperor, after having given necessary orders to Marshal Bessières, set out from Compiègne, accompanied by Murat, to meet her on the road. He followed the route of Soissons and Rheims, travelling without escort in a private carriage, and preceded only by one courier, until he met the Empress's carriage, which his courier stopped without saying a word. Instantly did his Majesty then alight from his own carriage, and darting forward towards that containing the young princess, he himself opened the door and lightly leapt into it, regardless of the fact that its steps were not let down. Marie Louise, suspecting nothing, looked on him with amazement, until the Queen of Naples, who accompanied her, said : 'Madame, it is the Emperor.' And all three together, they arrived at Compiègne.*

* M. Thiers, in his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," speaking of the Emperor going forth to meet his bride, Marie Louise,

"Marshal Bessières had meantime mounted the whole of the cavalry then at Compiègne, and this troop, as also the Emperor's aides-de-camp and generals, took the Soissons Road, and posted themselves at the entrance of the same bridge where Louis XV. had formerly stood to welcome Madame the Dauphiness, the courageous daughter of Maria Theresa, the unfortunate Marie Antoinette."

It is curious to compare this eye-witness account of the first arrival of Marie Louise with that other eye-witness testimony, quoted in a previous page, concerning the arrival of Marie Antoinette.

The observant courtier of Napoléon at Compiègne, thus continues: "It was almost night when the Empress, travelling very fast, arrived at the château, so that people outside it could not see her; but directly she placed her foot on the ground and stepped within the palace walls, she was welcomed at the foot of the grand staircase by the Emperor's mother and the other members of his family, who stood there with all the court and the ministers to receive her. . . . Every face was animated with joy. . . . There was no assembly, no salon circle that night,

says: "He took her in his arms, and seemed pleased with the kind of beauty and capacity he thought he perceived in her at first sight. . . . He appeared perfectly happy on entering with her into the château of Compiègne on the evening of the 27th of March."

Everybody, after the Empress had been conducted to her apartments, seemed overwhelmed with fatigue, and retired about nine o'clock in the evening—all, except the Emperor, who went, came, and gave ten orders at a time, all of which he would countermand in the course of five minutes. . . . The next day was an arduous one for the young sovereign, inasmuch as personages with whom as yet she was scarcely acquainted, presented to her a crowd of people, not one of whom she knew at all. The Emperor himself presented his aides-de-camp, who were extremely flattered by this mark of favour. Madame la Duchesse de Montebello presented the ladies of the palace and others appointed to the service of honour. . . . The day following this presentation, the Emperor started for St. Cloud with the Empress, passing through the Bois de Boulogne, &c., but not entering Paris. . . . A prodigious crowd was assembled at St. Cloud to receive their majesties, and foremost among the princesses of the imperial family was the Vice-Queen of Italy, wife of Prince Eugène, she never having before visited Paris. Then came the grand dignitaries of the empire, the marshals of France, and the senators and counsellors of state.”

On the next day the civil contract of marriage was

signed in the great gallery of the Château of St. Cloud, and "at half-past nine o'clock on the following morning (April 2), Napoléon and his bride, travelling in the coronation carriage, drawn by eight horses, and surrounded by the marshals on horseback, preceded by the imperial guard, and followed by a hundred carriages conveying the imperial family and court, entered Paris by way of the Arc de l'Étoile, the Champs Élysées, and the Place de la Concorde."

On that morning of her entry into Paris did Marie Louise think of her kinswoman, Marie Antoinette, who had suffered martyrdom on that last named spot? Did many amongst the vast crowds lining the way to see the young Empress pass, think of the awful scenes formerly caused by popular caprice and fury to be enacted in the centre of that place not many years before known by the name of the Revolution? Impossible now to say, but certain it is that for the passing hour, Napoléon's Austrian bride thus rapturously greeted was fair to look upon. Only nineteen years of age was Marie Louise; her figure, though girlish, was well developed; her hair, fair and luxuriant; her eyes blue, but animated; her hands, exquisite. Crowned with white roses, she still smiles down at the beholder from her portrait at Versailles; and with her bridal diadem placed fresh on her brow

that morning of her entrance into Paris, charmingly visible was she to all the people through the glass panels of the arched triumphal chariot, in which, advancing towards the Tuileries, she was seated by the side of the hero who had given France glory, and who thus first presented to his people the bride who, it was hoped, would perpetuate his dynasty. Adored by the people of Paris was the ex-Empress Joséphine, but not the less admired for the moment was the Empress Marie Louise. Enthusiastic shouts greeted her as she passed into the historic precincts of the Tuileries by the garden entrance; and before the close of that same day her marriage with Napoléon was celebrated according to ecclesiastical rites, a nuptial altar having been erected in the grand saloon of the Tuileries. The well known long picture gallery connecting the Tuileries with the Louvre, was lined on each side and from one end to the other with a triple row of ladies, and the *haute bourgeoisie* of Paris, full dressed; and along that gallery "Napoléon, leading the Empress by the hand, and followed by his family, walked to the grand salon, where, amidst a scene, dazzling with gold and light, he received the nuptial benediction." A banquet took place that night in the theatre of the Tuileries.

Long afterwards, when recalling those days just de-

scribed, Napoléon declared to his physician, O'Meara, at St. Helena: "My marriage with Marie Louise produced no change in me. I was precisely the same as before. Never was woman more astonished than Marie Louise was after her marriage, when she observed the few precautions that I took to insure my safety against any attacks on my life. 'Why,' said she with astonishment, 'you do not take half so many precautions as my father, who has nothing to fear.' 'I am,' continued Napoléon, 'too much of a fatalist (*trop fataliste*) to take any precautions against assassination. When I was in Paris, I used to go out and intermingle with the populace without my guards, and receive petitions. I was frequently so closely surrounded by the people that I could scarcely move.' And, again, reflecting on the past, the Emperor said: 'Political motives induced me to divorce my first wife, whom I tenderly loved. She, fortunately for herself, died in time to prevent her witnessing the last of my misfortunes.' "*

Elsewhere in the course of these palace sketches it has been told how Joséphine died at her residence, Malmaison, when Marie Louise had fled from the Tuileries at the time of Napoléon's first abdication, consequent on the Bourbon restoration in 1814; and

* "Trianon and Malmaison." Also, "Fontainebleau."

on the 29th day of April in that same year Louis XVIII. arrived at Compiègne, on his way to Paris, accompanied by his niece, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, daughter and only surviving child of the martyred Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

The position of the Duchesse d'Angoulême at Compiègne was very remarkable at that time of the Restoration, as she was not only a kinswoman of the fugitive Marie Louise, and therefore related to the King of Rome, infant son of Napoléon ; but, during some few years of her own earlier life, she had been resident at the Court of Vienna, as the guest of the Emperor Francis, who, though subsequently the ally of the Bourbons, was none the less father-in-law to Napoléon I., and grandfather of that Emperor's son.

Born at Versailles in 1778, the Duchesse d'Angoulême was, in 1792, imprisoned with her parents in the Temple, where she witnessed their noble conduct under many indignities. Her saintly aunt, Madame Elizabeth, and her little brother, the Dauphin, were also her fellow captives. She fainted at the feet of her father, Louis XVI., the night before his execution ; and not long after his death, she, still a prisoner, was successively separated from her mother, her aunt, and brother. On the scaffold perished her mother

and aunt, whilst her brother was pining to death, and did die in a prison chamber not far from her own, but beyond reach of her voice or aid.

For nearly two years this orphan princess then remained a solitary captive in the Temple, until on the night of the 19th Dec., 1795—the anniversary of her birth—she was released by order of the executive Directory, and, after being secretly conveyed through the streets of Paris, was conducted by an armed guard beyond the frontiers of France, and delivered into the hands of Francis, Emperor of Austria, her kinsman, and the father of Marie Louise, that last-named princess being then a child. For four years the daughter of Marie Antoinette resided at the Court of Vienna, and then she was married to her cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême, elder son of the Comte d'Artois.* The later years of her long exile were spent in England, with her uncle, Louis XVIII.;

* Upon the 9th day of January, 1796, this princess, called from her cradle Madame Royale, arrived at the Imperial Palace of Vienna. She was clothed in deepest mourning, and when, after some weeks of seclusion, she appeared in the midst of the Court as a member of the Imperial family of Austria, it was as though a pale vision of what her mother was in girlhood had risen up near the throne. To Madame Royale herself, her new abode was replete with recollections of that mother, for traditions of the early youth of Marie Antoinette before her marriage still lingered there. There, too, the grandmother and namesake of Madame Royale had reigned supreme, and although nearly

and in 1814, she, his adopted daughter, accompanied him back to France, and arrived at Compiègne.

Not since her childhood had this princess been at Compiègne ; and now, when gazing round her at that château, to which Napoléon had made splendid architectural additions, she was a middle-aged woman.

sixteen years had elapsed since the death of that great Empress, Vienna was still rich in memories of Maria Theresa.

Francis II. (son of the late Emperor Leopold) reigned over Austria when the orphan daughter of Marie Antoinette arrived at Vienna. She had inherited a legacy from her aunt, the Duchesse de Saxe Teschen, which, now restored to her, prevented her being in a state of absolute dependence on her maternal kinsfolk. A household was formed for her on the same footing as that of an Archduchess of Austria, and in time it was reported that the Emperor and Empress desired to wed her to her cousin, the Archduke Charles. But whatever pangs of regret the refusal caused her, the orphan princess resolutely declined to acquiesce in this proposal, for she knew at last that the Duc d'Angoulême was still alive, and she remembered that, by the express wish of her martyred parents, she was betrothed to him. Personally he had become a stranger to her, and many years of sorrow had elapsed since he had been her playmate at The Little Trianon. A prison, a scaffold, a sea of blood, had risen and surged up between her womanhood at Vienna and the far-off time of her childhood at Versailles ; and yet, though the princely Archduke Charles stood before her to woo and to win her if he could, she looked back through her tears to the past, and resolved to be faithful to the promise that her parents had made for her. And thus it came to pass that when, after rather more than three years' residence at Vienna, her uncle, the exiled Louis XVIII. (elder of the two brothers of Louis XVI.), summoned her to Mittau, in Courland, there to meet the Duc d'Angoulême as his intended bride, she was prepared to obey. But it is said that she shuddered visibly when at last she entered the ancient palace of Mittau, where the altar of marriage awaited her.

Early sorrows and solitary captivity in youth had long habitually made her grave and silent. As a childless wife, her life was not renewed in that of others. Her personal resemblance to her mother was observed and commented on in the addresses with which she was welcomed back from exile with her uncle ; but it was the resemblance of marble to flesh and blood. The lofty plume of white feathers, and the long white train she wore on state occasions during the period of her first return (white being a Bourbon emblem), were in harmony with the dignity of her figure, features, and statue-like composure ; but her heart still palpitated with human affection, as was evinced by the silent tears she shed when any allusion was made to her martyred parents.

At Compiègne she could not forget how her mother, as a bride, had first arrived there from Vienna, and been received, with all the ceremonial here recorded in a previous page.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême was afterwards beheld by Madame d'Abrantès* wearing diamonds which, at Compiègne, had been presented to her mother by Louis XV. ; and notwithstanding the fact of Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantès being affiliated to the first French Empire, as the widow of

* "The Élysée."

one of its many brave soldiers, she was struck with admiration when regarding the daughter of Marie Antoinette, and declares, "That princess seemed sad as her eyes rested on the crowd that gazed at her with envy; for it is not always easy for people to understand how a heart may be heavy when beating beneath a brocaded bodice laden with gems." And then, looking again at the royal Duchesse d'Angoulême, she exclaims: "*Cette femme est vraiment belle . . . c'est une des grandes figures de notre époque!*"*

But Louis XVIII., uncle to this princess! When, after twenty years' exile, he returned to Compiègne, much changed in appearance was he since that May

* The impression made on the mind of the Duchesse d'Abrantès by the appearance of the royal Duchesse d'Angoulême, as above quoted, is similar to that recorded by Emma Sophia Countess Brownlow in her "*Slight Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian,*" very lately published. The Countess, who had herself just arrived in France with Lady Castle-reagh, at the time of the Bourbon restoration, says, in reference to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, "When I looked at her, I could have wept! . . . Did they imagine she could forget all the horrors she had gone through in the Temple in her youth, ending with solitary confinement there? And did they think that such intense misery would cease to leave its impression on her countenance and manners, especially in the place where she had suffered? . . . What must have been the Duchesse d'Angoulême's feelings on thus returning to the scenes of such sad memories! Poor woman! Her grave countenance, where no joy or elation was visible, proved that her thoughts dwelt more on the past than the present."

day long ago, when he helped to welcome Marie Antoinette there. About sixty years of age when called back to France, he was extremely corpulent and gouty, walking with difficulty and leaning on a cane. Red velvet gaiters encased his infirm legs, and the other parts of his costume, consisting of a blue coat with the epaulettes of a French general, and a round English hat, looked strange to his French subjects, who had flocked to Compiègne to welcome and to worship him. But royalists, dreading possibly the effect of his personal appearance on French hero-worshippers, had proclaimed Louis XVIII., not as a hero, but as the paternal friend of his people; and in this character there was nothing to disappoint the crowd, for the aged king's head was finely formed, and his countenance, illumined by brightly intelligent eyes, benignant. His literary tastes were traditional in France, he having pedantically displayed them in his youth at Versailles. Not that he then, or afterwards, dared in his position as a prince of the blood to profess himself an admirer of Voltaire, Rousseau, or the *Encyclopédistes*; but, by dint of pamphlet and madrigal writing, he had made himself a leader of minor *littérateurs*, from whose "new lights" the eighteenth century Court of France had nothing to fear. It will be remembered, however, that when

this royal author in old age returned to France, his great work was still to be produced—that Charter, of which, believing in his own divine right of authorship, he afterwards said, “In it consists my real claim to glory. It is not an improvised Constitution, but the result of my conscientious study of all the Constitutions given to France since 1789.” On the clauses of that ill-fated Charter the King was seemingly already meditating when he arrived at Compiègne in 1814; for, “although listening with courteous attention to political opinions expressed by distinguished statesmen, encouraged by him to speak in his presence, his manner was that of a man who has previously and inflexibly formed his own opinions.”

His brother, the Comte d’Artois (afterwards Charles X.), had already ingratiated himself with the people of Paris when Louis XVIII. reached Compiègne, but he hastened from the capital to welcome his Majesty there. Some survivors of the Revolution, who had known the Comte d’Artois as the gayest of gay princes at the Court of his sister-in-law, Marie Antoinette, and who for a quarter of a century had lived but in recollections of the past, were surprised to see that prince changed by time when, in 1814, he again presented himself before them, although, compared with the King, he was still hand-

some, active, and graceful. Like his royal brother, he was a widower; but, unlike the King, the Comte d'Artois had from exile brought back with him a priestly confidant, who, however excellent in private character, was not the best political adviser to the heir of a throne which could only be sustained on a constitutional basis. This priest, the Abbé de Latil, was soon suspected of nurturing the political ambition—though he by no means possessed the political genius—of either a Richelieu or a Mazarin; and despite, or even perhaps because of, papal favour shown to him, he became unpopular in France. Too soon was it notorious that Monsieur the Comte d'Artois, gay prince of the past, had become in some sort an ascetic; and also that during his exile he had loved and lost Madame de Polastron, by whom on her deathbed he had been conjured henceforth to confide in the Abbé de Latil,—which he did.

With Louis XVIII. and his brother at Compiègne also re-appeared the two Condés, father and grandfather of the late Duc d'Enghien. How could a new generation recognise in these two Condé princes the heroes of tradition? The elder of them was an august being, still beaming with goodness and graciousness, but aged by sorrow and time almost beyond his own powers of memory, occasionally absent

in mind, but still strong in his abhorrence of Talleyrand, to whom he attributed many of the misfortunes which had befallen the Bourbons. The younger Condé—Duc de Bourbon Condé, as he was called—seemed to shrink from the acclamations that greeted him. He had long been a recluse; hunting was the chief pastime in which he still indulged; and after being exhibited by his royal cousin, Louis XVIII., at the time of his return to Compiègne, he quickly retreated from the Court. As for the Duchesse de Bourbon, aged, small, mild, but ecstatic—that princess who in the days of her youth had dwelt at the Elysée, and quarrelled with the Comte d'Artois at a masked ball*—a strange, sad relic was she of former times for Louis XVIII. to bring back with him to Compiègne, where, as here recorded in a previous page, she too had, in 1770, been one of the first privileged by royal blood to kiss Marie Antoinette on her arrival there.

The two sons of the Comte d'Artois (the Duc d'Angoulême and the Duc de Berri) had, some weeks before the arrival of Louis XVIII. at Compiègne, entered France: one by way of Brittany and Normandy, and the other by way of Bordeaux and Toulouse. In April they had been received at the

* "The Elysée."

gates of Paris ; and the Duc de Berri, being the most vivacious, was the most popular prince of the Bourbon family, but he was in Paris, having, like M. de Blacas, the scientific friend and adviser of Louis XVIII., the companion of his exile, and without whom no after picture of that monarch's court could be complete, remained there to await the coming of the King from Compiègne.* A curious spectacle must the Bourbon King and his family have presented in the large and lofty salons of that château when there re-assembled, or rather resuscitated, as objects of worship to a people long accustomed to embody the idea of glory in a crowned ruler, and to regard women on the throne of France as impersonations of grace or beauty.

Even the Duchesse d'Angoulême, with her air of sorrow and proud reserve, already described, was not attractive at first sight, either to those who remembered the youthful charms of her kinswoman, Marie Louise, on the first arrival of that Empress at Compiègne, or to the many who had never ceased to regard Josephine with love and admiration. The dress and demeanour of the Duchesse d'Angoulême were

* The large and valuable collection of scientific objects left by M. le Duc de Blacas, in Italy, has lately become the property of the British Museum.

quite foreign to the eyes and feelings of French people in those days, when a marked difference was still to be seen between most things French and English ; and even elder observers, who remembered her fascinating mother as an object of adoration, were disappointed, for the moment, to find that in manner this grave princess but little resembled her.

At Compiègne Talleyrand, the prince of diplomatists, who, according to Napoléon, sought every opportunity to betray, presented himself before Louis XVIII., who there received him "with extreme courtesy ; thanked him for his services like a King who felt that he owed everything to his own claims ; showed him that those who returned from exile were not, after all, those who had displayed least judgment or penetration, and then passed quickly from the subject of thanks to that of the existing state of affairs." With what result would be quite beyond the limits of this present page to attempt to tell, although it is scarcely possible to doubt that Talleyrand had advised Napoléon to do everything which would injure the Bourbons ; and that, in the disdainful words of the Emperor at St. Helena, "the triumph of Talleyrand was the triumph of immorality"—political. The Emperor of Russia, one of the allies then in Paris, sent Count Pozzo di Borgo to the King ; but that

diplomatist not being able to come to any definite political understanding with his Majesty, Alexander himself arrived at Compiègne—an event which caused much excitement there, not only because of the “*tableau* it presented of an aged King, just returned from exile, embracing a young Emperor who had helped to restore him to the throne of his ancestors, but because the young Emperor Alexander was popular for his own sake in Paris, where the elevation of his character had signally displayed itself.”

This Russian Emperor was the friend of Joséphine and of her accomplished daughter, Hortense. His respect, admiration, and sympathy for them formed a sentiment too chivalrously bright to be sullied by political prejudice—the feverish breath of the hour.

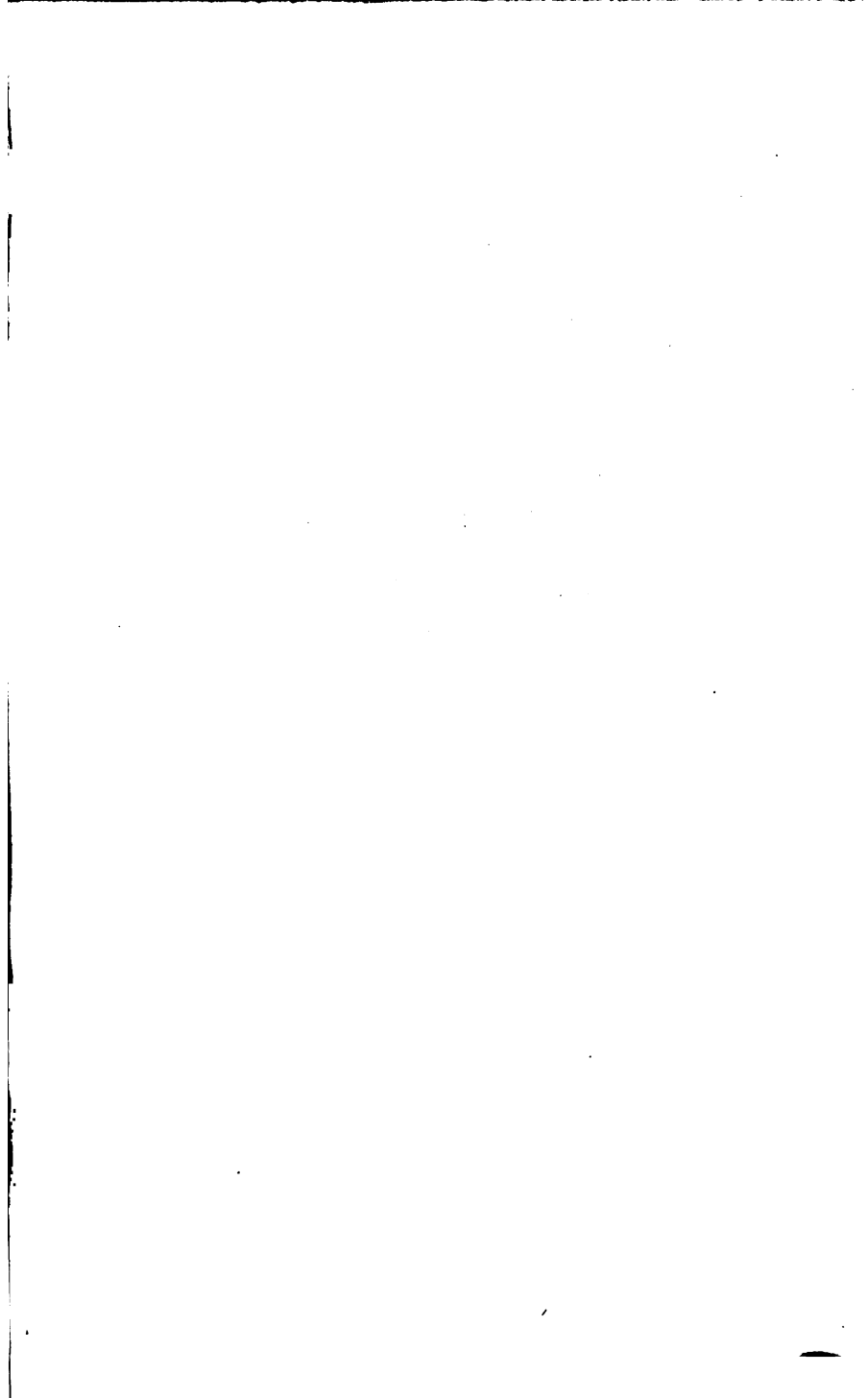
A few days later, and at Compiègne it was known that true, until her death, had Alexander been to the cause of Joséphine; for, just as Louis XVIII. entered Paris she died at La Malmaison, the beloved name of Bonaparte still lingering on her lips.*

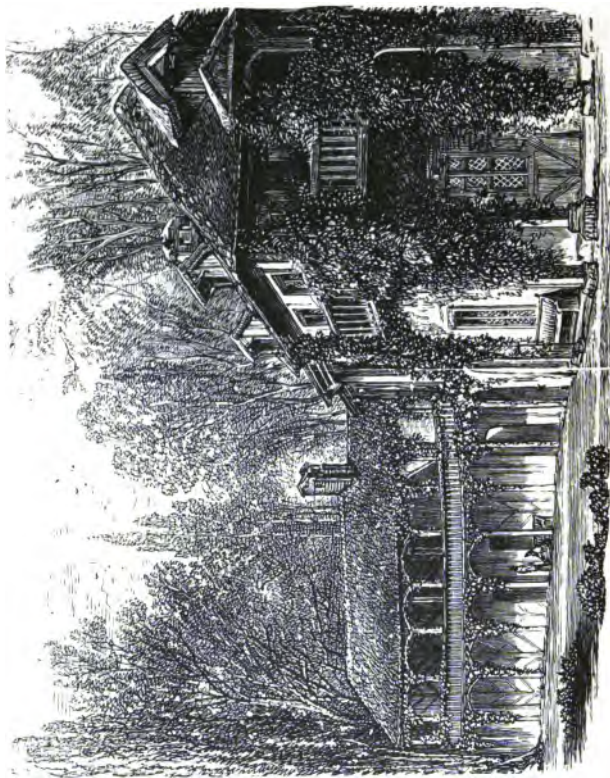
* In her recently published “*Reminiscences*,” the Countess Brownlow, who was in Paris with Lady Castlereagh at the time of Joséphine’s death, says, “She sent a message to Lady Castlereagh to ask her to come and see her, and to bring me; for, strange to say, my mother, before she married, had been well acquainted with her as Madame Beauharnais I looked forward with interest to this meeting, which various engagements obliged us to postpone for a

Paris, at that time, was in a state of intense political excitement; but crowds flocked thence to Malmaison, there to bewail the loss of Joséphine, and to scatter flowers on her bier; for multitudes of all classes were mournfully eager to pay a tribute of grateful respect to her memory—a memory still unfaded, and to which her grandson, Napoléon III., appealed when he first proclaimed to France his intended marriage with the lady who has since reigned, his Empress. And it was a memory often referred to when, in 1867, crowned and noble guests were entertained, and thence bidden “God speed” by their illustrious host at Compiègne.

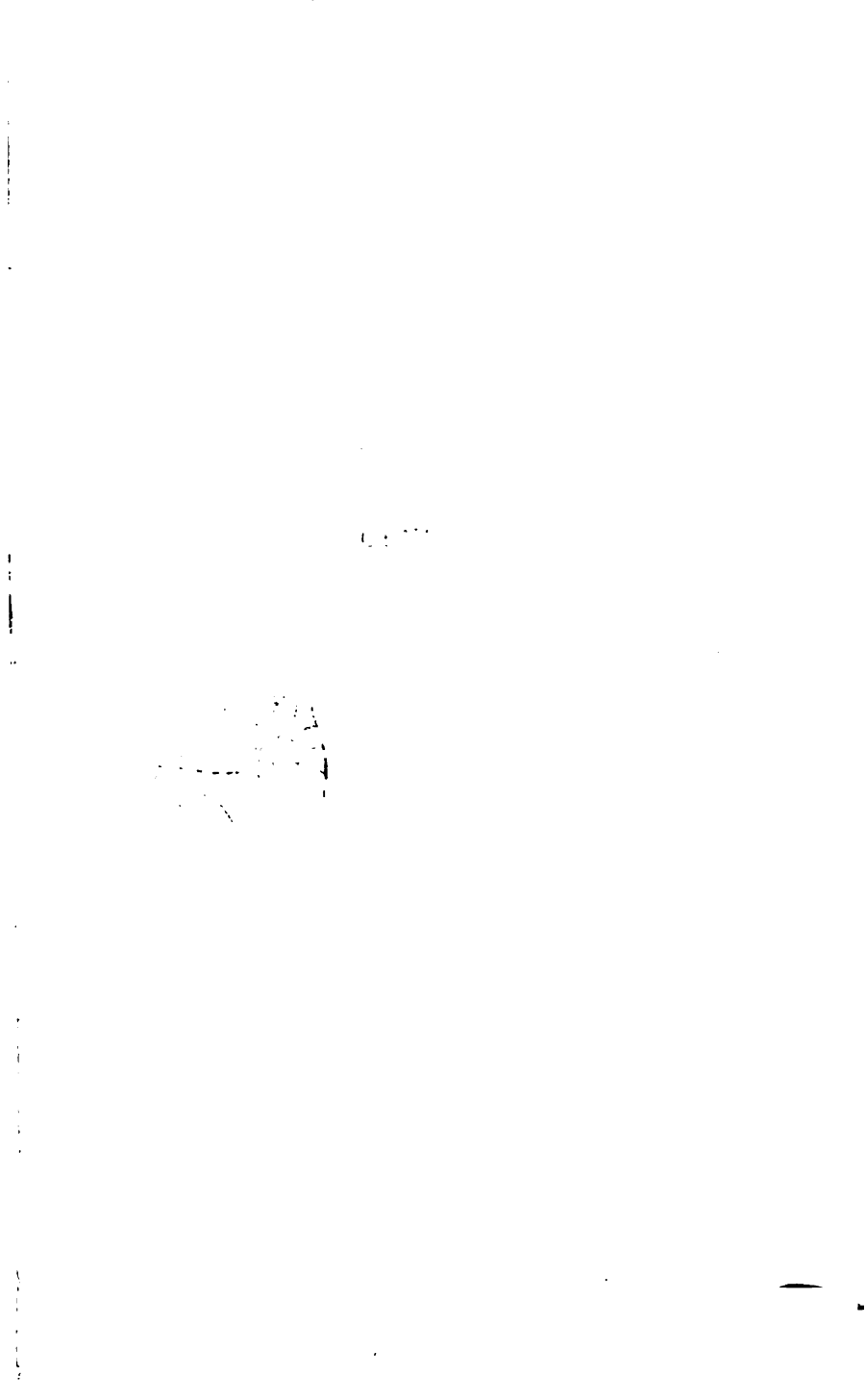
week, at the end of which Lady Castlereagh, Lord Lucan, his three daughters, and I drove to Malmaison to pay our respects, and were inexpressibly shocked when, on arriving at the lodge, we were informed that the Empress had expired that morning, after an illness of only two days.”



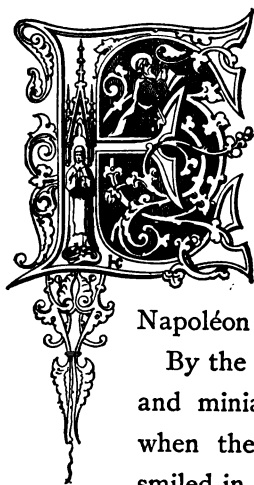




LE PETIT TRIANON.



THE LITTLE TRIANON AND LA MALMAISON.



UGÉNIE, Empress of the French, some few years since restored the "Little Trianon"—the once favourite retreat of Queen Marie Antoinette—and La Malmaison, the refuge of the Empress Joséphine, after her divorce from Napoléon I.

By the restoration of these long-deserted and miniature palaces to what they were when the ill-fated Marie Antoinette last smiled in the one, and the unfortunate Joséphine last wept in the other, her Imperial Majesty challenged the sympathetic remembrance of the "whole world then flocking to the *Exposition* of the triumphs of Peace on the Champ de Mars," in behalf of her predecessors above-named, whose misfortunes were partly due to stormy scenes enacted in past

times on that very spot ; and the following “Memo-
ries,” originally evoked by that challenge, met with
such a courteous reception on the part of the Empress
Eugénie, when still resident at the Tuileries, that
readers in England, the land of her present (1871)
residence, may not be altogether uninterested when
here reminded, at this time of striking change for
France, of some few facts connected with two French
palaces which, though least in size, have not, as re-
gards past history, been least in importance.

In the reign of Louis XIV. Madame la Marquise
de Montespan caused a fairy-like pleasure-house to be
built of porcelain, and named it Le Petit Trianon ;
but after the reign of that fair favourite was over, the
Grand Monarque, who preferred palaces to dolls’
houses, commanded his minister, Louvois (successor
of Colbert, and superintendent of public edifices), to
erect a royal abode upon the site of the former por-
celain pavilion. Louvois proceeded to do so, but the
war of 1688 soon afterwards claimed the attention of
both monarch and minister ; and, though Trianon
was, during the reign of Louis XIV. a favourite resort,
famous for its horticultural beauties, it became still
more celebrated under his successor ; for thither
Louis XV. was about to start from Versailles when
the would-be regicide, Damiens, made an attempt on

the life of the "Well Beloved," and it was from a visit thence that that same King in his old age, and long after he had lost the *sobriquet* just quoted, returned, in 1774, to die of small-pox at Versailles.

Trianon, "le Château du petit Trianon," was then presented to Queen Marie Antoinette by her husband, soon after his accession to the throne.

Marie Antoinette, "petite reine de vingt ans," loved flowers; the King, her consort, then called by his subjects "The Desired," had just begun to manifest sympathy with the simple tastes of her girlhood which still clung to her; and his gift to her of the Little Trianon marked a doubly new epoch in her life; for if, in 1774, Louis XVI. was, as he declared, "too young to reign," he certainly was too young to be married four years before that date, and it was not until he was proclaimed King that he awoke to a sense of his responsibility as a husband.

Long neglected as dauphiness, Marie Antoinette suddenly found herself a powerful queen, and a beloved wife; she had previously been much coerced by the Court conventionality of Versailles, and traditional etiquette, wearisome at her age, had there trammelled her in matters of custom and costume. These were still essential for her to observe when *en grande tenue* before the world; but when in retreat

at the little château of Trianon, she enjoyed an immunity from the regal splendour of Versailles, and revelled in a sense of liberty new to her.

In a white muslin dress, a straw hat, a *fichu* of gauze, and with her luxuriant fair hair unpowdered and unbound, appeared the Queen of France in her daily domestic life at Trianon, where she liked to fancy herself a farmer's wife. She cultivated flowers, she fished in the lake, she milked cows; she invited her courtiers to share her pastoral pleasures; she acted, in private theatricals, the part of a shepherdess, she illustrated Rousseau's rural scenes in a way that to behold would have mitigated that proscribed republican's sarcasm on royal performers; she reconciled the King to the "*Devin du village*," and so far overcame his former educational shyness, his ascetic prejudices, as to induce him to take a prominent part on the stage of Trianon.

Years afterwards, when in prison, and on the eve of execution, Louis XVI. remembered the domestic happiness he had enjoyed at Trianon, and said to his venerable friend, and legal adviser, De Malesherbes "Simple pleasures were too much in accordance with my own natural tastes for me to discountenance them. My wife has since proved herself sublime in adversity. We were both then young. But it is not politic for

sovereigns to descend to the level of their subjects ; it is essential to maintain a certain distance between the ruler and his people."

When the Queen was at Versailles, even strangers recognized her by her stately bearing. Madame le Brun painting one of the best portraits extant of Marie Antoinette, the latter, alluding to her own peculiar erectness of carriage, laughingly asked her, "Were I not a queen, would not people dare to say I looked insolent?" When the Queen was at Marly, she sought compensation for the "*fastueux voyage*" thither by the excitement of gambling ; when, in later years, at the Tuileries, she was oppressed with anxiety, her hair had turned prematurely grey with sorrow : by tears was her last visit to St. Cloud consecrated ; but during those few fleeting years, when from time to time Marie Antoinette enjoyed life at Trianon, it was as a woman more than as a queen.

At Trianon, however, it was not all pastoral pleasure. It was there that Marie Antoinette first declared her happiness in the society of the Princesse de Lamballe, and that in a way which did credit to her own heart. But upon this point let the Princesse de Lamballe here speak for herself :—

"Married when a child," says she, "I was still

young when I became a childless widow, mourning the memory of the time when I was a wife. Shut up with my sorrow, and retired from the world with my husband's father, the aged and pious Duc de Penthièvre" (ancestor of the Orléans family), "I strove to compensate to him for the loss of his son. By works of charity we sought to console ourselves; but through the clouds of this mournful existence, a new star beamed suddenly on me. As a messenger from heaven, came the young and beauteous Queen Marie Antoinette, addressing me in the softest tones of compassion. It was during that hard winter, when the poor were perishing for want of fuel and bread, that she thus first visited me, and sought to soothe my sorrow, by asking me to help her in mitigating the misery of others. I loved her from the moment I first welcomed her, and she was unwearied in her attempts to lighten the affliction of an old man and a heart-broken woman, sinking beneath the weight of grief.

"Sledges were just then introduced in France" (those who travelled in them wore masks), "and by this mode of conveyance the Queen, the Duchesse d'Orléans, the Duc de Penthièvre, and myself, visited poor families who were starving. Returning from one of these expeditions, the Queen said to me,

‘The King is out hunting to-day ; not the stag, but wood for the poor ; he will not come home to Trianon until he has sent his prey to Paris.’ And then she invited my father-in-law and me to dine with her and the Princesse Elizabeth, the King’s sister, at Trianon. My father-in-law excused himself, and I went alone—sad as usual.

“After dinner, the Queen said to me, ‘The King and his sister Elizabeth desire, as I do, Princesse, that you take up your abode with us at Versailles ; what say you ?’

“Thanking her Majesty and Madame Elizabeth, I declared that the state of my health and spirits rendered it impossible for me to respond, worthily, to the favour with which they honoured me ; and as I spoke, my tears flowed. With the graciousness peculiar to her, the Queen took my hand, and dried my tears with her handkerchief. And then she said, ‘I am about to re-establish a long-suppressed office in my household, and the one who holds it must be near my person. I only hope that the appointment may contribute to the happiness of some estimable individual.’ I replied, that none could be otherwise than happy near one so generous and benevolent as herself. The Queen then merely said, affably, ‘Well, if you really think so, my hope will be realised ;’ and

Madame Elizabeth laughed. Three or four days afterwards, I dined again, as before, at Trianon ; and then, to my astonishment, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth told me that, with 'the glad consent of the King,' I was appointed superintendent of her Majesty's household. 'Versailles,' said the Queen, 'I believe to be a more suitable abode for you than the gloomy château of the Duc de Penthièvre. May the friendship which unites us, contribute from this day forth to our mutual happiness!' Her Majesty then took my hand, as also did Madame Elizabeth, saying to the Queen, 'Ah! dear sister! you must allow a trio in this concert of friendship.'

The friendship thus formed at Trianon was life-long, earnest, and harmonious to the last, though long tried by cruel circumstances adverse to it;—tested by imprisonment and adversity, it was consummated in death.

How impossible was it on that day at Trianon for either of the three royal and beautiful women there entering into this compact of friendship to foresee that it would pave the way to the awful fate awaiting each of them! And yet, even then, Trianon had not helped to make Marie Antoinette more popular. From the first moment of her arrival in France, she was suspected of a political preference

for Austria, to the detriment of France; and when she received the gift of Trianon from her husband, an absurd rumour was set on foot in Paris that she intended to call it "The Little Vienna," or "Schoenbrunn," in compliment to her native land. When this rumour reached her ears, the Queen expressed her indignant astonishment that it was supposed possible she would call a royal residence of France, and the gift to her of the King of France, by an Austrian name: but, ere many years were over, she had far worse cause to weep bitterly at Trianon for far worse aspersions, and to exclaim in anguish of heart:—"It is neither the bowl nor the dagger that I fear, for I am doomed to be assassinated by the more deadly and cowardly inventions of anonymous calumny."

One of the first moments when this conviction assailed the Queen was when Cardinal de Rohan, the political enemy who, by crafty dealings with the Cabinet of Vienna, had worked evil to her in the first days of her marriage, suddenly re-appeared before her one night in the illuminated gardens of Trianon, at a *fête* she was there giving in honour of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Russia (son and daughter-in-law of Catherine II.). For some years past the Cardinal had been banished from Versailles.

Disguised, and having obtained the watchword for the night, his Eminence gained admission to the gardens of Trianon ; and just as the Queen, accompanied by her imperial guests, was about to pass the spot where he stood, he dropped his cloak, and the evil genius of Marie Antoinette (at least dreaded by her as such) re-appeared before her. She regained her presence of mind at the moment ; but not long afterwards she found herself, through his instrumentality, implicated in the *cause célèbre* of the Diamond Necklace,—that notorious and nefarious transaction by which, through means of letters forged in her Majesty's name, the crown jewellers had been irretrievably robbed. The King himself took infinite pains to investigate the matter thoroughly, and the innocence of the Queen was triumphantly proved ; but, although the Cardinal, his *protégé*, Cagliostro, and the infamous Madame Lamotte were punished at the time, they found means, more or less, to evade public opprobrium, and the Queen was eventually their victim.

The *fête* at Trianon just alluded to was similar to one previously given there by the Queen, as a welcome to her brother, the Emperor Joseph of Austria, and that *soi-disant* philosopher sufficiently enjoyed it, despite his raillery at the Watteau-like scene and

costumes around him. Shepherdesses carrying diamond-mounted fans, painted by Boucher, "Anacreon of painters," and arrayed in Arcadian costumes of velvet and satin ; shepherds, not less gracefully but gorgeously bedizened, piping pastorals ; Actæon and Diana, Daphne and Apollo, dancing together in golden-heeled shoes to the sound of opera music ; Dryades and Hamadryades flirting through enchanted groves, gay with coloured lamps, and illumined in a thousand fiery and fantastic forms ; 1500 faggots of fragrant wood blazing like beacons round the *Temple de l'Amour* ; all these, and many more things, were enough to bewilder even the imperial philosopher Joseph, who dressed like a Puritan, and whose head was declared by his contemporary, Frederic the Great of Prussia, to be "a confused magazine of despatches, decrees and projects."

Years afterwards, when Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and most of the guests at that *fête* were dead on the scaffold, it was still vividly present to the memory of Louis XVIII., recalled to France in old age from long exile. Versailles was then desolate, and Trianon was revolutionised beyond his power to restore ; but the King found a melancholy pleasure in revisiting the once splendid scenes of his long past youth ; and at Trianon, especially, the vision of his

sister-in-law, Marie Antoinette—bright, happy, unprophetic of the dark destiny awaiting her—rose up before him. “Here,” said he, “the Queen was the most graceful of dairy-maids, and charming as a farmer’s wife; but, alas! we never then thought that a day would come when the humble conditions of life which we assumed for pleasure—the pastoral existence which we idealised—would in stern reality be deemed enviable by us. The same gardens! The same pavilions, where comedy was acted before the great tragedy of life began! But the actors, where are they?”

Louis XVIII. was much depressed by that visit to Trianon, but still he liked to talk of it at the Tuileries to Madame la Comtesse du Cayla; in whose conversation he found a charm to the last. She was a good listener. Speaking to her, he thus continued:—
 “When traversing the garden of Trianon, I observed some marigolds (emblems of sorrow and care) growing near a beautiful tuft of *fleur-de-lis*; the ominous proximity of the one to the other did not escape me, and reminded me of the following verse of a song which, in exile, often caused my cherished niece, the modern and pious *Antigone*,* to shed bitter tears:—

* The princess, designated as above by the pedantic Louis XVIII., was the Duchesse d’Angoulême, daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie

‘ Dans les jardins de Trianon
Je cueillais des roses nouvelles ;
Mais, hélas ! les fleurs les plus belles
Avaient péri sous les glaçons.
J’eus beau chercher les dons de Flore,
Les hivers les avaient détruits ;
Je ne trouvai que des soucis
Qu’humectaient les pleurs de l’Aurore.’

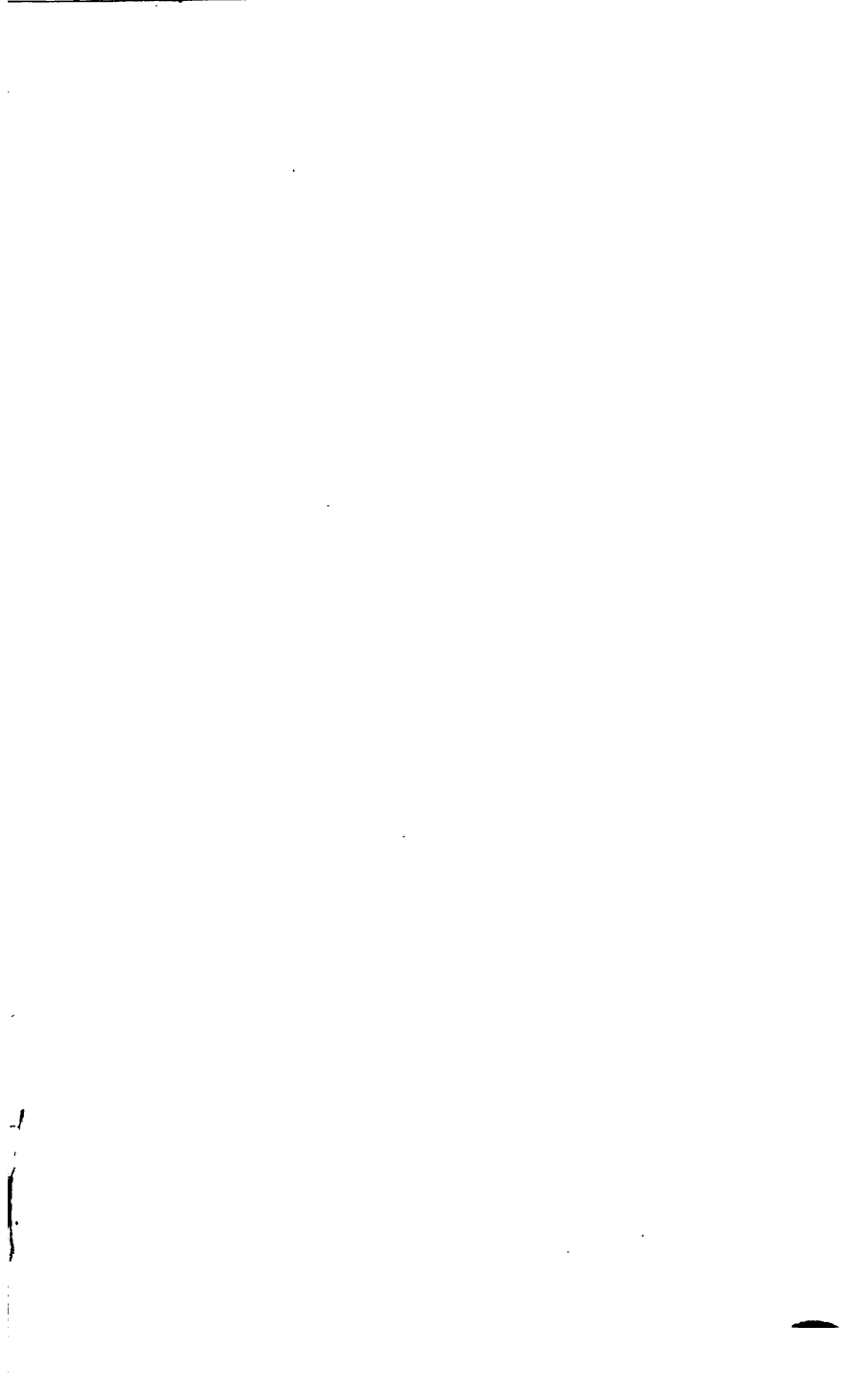
“Murmuring these lines to myself,” continued the King, “I entered the château ; and in one of its deserted apartments I was struck by the elegance of a bed, hung with muslin embroidered with gold stars. Turning to those in attendance on me, I asked, ‘Who has occupied this bed ?’ ‘The Queen,’ was the reply.—‘But,’ said I, ‘the freshness of this drapery bespeaks a more recent inhabitant.’—‘Joséphine,’ was then whispered.—‘Ah, little Trianon !’ thought I ; ‘little Trianon ! Does this place bring misfortune to crowned wives ? Here Marie Antoinette dreamed not of the scaffold, nor Joséphine of her own humiliating divorce.’”

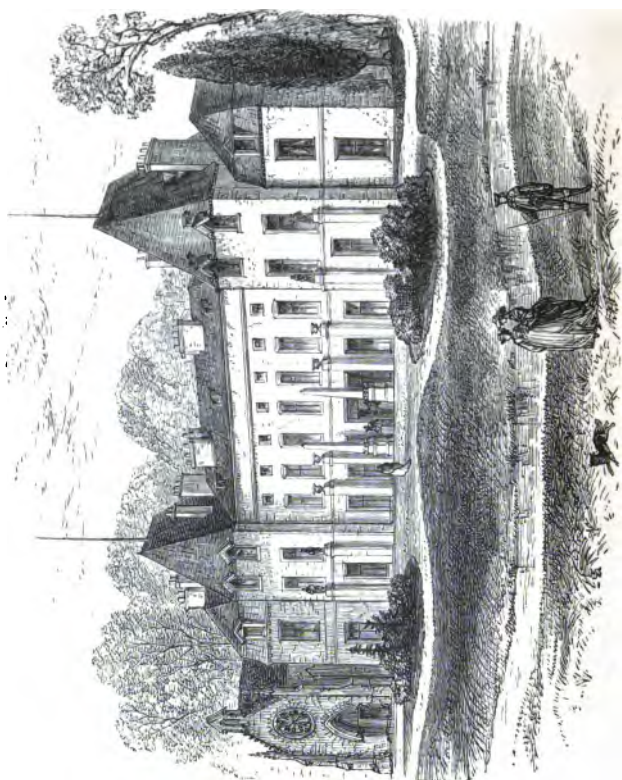
After that divorce, of which Louis XVIII. spoke as above, had been accomplished in all its legal technicalities at the Tuilleries, in December, 1809, it was Napoléon who sought a refuge at Trianon, whilst

Antoinette, and wife of the elder son of the Count d’Artois, afterwards Charles X.

Joséphine repaired to La Malmaison. The formalities of the divorce were concluded in the Emperor's cabinet at the Tuileries, in presence of the Arch-Chancellor, Cambacérès, and the whole Imperial family, including Queen Hortense and Prince Eugène, the son and daughter of Joséphine by her former marriage with the Vicomte de Beauharnais. Notwithstanding his usual mastery over himself, Napoléon was profoundly affected ; tears were in his voice and eyes as he read his speech, in the course of which he affirmed :—"Far from having reason to complain, I have, on the contrary, only encomiums to bestow on Joséphine, my well-beloved spouse. She has embellished fifteen years of my life ; the memory of this will always remain engraved on my heart. She has been crowned by my hand ; it is my desire that she retain the rank and title of Empress ; but, above all, that she never doubt my sentiments, and that she always hold me her best and dearest friend."

In vain did Joséphine strive to read her speech in reply. Tears streamed from her eyes ; her voice was choked by sobs ; but she nobly signified her concurrence with what she believed to be for the good of the State whilst handing the paper to M. Regnault de St. Jean d'Angély, who, in her behalf, declared :—"I owe all to the Emperor's bounty ; it was his hand that





LA MALMAISON.



crowned me the dissolution of my marriage will make no change in the sentiments of my heart I know how much this act, commanded by policy and great interests, has rent his heart ; but we both of us glory in the sacrifice which we make to the good of the country." Napoléon embraced Joséphine in acknowledgement of this act of self-sacrifice—the greatest proof she could give him of her loving him more than herself—and led her to her apartments, where he left her fainting in the arms of her children, Queen Hortense and Prince Eugène, who owed their titles to their connection with him, and for whom he entertained a paternal affection.

The Imperial residences of La Malmaison and Navarre were assigned to Joséphine. That night of her divorce she left the Tuileries for ever, and went to Malmaison ; and on the morning of the following day the Emperor went to Trianon, "where," says one of his observing followers, "he did all he could to accustom himself to live alone ; but his thoughts were so full of the Empress that he sent messengers constantly to Malmaison for news of her, and I believe that, had he dared to do so, he himself would have gone thither every day."

During the first week after the divorce the road from Paris to Malmaison was thronged by persons

of all ranks, some of whom for a considerable time subsequently deemed it a sacred duty to testify their respect for Joséphine, more especially as the due observance of this "sacred duty" was the means of insuring the favour of the Emperor. But after the marriage of Napoléon with the Austrian archduchess, Marie Louise, the number of Joséphine's visitors necessarily decreased; still more so after the birth of his son, the King of Rome.

The Château of La Malmaison was, in the time of Joséphine, filled with choice objects of art, chief amongst which were some of Canova's admirable statues. Painters, poets, and musicians, owed much to the patronage of the beneficent Empress; not only did she lavish sums of money upon representatives of genius in various forms (sums much larger than she could afford after the period of her divorce, and the payment of which necessitated frequent acts of self-sacrifice on her part), but she rejoiced these gifted recipients of her bounty by invitations to La Malmaison, so as to give them an opportunity of displaying their several talents before the august company frequently assembled there.

When, therefore, it is said that Joséphine was in debt at the time of her death, the fact of her boundless generosity to her household, and to everybody

in need of help who came in contact with her, ought never to be forgotten. In the later days of her eventful life, her own amusement consisted chiefly in the cultivation of flowers, and these abounded in the conservatories and gardens, the beauty of which was proverbial at La Malmaison. In that abode there was one apartment held sacred by the ex-Queen-Empress, and this was the private cabinet of the Emperor, where everything remained as when he last dwelt there with her before the divorce so fatal to them both. In this room the historical book which he had last read there remained open on the bureau; an unfolded map last studied by him there, bore traces of his pen which still remained near it, as though the ink, dry and encrusted by time, had but yesterday served to dictate his decrees; fire-arms once used by him still hung on the walls; here and there, as only just cast aside but to be re-worn, were articles of his wearing-apparel; and the arm-chair in which he once usually sat, and the wood-work of which bore many a mark of his pen-knife, stood as though awaiting him as its occupant.

Joséphine would permit no hand but her own to clear the dust from these *reliques* as she called them; and perhaps even more sacred than these to her, was some hair cut long since from the head of

Napoléon, and which was enshrined by her in a glass case.

After his divorce from her, Napoléon was in the habit of writing every week to Joséphine ; the receipt of his letters always gave evident pleasure to her, but not so much so as did a visit from him, although, with a delicacy peculiar to herself, she received him, after his marriage with Marie Louise, in presence of her court at Malmaison. By a lady of that court the ex-Empress is described, upon one signal occasion, as conversing with the Emperor,—her husband once, and the man whom she still loved devotedly—in the garden of La Malmaison for the space of two hours. They were both seated upon a circular bench, placed within view of the *salon*, but far enough removed from the château to prevent the subject of their conversation being overheard. The Emperor at length rose, took the hand of Joséphine within his own, kissed it, and moved away towards his carriage which stood waiting for him at the park gate. Joséphine accompanied him on the road to it, and, when she returned to her ladies, they could not but observe the look of happiness which illumined her expressive face, a look for which she accounted by saying that she rejoiced to see *him* well, albeit, at the same time, she expressed regret that there

was nothing she could do for "*cet heureux de la terre.*"

Little did she foresee at that moment that the memory of happiness and the fame of glory would soon alone remain to him.

Once Joséphine held the son of Napoléon in her arms. The Emperor himself desired that this interview should take place, but it was not possible to repeat it. The child knew not at the time who was the beautiful dark lady to whose house he was taken, nor what was the cause of the tears she shed over him; but he was so touched by the impassioned fondness she displayed for him, that, clinging to her, he begged her to come and see him at the Tuileries. Of the pain this innocent entreaty inflicted on the sensitive Joséphine let those imagine who love as she loved—with a love that killed. She was able to bear her own sorrow for the sake of Napoléon, but she was not able to bear his sorrow, which by cruel fate she was precluded from consoling. His first abdication was her death-stroke; she did not survive to hail his return from his first exile. She was heartbroken at his fall. Had Joséphine, in 1814, been in the place of Marie Louise, how different might have been the course of events! She would have hastened at once to Fontainebleau, where

Napoléon—deserted by all but a few faithful friends—awaited his departure for Elba ; “ she would have flung herself into his arms, and never have left him to desolation and despair ! ”

Her last days at Malmaison were soothed, so far as possible, by the society of her beautiful and noble-hearted daughter, Queen Hortense. The marriage of Hortense with Napoléon’s brother, Louis, King of Holland, was not a happy one, and the separation in which it eventuated left the daughter of Joséphine at sad leisure to devote herself to her mother—to her mother and children—for the sons of Hortense (Louis Napoléon, since Emperor of the French, and his brother, who perished, when still quite young, in an Italian struggle for liberty) were with her at Malmaison.

The Emperor Alexander of Russia was a frequent guest there. Although politically opposed to the cause which the Empress Joséphine and Queen Hortense had most at heart, he proved his sincere regard and respect for both of them by the generous chivalry with which he insisted on doing all he could to alleviate their trials ; but it was beyond his power to heal the broken heart of Joséphine ; and, fearing to shock the sensibility of her devoted daughter, it was to him that she confided her conviction that her

end was fast approaching ; although, wishing to save her daughter unnecessary pain, she strove to conceal the ravages of suffering by the arts of the toilette. To the last she smiled unselfishly on all around her.

✓ Joséphine could not foresee that the name of Napoléon would be perpetuated in the person of her own youngest grandson—child of Hortense—then playing at her feet. Napoléon could not foresee, either at Elba or, to the last, at St. Helena, that his successor would be the descendant of the one woman he had loved, and who, though sacrificed by him to political schemes for the future, loved him too well to outlive his glory. Emperors propose, but God disposes.

Before Napoléon's return for the Hundred Days, Joséphine was dead. Sympathy in mutual sorrow, therefore, formed a fresh tie between the Emperor and his step-daughter, Hortense. He never again beheld either his child or Marie Louise, although he was constantly expecting her to bring his son back to him from Vienna, where after his first abdication she had taken temporary refuge with her family.*

* Notwithstanding the fact above stated, Napoléon at St. Helena always spoke of his consort Marie Louise with tenderness and respect ; but, as he there declared, when recalling the past events of his life, Marie Louise was a mere girl—timid, and subject to the control of others. "I believe," said he to his medical attendant, O'Meara, "she

On the daughter of Joséphine it consequently devolved to preside at the Tuileries* during the brief period of re-union with the Emperor; and when, on the 21st day of June, 1815, he arrived at the Palace of the Élysée, after the battle of Waterloo, the first thing he did was to write to Hortense (then at Mal-

is just as much a state prisoner as I am myself, except that more decorum is paid to the restraints imposed upon her. I have always had occasion to praise the conduct of my good Marie Louise, and I believe that it is totally out of her power to assist me." With rapture did Napoléon receive the bust of his son at St. Helena, not thinking how soon that son (called Duc de Reichstadt) would follow him to the grave. As he, the ex-king of Rome himself, said, when dying at twenty years of age, at Schoenbrunn, "his birth and death were the only memories he bequeathed to the world." In France it is still remembered as an ominous fact that, by the express desire of Napoléon, the ceremonial of his marriage with the Archduchess Marie Louise was conducted according to the exact precedent afforded by that of the dauphin—afterwards Louis XVI.—and the Archduchess Marie Antoinette; and by some, who witnessed the arrival of the second consort of the Emperor, it was predicted that this new matrimonial alliance between France and Austria (for centuries opposed politically) would be fatal. In his last days at St. Helena, Napoléon indignantly denied the report that his marriage with Marie Louise was one of the secret articles of the treaty of Vienna, which had taken place some months before; and on this disputed point he said to O'Meara:—"No sooner was it known that the interest of France had induced me to dissolve the ties of my marriage with Joséphine, than the greatest sovereigns of Europe intrigued for an alliance with me. As soon as the Emperor of Austria heard that a new marriage was in agitation, he expressed surprise that his family had not been thought of In fact, the marriage with the Empress Marie Louise was proposed in council, discussed, decided, and signed within twenty-four hours."

* "The Tuileries."

maison), notwithstanding his physical prostration, profound depression, and the impending interview with his Ministers.*

On the 22nd Napoleon again abdicated, and at noon on the 25th he left the Élysée Palace for Malmaison, which since the death of Joséphine had become a favourite, though sorrowful, retreat to her daughter. "There Napoléon determined to pass the few remaining days he was to spend in France. Not wishing to be seen by the crowd, he stepped into his carriage within the garden of the Élysée ; but, being recognized, cries once more greeted him as he appeared, of '*Vive l'Empereur !*'"

The few who caught sight of him at that moment never forgot the look of despair with which Napoléon bowed in response to these cries, as he left Paris, where he had been idolised, and where many knew not, as yet, that he had ceased to rule. Queen Hortense awaited him at Malmaison, the abode which to him was filled with memories painful and pleasing ; for there many happy days during the most glorious part of his life had been spent with Joséphine. He had put her away from him, and from that time forth the star of his destiny had declined. He was now defeated, and she was dead.

* "The Élysée."

He had put her away from him by law, but neither he nor she could dissolve the spiritual tie which bound them together.*

* In 1798 Joséphine was prevented by ill health accompanying Bonaparte into Egypt as she had hoped, and even set out from Paris, to do. Her property, as the widow of the Vicomte de Beauharnais, had been confiscated; but, before the date above named, it was in some sort restored to her; and therefore she was enabled to purchase La Malmaison (of M. Lecouteux) for the sum of 100,000 francs, and to embellish it, in preparation for the reception of her husband on his return. To Bonaparte, in those early days of his marriage (and ardently avowed love for Joséphine), Malmaison was a blissful retreat; and there is no doubt that he continued to visit her there for a month after his divorce from her, but only as a friend. According to the accounts given by others who were present at these first interviews between the Emperor and Empress, after their divorce, the rigid restraint which *etiquette* compelled them to observe in their new position towards each other, was the cause of much mutual pain, although Joséphine strove to welcome Napoléon with a smile, which touched the hearts of those of her little court who knew how she suffered in his absence.

It was at the end of May, 1814, and in the arms of her son, the brave and high-minded Eugène de Beauharnais (to whom, when a boy of sixteen, she owed her first introduction to Bonaparte), that the Empress-Queen Joséphine breathed her last sigh. She had had a long interview with her confessor scarcely an hour previously; and her last recorded words were, "Bonaparte! Elba! Marie Louise!" Queen Hortense fainted when she beheld her mother dying; but to her Joséphine had recently exclaimed, with a look and accent of despair, which for the moment were uncontrollable:—"Were it not for his wife, how gladly would I share Napoléon's exile!" When Joséphine's son and daughter wept for her fate as she lay dead before them, they could only estimate the extent of her sorrow,—which, as far as possible, she had hidden from them even whilst it was breaking her heart,—by remembering how capable she was of endurance, despite her sensitive nature; for to her children, in their early youth, she had been a noble

Beneath the shades of Malmaison, Napoléon "imbibed long draughts of his sorrows." Everything there (according to contemporary accounts) reminded him of Joséphine, whose death, in the midst of his reverses, had, as he declared to Hortense, "pierced him to the heart." At Malmaison he had spent some of the happiest days of his life with her, before he placed the weight of a crown on her brow ; and the place still abounded in evidences of her tastes which had charmed him in bygone years. To the last he spoke of her as grace personified, "*la grazia in persona*," and the flowers still blooming in the numerous conservatories, the birds still singing in the aviaries of Malmaison, the Swiss dairy and the fancy farm there, all reminded him of her, her loving voice, and innocent pleasures. "Joséphine," said he to Hortense, "would never have left me at such a time as this ;" and then, at another moment, he added, in a tone and with a look of indescribable gloom, "but now, all have forsaken, many have betrayed, me. I have outlived my part."

At Malmaison Napoléon wandered about, des-
example of patience and fortitude under severe affliction. Imprisoned in the time of Robespierre, and when first released from captivity,—after the Reign of Terror,—suffering poverty and privation, Joséphine, in those days, practically taught her children the heroism of which they stood in need in their own after-lives.

pondent, for many weary hours; again and again he traversed the paths of the garden and park which surrounded the dwelling, and often paused as though he expected at every turn to meet Joséphine, who not long since had walked beneath those shades, alone and broken-hearted. Her daughter, Hortense, strove to console him; to him she—the ex-Queen of Holland—had ever been a devoted daughter, and now with filial fore-thought she provided against some contingencies, which she feared awaited him in exile, by entreating his acceptance of a diamond necklace, “easy of concealment, and easy to convert into money.” At first Napoléon refused to take this gift from one to whom in by-gone times he had made many costly presents; but at last he acceded to her tearful and earnest entreaties, and consented to bind the concealed necklace in a belt around his waist.

At Malmaison Napoléon took a pathetic, though almost speechless, farewell of his mother and his brothers; and too soon came the day (June 29, 1815) for him to part with Joséphine’s daughter and grandsons. Driving from Malmaison, he proceeded towards Rambouillet, “avoiding Paris, that Paris which he was not to re-enter until twenty-five years later, when he was brought back on a funeral car, brought back a corpse to the *Invalides* by a king of the House of

Orleans, who, in his turn, died in exile." In the hour of that last parting at Malmaison it was with some difficulty that the child, Louis Napoléon, was torn from the arms of his uncle, the Emperor, who was also his godfather, and of whom he was extremely fond.

A few years after Joséphine's death, and Napoléon's last farewell to France, all was changed at La Malmaison. The pictures and statues were gone; the flowers had faded; the aviaries were silent; the apartment held sacred by her, and even that in which she had breathed her last sigh (thoughtful for others to the last, and generously hoping against hope, so one of her attendants declared, to be reunited to Napoléon in his affliction), were dismantled. Even the portrait of Joséphine herself, Joséphine with the graceful form, dark hair, and soft eyes (as painted by Gérard), had disappeared.

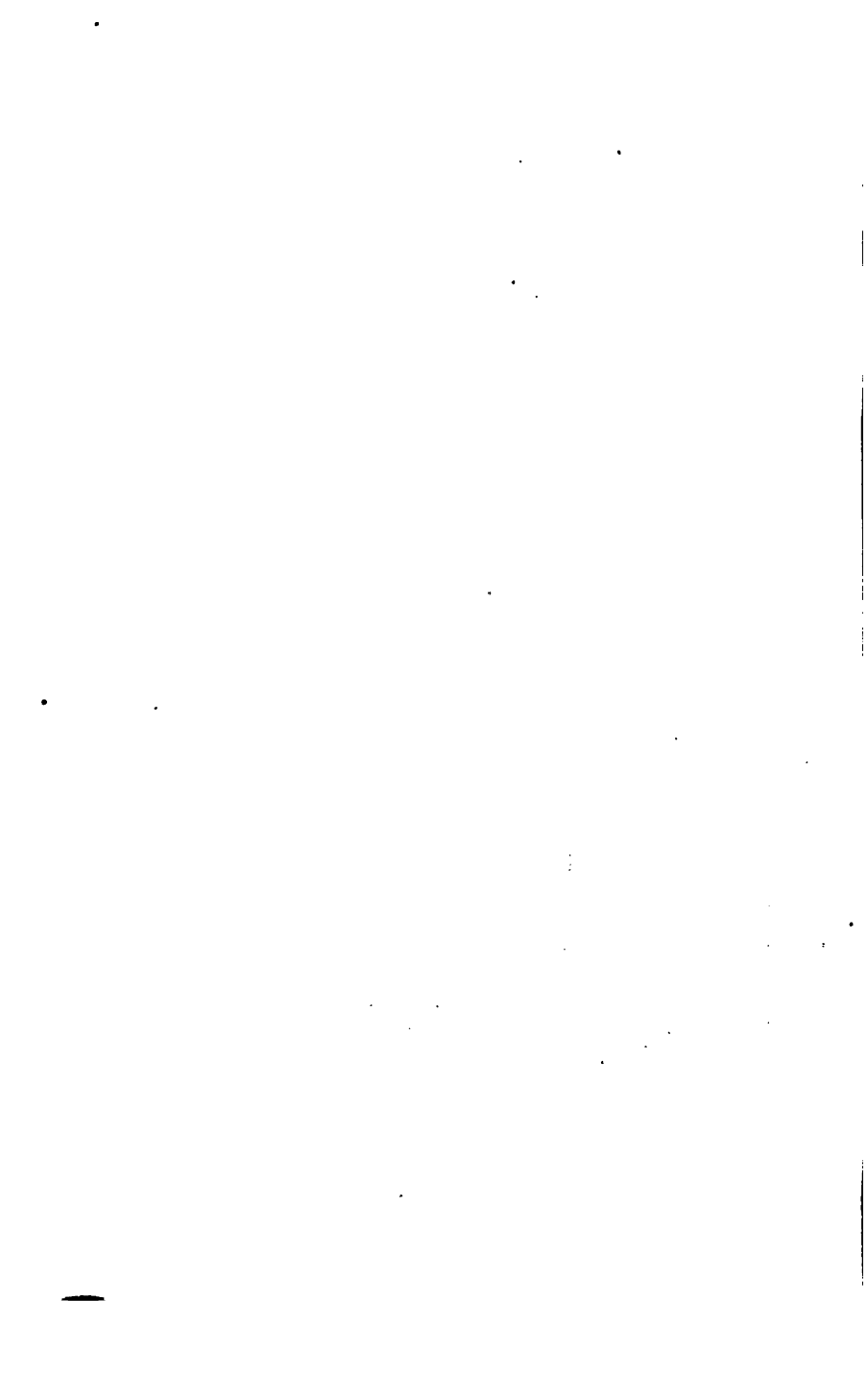
Upon the Empress Eugénie the task devolved to restore La Malmaison, not only for the benefit of illustrious and crowned guests, who some few years since were received by her Majesty in Paris, but for that of the people of that city who, when passing though the *Avenue Joséphine*, still talk, and this despite all change of dynasty, of the virtues which impart a charm to the memory of the First Empire

of France, and who therefore, it is to be hoped, will still continue to reverence the white marble statue of Joséphine, arrayed in Imperial robes, for the idea of which they have to thank a recent and not less *gracieuse souveraine*.

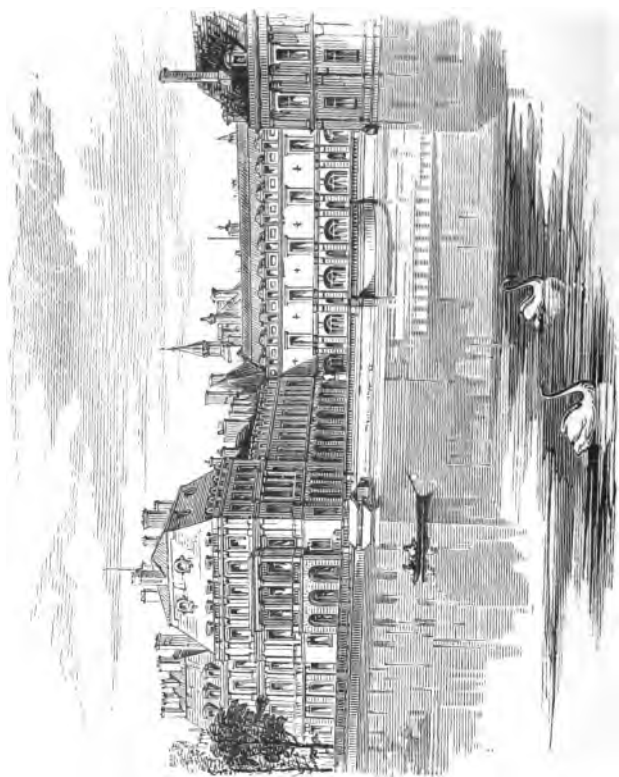
Queen Hortense, in the later years of her life, made a pilgrimage (*incognita*) with her son to France from the land of her own exile; and, taking the route of St. Germain, these illustrious travellers paused together before the gates of their own former abode. Into it, however, they were not allowed to enter; for political reasons forbade the future Emperor of the French and his mother to declare their names, and strangers were not permitted to cross the threshold of Malmaison without doing so.*

* Long before the accession of Napoléon III. to the throne of France, the park of Malmaison was ploughed for agricultural purposes; a considerable part of the domain is said to have been sold in lots, and the conservatories, farm, &c., in which the Empress Joséphine had delighted, were destroyed. Possible it was to restore and re-decorate the dwelling, according to past traditions, for the temporary purpose of "retrospective exhibition," but by historical memories only can the outdoor scene which once surrounded this palace be revived. Malmaison, in the vicinity of the gloomy and deserted royal château of St. Germain, was—before Joséphine embellished it—called *Mala Domus*; a name only too much in accordance with its dreary aspect since her death. In the many years dating from that event, it has had various owners (amongst them Queen Christina of Spain), according to political vicissitudes; but Napoléon III. alone had a sacred right to this abode.

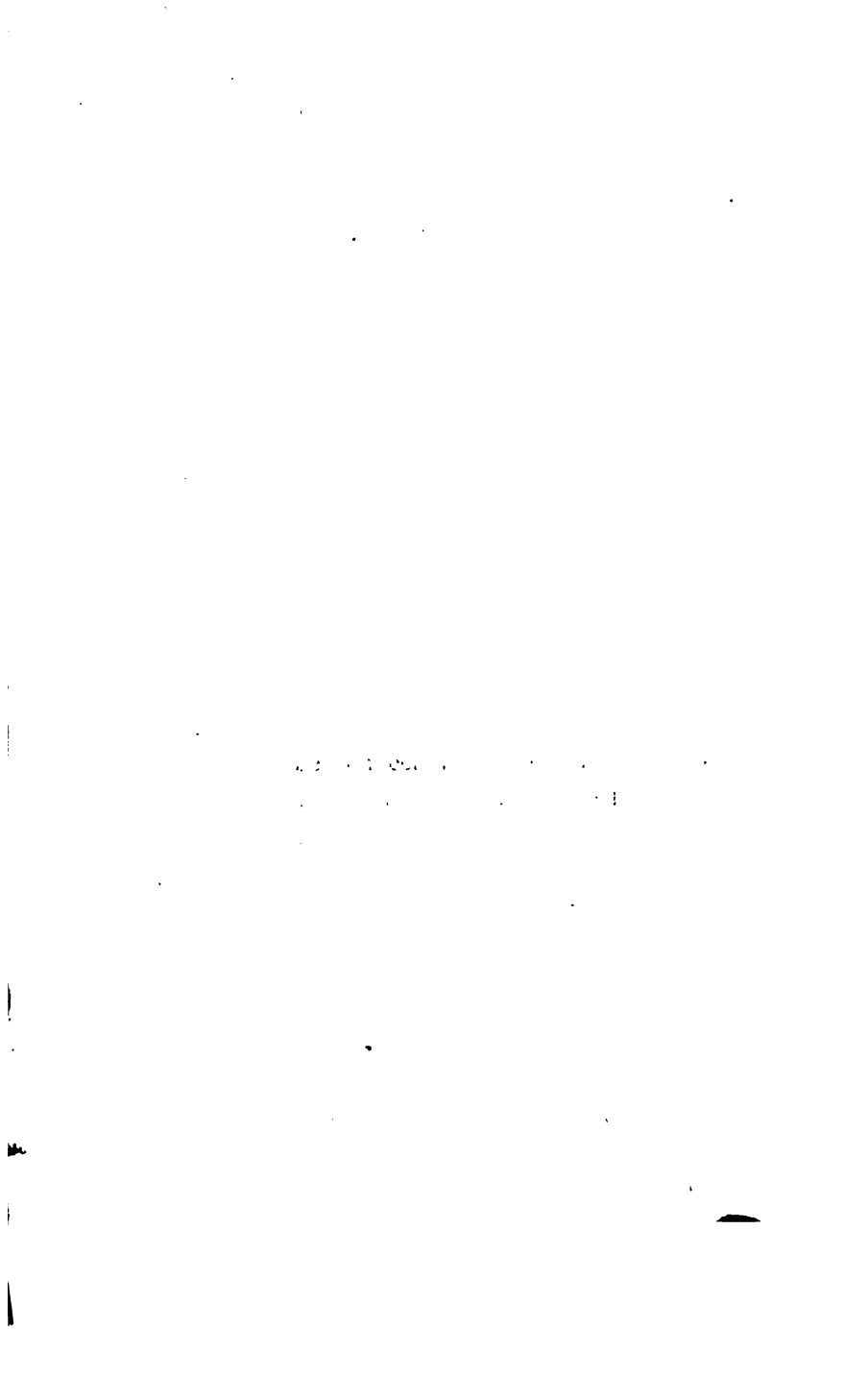
They proceeded to the neighbouring church of Rueil, and there Queen Hortense knelt at the tomb of Joséphine (a devotional statue of the latter has since marked the spot), scarcely daring to hope in that hour of mourning and proscribed wandering that she herself would one day be permitted to rest near her mother. Much less could she foresee that to the future consort of the son at her side, the son who alone soothed and shared her sorrow, would the power be hereafter given to restore Trianon and Malmaison. The monument to Joséphine's memory in the church of Rueil (executed by Cartallier) was erected by command of Queen Hortense and her brother, Prince Eugène ; and long after the death of the latter, and the last exile of the former, unknown hands testified to grateful hearts by placing flowers on the tomb of the late Empress ; for the best epitaph touching the beneficent character of Joséphine was inscribed in the hearts of many whose sorrows she, though weeping herself, alleviated. Memories of her deeds of charity, innumerable and imperishable, consecrate La Malmaison.

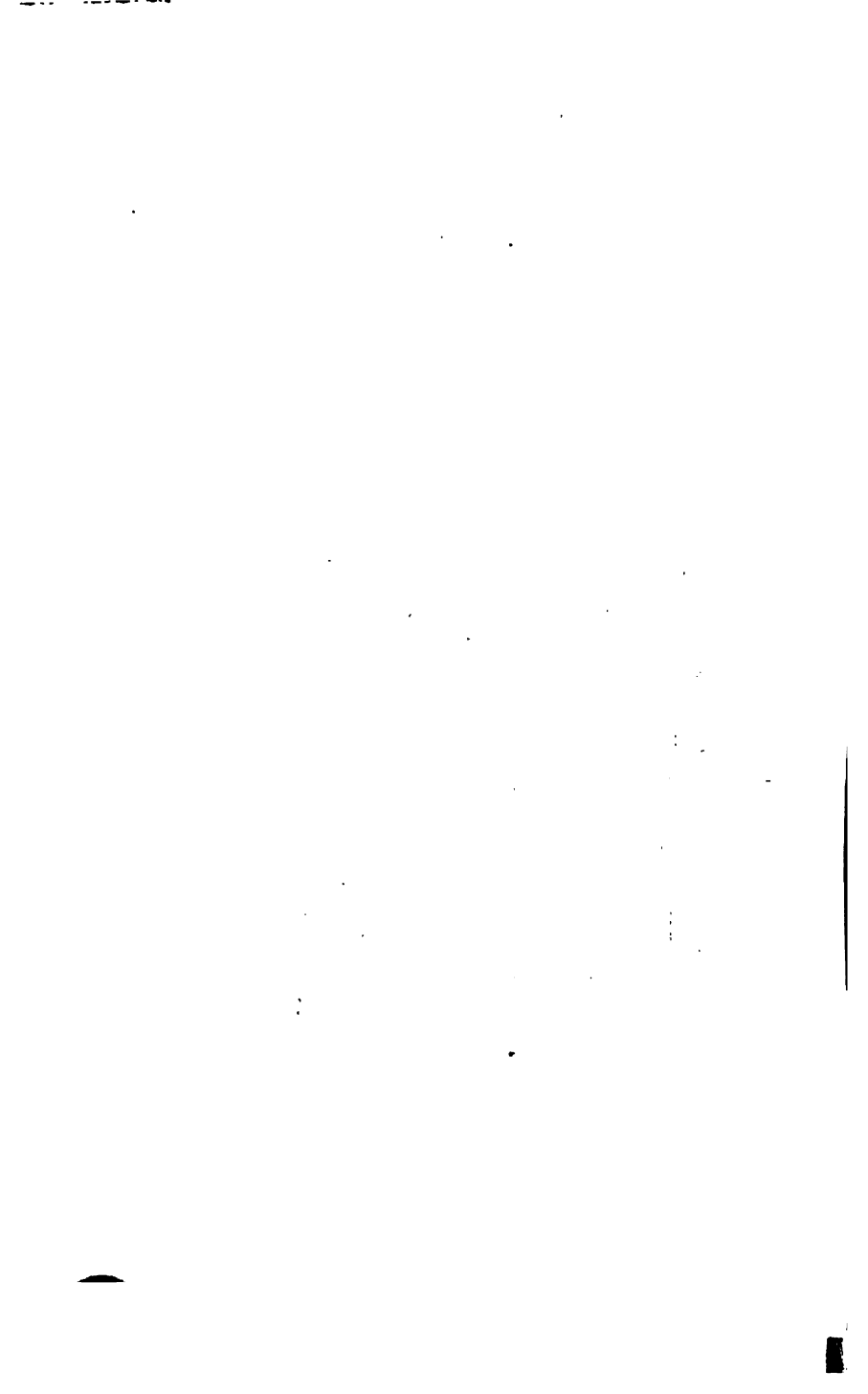






FONTAINEBLEAU.





FONTAINEBLEAU.



O some readers who were at the Court of France in 1867, the name of Fontainebleau, that ancient and historical château, about thirty-five miles south-east of the capital of France, and then within very easy railway reach of it, may be connected with the memory of an illustrious reception held there when the Emperor and Empress of the French,—notoriously splendid and untiring in their hospitality,—“speeded on his parting way” their guest the Czar.

To other readers the name of Fontainebleau may recall the memory of some summer-day, far off or near, a summer-day of hope which has since become memory ; or of rest in a forest, on green turf and under spreading branches,—the welcome, venerable shade of old oak trees. But few, glancing back through the long vista of time to scenes acted genera-

tions since in presence of those same trees, can count the memories, chequered like its flickering light and shade, which lurk in that *belle forêt* of Fontainebleau, the place especially beloved by Henri IV. and by Louis XIV. Its echoes, as in old times, ages before the railway shriek was heard, have been often roused by the hunting horn ; but, until quite lately (1871), it was long since they responded to the clarion of war, although from Fontainebleau ancient kings of France went forth to battles, which, whilst immortalizing their own heroic fames, they believed would give her eternal glory.

And thither, having won their laurels, royal conquerors and courageous knights returned ; chevaliers, like Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*, came back there to be welcomed by the smile of love, best guerdon of the brave ; love to be but coyly shown, say in presence of the Court assembled in that long, stately gallery within the castle walls, representing the chases of Henri IV., or in that majestic one above it, illustrating the victories of kings of France together with the triumphs of Diana the huntress (for at Fontainebleau Mars and Diana were long the presiding deities) :—love, before matins or after vespers (in the Church of the Trinity, with its richly adorned altar, curious pavement, and fine paintings), to be

whispered in rapturous meetings after dreary partings ; love, to be smiled after much weeping, in that "*belle forêt à travers un voile de verdure*," where the rustling leaves of ancient trees, with imperishable ivy clinging to them, seem still to murmur that centuries are but yesterdays, and that true love, having no beginning nor end to its history, is eternal.

But what changes in the history of France since that September-day in 1602, for example, when the forest trees of Fontainebleau being "all aglow" with variegated tints of autumn, courtiers in bright array were pressing within the walls of the palace towards the apartment of the Queen, and clustered together eager and excited in the "cabinet of Clorinda," its ante-chamber ! For the cry of the first-born legitimate son of Henri IV. had just made itself heard in the world, and brave men and beautiful women responded to it by exclaiming, "*Vive le Dauphin !*"

None, however, had cause to hail the young child as had his mother, Marie de Médicis ; for to her he was the harbinger of hope that she was about to take a higher place than she had yet filled in the heart of his father, who had evinced such extreme repugnance to the state necessity of his marriage with her (the daughter of Francis, Grand-Duke of Tuscany), that when the Duc de Sully announced to him, in 1600,

that the marriage treaty was concluded, the King said, after a long pause of evidently painful though silent agitation on his part :—"Well, be it so, as there is no remedy ; if I must marry for the good of my kingdom, I must."

About a year before the necessity of this alliance was thus reluctantly admitted by him, Henri IV. had at Fontainebleau abandoned himself to all the transports of sorrow for the sudden loss of the fair Gabrielle d'Estrées, on whom he had successively bestowed the titles of Marquise de Monceaux and Duchesse de Beaufort, and on whose head it is supposed that he intended to place the crown of France.

The illustrious Duc de Sully, his friend and favourite adviser, had much difficulty in arousing the King from the state of lethargy which succeeded to these transports of sorrow. It was to celebrate the festival of Easter at the Palace of Fontainebleau that Henri IV. had gone thither in 1599, and, at the instigation of his confessor, he ordered the Duchesse de Beaufort to leave him there for a few days, and to pass the holidays in Paris. With tears did the Duchesse receive this command ; and short though their separation was intended to be, it was with difficulty that either of them could consent to it. On

Maundy Thursday the Duchesse, still in Paris, was suddenly seized with violent convulsions, and at Fontainebleau quickly arrived the sad news of her death,—with what result to the King has already been told.

Great, however, was the joy of Henri IV. at the birth of a legitimate heir to his throne, in 1602, and that event politically strengthened the position of his Queen. But, as a woman, many were the tears she still had cause to shed at Fontainebleau; and, despite his glory, many were the hours of dark foreboding endured there by Henri IV., of presentiments from which he sought distraction in the chases (pictured in the gallery above alluded to), before his assassination in Paris by the fanatic Ravailac made Marie de Médicis a widow, and Regent of France.

Of the reign of her son, Louis XIII., it is impossible to think without a vision of Cardinal de Richelieu, journeying in all the panoply of Church and State to Fontainebleau from the Palais Royal, then called the Palais Cardinal, in Paris, founded by him.* The inhabitants of the then little town of Fontainebleau, long afterwards consisting only of two streets, with cross lanes, full of inns, and all leading to the Palace, had cause to cry, "God bless the Cardinal

* "St. Germain."

de Richelieu!" for he eventually soothed contending factions, which had led to the renewal of civil war, and by his genius re-established the dignity of the monarchy, the grand country seat of which was Fontainebleau. And even after Versailles* in the succeeding reign had become a favourite abode of the Court of Louis XIV., that monarch still occasionally shone resplendent at Fontainebleau, although less so than in those earlier days when it owned no rival, days when Cardinal Mazarin, who, according to the notorious court gossip St. Simon, having taught Louis not only how to *act the king*, but to *be* the king in reality, was at the summit of his own glory, and excited national applause by advancing the marriage of the young monarch with the Infanta of Spain, even by the sacrifice of his—the Cardinal's—own niece, the lovely Marie Mancini, who reciprocated the passion with which she had inspired his Majesty.

What tears of tenderness and indignation were then shed beneath the leafy shades of Fontainebleau by the Cardinal's niece, who was about to be sent to a convent, and by her royal lover, who was about to be wedded to an unloved bride!

"*You weep*," said Marie Mancini to Louis XIV. ;

*. "Versailles."

"you weep, who are a king, and yet you suffer me to be torn from you!" *

Mazarin was despotic, yet the King, despite his filial obedience to that minister, not only consoled himself and Marie Mancini by maintaining an epistolary correspondence with her after her entrance into the convent at Brouage (a town in Saintonge), until the Cardinal contrived to stop it by banishing the letter-carriers, but the lovers once more met again in the summer of 1659, when Mazarin was reposing in the Isle of Pheasants, and when Louis, journeying with his Court towards the southern provinces of his kingdom, had to pass the convent in which the minister's niece was incarcerated. Yet, none the less, on the 3rd of June, 1660, was Louis married, at Fontarabia (by proxy), to the royal bride selected for

* Marie Mancini, one of the seven lovely nieces brought by Mazarin with him from Italy, was eventually married to the Constable Colonna, with a portion of 100,000 livres a year, the produce of an estate in Italy, and the palace of his Eminence assigned to her as a residence in Rome. The wealth amassed by the Cardinal, during an administration of twenty years, was such that, as asks the Duc de St. Simon, "*Who would not be stricken with astonishment at it?* He had the same military establishment for his household as the King, *gens d'armes*, light-horse, an additional company of mousquetaires, &c., all commanded by noblemen or persons of quality." His nieces, under his rule, all formed splendid alliances; one of them was married to the Prince de Conti. Mazarin died in 1661, one year after the King's marriage.

him, when "everything was conducted with gloomy magnificence and true Spanish gravity." On the 9th, the King having been personally introduced to his Queen, the marriage ceremony was repeated at St. Jean de Luz. In the August following, their Majesties made their public entry into Paris, and in September, 1661, on just such an autumn-day as that on which the son of Henri IV. was born, as already told in these pages, a Dauphin again first saw the light at Fontainebleau.

Madame Scarron* (who thirty years afterwards, as Madame de Maintenon, was wedded to Louis XIV., in presence of the King's Confessor, Père de la Chaise) was amongst the crowd of people who "seemed intoxicated with joy" when Louis XIV. first entered Paris with his Queen; and, not prophetic then of the place which she herself would eventually occupy by his side when that gentle Queen lay dead,—“more loved and regretted by the nation than by the King,”—Madame Scarron seems to have been much impressed by the aspect of his Majesty as, unknown to him, she beheld him; for, in a letter written immediately afterwards to one of her friends, she declares that for ten or twelve hours she had been “all eyes and ears,” and that her Majesty must certainly have

* “Versailles.”

been well pleased with the husband assigned to her—an impulsive surmise rather at variance with its writer's somewhat severe decorum, when afterwards at the Court of Fontainebleau she had frequent occasion to stand in presence of the King as governess to his children by Madame de Montespan, and to maintain there in the eyes of that jealous favourite a most demure discretion. For even M. Colbert, at Fontainebleau, where the Grand Condé died, was sometimes perplexed how to reconcile "*une extrême brouillerie entre le Roi et Madame de Montespan*,"—at least, so says Madame de Sévigné, whose epistolary devotion to her daughter, Madame de Grignan, has immortalized her as queen of letter-writers at or about the Court of Louis XIV.; but who was so observant of her own maternal propriety, that after telling her daughter, with considerable animation, of that "*extrême brouillerie*" above mentioned, and of how "*M. Colbert travailla à l'éclaircissement*," and also of how "*La belle Fontanges est retombée dans ses maux*," she protests that to herself the domestic "*détails de Grignan sont plus chers que toutes les relations de Fontainebleau*."

But to return for a moment to the date of the King's marriage. It was soon followed by that of Monsieur, his only brother, to Henrietta, daughter of

Charles I., martyred King of England ; and, years afterwards, Marie Louise, eldest daughter of Monsieur Duc d'Orléans, was on the last day of August (1679) espoused at Fontainebleau to the King of Spain, for whom the Prince de Conti there stood proxy.*

That Spanish marriage at Fontainebleau was a state occasion of political rejoicing ; but the motherless bride, though scarcely more than a child, was so stricken with sadness between the time of its taking place and that fixed on for her departure into her new kingdom, that who can say what meetings and what partings had again been witnessed by the old trees of the forest of Fontainebleau ? For the Marquise de Sévigné, writing to her daughter about a fortnight after this royal marriage had been celebrated, declares : " The Queen of Spain still cries mercy, and flings herself at every one's feet ; I know not how the pride of Spain puts up with this despair. The other day she delayed the King beyond the hour of Mass. The King said to her, ' Madame, for the Most Catholic Queen to put a stop to the Very Christian King going to Mass would be a fine thing ! ' "

* In " Memories of St. Cloud," preceding, it is mentioned how Henrietta, daughter of Charles I., sister of Charles II. of England, and sister-in-law of Louis XIV. by her marriage with the Duc d'Orléans, died, from poison it is supposed, in the month of June, 1670.

People," continues Madame de Sévigné, "say that everybody at Court will be very glad to be delivered from this Catholic."

Louis XIV., who for State reasons had been in early youth compelled to contract his own Spanish marriage, and to part with Marie Mancini,* may have felt a sharp pang when thus, on his way to Mass, nineteen years afterwards, he rebuked his young kinswoman with a *mot* for giving way to heart despair; but despite his other *mot*, "*l'État, c'est moi*," he could in some things but obey the State.

The marriage of his great-grandson and successor, Louis XV., promised more happiness than his own to the Infanta of Spain had ever done, when in the month of September, 1725, it was celebrated. Marie Leckzinska, daughter of Stanislas, King of Poland, and bride of Louis XV., was welcome to the young King's minister, Cardinal de Fleury, whose pacific disposition bore as little resemblance to that of the late Cardinal Mazarin as did the bride's to that of the late Anne of Austria. Fleury would fain have rejected the invidious title of prime minister, although, declares Voltaire, his power over the King

* Christina, ex-Queen of Sweden, guest at Fontainebleau at the date of this parting (see "Compiègne," preceding), had since there outraged royal hospitality by the only too notorious assassination of Monaldeschi, her equerry, and former favourite.

was such that the young monarch "*consulta par un regard ce vieillard ambitieux et circonspect ;*" and, to judge from results, that power, righteously exercised, helped to make Louis XV. in his early life worthy of being called the "Well-beloved" of his people.

- Marie Leckzinska, Queen-Consort of Louis XV., was for many years after she first came, his bride, to Fontainebleau, the sole object of her royal husband's affections, and neither her lack of great personal beauty, nor the seductive and evil example of his courtiers, demoralised during his minority, and under the regency of the Duc d'Orléans, could distract his Majesty's attention from her. During the period of her earliest youth she had been accustomed to painful vicissitudes; her father, Stanislas, raised to the throne of Poland by the victorious arms of Charles XII. of Sweden, having been dethroned and exiled in favour of Augustus, Elector of Saxony. With much *philosophy*, according to the cant phrase of his time, did Stanislas endure the reverses of his lot; but, from the piety and meekness of character inherited from him by his daughter, and from the sympathy still manifested by her towards him after she became Queen of France, it is not unreasonable to suppose that Christian resignation had more than an ordinary share in the *philosophy* displayed by Stanislas.

The fresh simplicity of young Marie Leckzinska's manners and countenance, the quaint modesty of her Polish costume when she first arrived at Fontainebleau to reign over the Court there, were charming to the young King, her husband. A remarkable contrast in all respects was this Queen Marie from the North to any of her predecessors from the South of Europe, and still more so to the gorgeous and capricious Madame de Montespan, who had presided at Fontainebleau during great part of the preceding reign; or to the stately and intellectual Madame de Maintenon, after whom a lovely spot near the "Golden Gate" in that palace is still named the "*Allée-de-Maintenon*." But, though bright the morning of life for Queen Marie Leckzinska at Fontainebleau, the full sunshine of her husband's love was clouded from her in the meridian of her days; and when the afternoon and evening of her life closed round her, she had nothing but her own faith in Heaven's mercy to console her for his lapse from the virtue which she had formerly adored in him. Indeed, it is almost impossible to identify her, the fresh young Polish Queen and happy wife of Fontainebleau, as the same Queen to whom Madame de Genlis* was first presented many weary years afterwards at

* "The Palais Royal," and "Versailles," preceding.

Versailles, for her Majesty was then dying of *maladie de langueur*, and reclining on a *chaise-longue*, in invalid costume, but with large diamond ear-rings conspicuous beneath her lace night-cap ; her smile gentle, and her voice sweet still, and her natural amiability of character lending to the last a charm to her countenance, whilst she strove to converse on books and other subjects likely to interest Madame de Genlis, the intellectually ambitious and at that time young *débutante* presented to her. Not long afterwards Queen Marie Leckzinska died, and the last and worst chronicles of the life of her husband, Louis XV., belong to Versailles and not to Fontainebleau. So likewise do the earliest and least sorrowful records of the lives of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette (although one *boudoir* at Fontainebleau is still consecrated to the memory of that ill-fated King and Queen) ;* wherefore, we here pass into a new century, and find ourselves under a new dynasty of revolutionised France.

The Goddess of Reason meanwhile had been worshipped in Paris ; but at Fontainebleau, where in previous ages "Most Christian" Kings of France bowed their crowned heads to Cardinals, the Pope, Pius VII., now (November, 1804) comes to hail Napoléon Bonaparte and to crown him Emperor,—

"Versailles," and "The Tuileries," preceding.

“ Who, born no King, made monarchs draw his car ;
Whose game was empire, and whose stakes were thrones ;
Whose table, earth ; whose dice were human bones.”

On the Pope's way to Fontainebleau, through southern districts and rural towns of France, he was received with enthusiasm by multitudes of people, who, after eagerly pressing forward to behold him, knelt down by the wayside to receive his benediction ; and Pius VII. was re-assured by this evidence of devotion amongst French men and women who had for years past been described to him “as continually in rebellion alike against earthly and heavenly authority.” His Holiness now perceived that his veteran councillor, “Caprara, had spoken quite truly to him, when he told him that this journey would be of great benefit to religion ; for the people have all at heart a sense, intense though confused, of the Divinity.” It was on the 25th of November, when at mid-day the Holy Father arrived at Fontainebleau, not prophetic then of how protracted his stay would be in France. Napoléon had ordered a hunting match for that day, so as to meet the Pope on his road ; and when the Pontifical carriage had entered the “*belle forêt*,” which in former ages had sheltered Francis I. and Henri IV., and kings of France, “eldest sons of the

Church," for generations,—there, near the Cross of St. Hérem, was the Emperor on horseback ready to receive his Holiness. Upon that "new Charlemagne, whom for years past he had regarded as God's instrument on earth," the Pope gazed with evident curiosity and great interest, and his countenance expressed much kindly emotion when Napoléon alighting—as did also his Holiness—embraced him with reverence and cordiality. In the Pope's carriage, and followed by the Pontifical *cortège*, as also by the Imperial hunting suite, both sovereigns (the Pope seated on the Emperor's right hand) proceeded towards the Palace of Fontainebleau, where, at its chief entrance, stood the graceful Empress Joséphine and a circle of imperial and military chiefs and grandees to receive the Holy Father.

"Much gratified by the welcome accorded to him, Pius soon retired to rest in apartments where every preparation in accordance with his habits was made for him; his mild and dignified countenance, and the sight of his emotion, touched all beholders, and before the day came for the Papal and Imperial Court to set forth from Fontainebleau to Paris, the Pope was irresistibly carried away by the seductive language and frank manner of his host (who had promised himself 'not to intimidate but to enchant him'), and still more charmed by the sensitive and

attaching ways of Joséphine, who, indeed, at once found favour with the Holy Father by a kind of devotion akin to that of the women of Italy."

When thus at Fontainebleau receiving the Pope, who had come to crown her, the Empress Joséphine could not fail to remember how, in her early youth at Martinique, it had been predicted that she would some day be "more than a Queen." This prediction had never been forgotten by her ; but far enough she seemed from its realisation during the years in France of her first not very happy marriage to the Vicomte de Beauharnais, at which time she was at the Court of Marie Antoinette ; and still more impossible appeared its fulfilment when, after her husband had perished on the scaffold during the Reign of Terror, she herself, mourning his fate, was a prisoner under sentence of death as a suspected *aristocrate*. And again, when delivered from this fate by the execution of the tyrant Robespierre,* and re-united to her

* The way in which Joséphine first learnt the fate of Robespierre was odd enough to be often told in after years by herself. Standing one morning near the barred window of her prison her attention was attracted by the sight of a woman making signs to her at some little distance from it. To Joséphine these signs were incomprehensible until the stranger suddenly held up the skirts of her gown (*robes*) and displayed them in such a way that at last the prisoner caught the idea that "robe" was the first part of some word she was desired to understand. After that the woman picked up a stone (*pierre*), and, then, rolling the

fatherless son and daughter, the prediction must have seemed a mockery to Joséphine, reduced as she was for a season to circumstances of anxious poverty, the alleviation of which—by partial restoration of her property in the time of Barras—could scarcely be said even to restore her to her former rank; not only because titles in France were suppressed, but because of what was supposed to be her speedy *mésalliance* with the soldier of fortune, Bonaparte, for which marriage she could have no motive but that of disinterested affection; for, as she was told, he had nothing but his sword and cloak to offer her.

Rather more than two years before the arrival of the Pope to crown that soldier of fortune and his wife, Emperor and Empress, the etiquette of a Court had begun to be re-established in some of the palaces of France; for, towards the end of March, 1802, a grand diplomatic reception was, for the first time, held at the Tuileries, where resided Bonaparte, First Consul; and this reception took place in the apartments of Joséphine.*

stone in her skirts, she made a rapid gesture to imitate the act of cutting off the head. Afterwards, when she began to dance, as an indication of joy, she succeeded in conveying to Joséphine's mind a clear notion of the event which, happening that day, delivered herself and hundreds of other prisoners from death.

* "The Tuileries."

Talleyrand, as elsewhere told in these pages, conducted the ceremonial of that day. Many beautiful women were present, and some of them who were presented to Bonaparte by name he addressed according to their rank and country; not a few of these ladies were secret Royalists at heart, who afterwards helped to bring about the Restoration of the Bourbons; but most of them were compelled to acknowledge a sense of his power, and not even feminine envy could deny that Madame Bonaparte was by nature worthy of the position she occupied, or, as some even then ventured to whisper, of the higher one which had been predicted for her—that she should be “more than a Queen.”

And now, when the Papal and Imperial *cortéges* set out from Fontainebleau for Paris, the day was at hand for that prediction to be fulfilled; but on the eve of that grand solemnity at Notre Dame, when Joséphine, arrayed in imperial purple, was to be crowned, she sought a private interview with the Holy Father at the Tuileries and confessed to him that as yet the Church had not consecrated her marriage with Napoléon; for at the time when that event took place by civil contract ecclesiastical ceremonies in France were abolished. In consequence of this interview with Joséphine the Pope demanded

a private conference with Napoléon ; and the consequence of it was that on the very night preceding their coronation the Emperor and Empress received the nuptial benediction in the chapel of the Tuileries ; this fact, however, was not divulged until long afterwards, the ceremony being performed secretly by Cardinal Fesch, with Talleyrand and Marshal Berthier for witnesses.

With the splendid details of the coronation which took place at Notre Dame on the following day (Sunday, December 2), these pages have nothing to do ; but when the crown was placed on the head of Joséphine she burst into tears,—tears which, scarcely five years afterwards, she had sad cause to shed afresh at Fontainebleau ; for there, when in October, 1809, Napoléon returned from his short but eventful campaign in Austria, he was meditating a divorce from her. She, the faithful partner of his fortunes, the ornament of his life, but the loving woman, unfortunate in sharing his throne, because she had given him no heir to it ;—she, the Empress-Queen, of whom he himself afterwards spoke as “the best woman in France,” was too sensitive in her affections not to feel that all was not well between her husband and herself when, in that autumn of 1809, she found herself again in his company at Fontainebleau.

Joséphine was at St. Cloud when the tidings of Napoléon's return to Fontainebleau from the campaign abovenamed reached her; he travelled with such impetuosity that he arrived there before her; and when she came she had to seek him in the little library which he occupied, for he did not go forth from it to welcome her.

Soon after the arrival of the Empress Joséphine upon that occasion at Fontainebleau, Count Lavallette—her kinsman—reached that Palace; and he it is who here says,

“The Empress immediately sent me word to come to her apartments by a private staircase. I found her melancholy, and her countenance betrayed the effect of strong agitation.

“‘Fouché has just left me,’ she said, ‘and would you think that the following were his words to me?’
“Madam, your Majesty must give France and the Emperor a great proof of your devotion. It is necessary for the Emperor to leave behind him children, the existence of whom may deprive the Bourbons of all hope of return. . . . You, madam, in this respect, are the only obstacle to the enduring happiness of France. Vouchsafe to consider that the peculiar position in which you are placed obliges you to make a great sacrifice to your own glory and to

the interests of all. . . . Your noble mind will easily learn resignation. The Emperor will never dare to propose it. I know his attachment for you. Be greater even than he is great, and give a last token of devotion to your sovereign and your country. History will repay you for it, and your place will be marked above that of the most illustrious women that have ever sat upon the throne of France."

" 'I was utterly disconcerted at this speech,' added Joséphine; 'all that I could reply to so strange a proposal was that I would consider of it, and give him an answer in a few days. . . . But does it not appear to you that Fouché was sent to me by the Emperor, and that my fate is already decided? Alas! to descend from a throne is no sacrifice to me! No one knows how many tears I have shed over it! But to lose also the man on whom I have bestowed all my affections,—that is an act of self-denial to which my resolution is not adequate.'

"I shared," continues Count Lavallette, "the surmise of the Empress that Fouché had been sent to her by the Emperor; but yet that strange news surprised me as much as it did her, and I asked for some hours to reflect before I gave her an answer."

Prince Cambacérès declares that at this period Napoléon appeared preoccupied with his own great-

ness ; that he had an air as though he were stalking about amidst his glory ; and that there was a haughtiness in what he said and did that made him (Cambacérès) politically fear for the future. Others present then at Fontainebleau were struck by the change in the Emperor's countenance and demeanour, and by the fact of his appearing to seek distraction from some painful thought in the excitement of hunting, after the day when Joséphine rejoined him. According to authenticated personal records of one of her Court present at Fontainebleau that day of her return thither, it was with something like sarcasm that Napoléon then greeted her, declaring that it was time she had come at last, as he himself was about to start for St. Cloud ; to which she answered, in caressing French, which scarcely bears translation : " Mais, Bonaparte, c'est de ta faute. Tu nous fais dire que tu n'arriveras que demain, et tu arrives aujourd'hui. Comment donc es-tu venu ? Ah ! c'est toujours moi qui ai tort ! C'est de ma faute ! "

But when, addressing her as " Madame," the Emperor referred her to Duroc for confirmation of his opinion that he had given her sufficient notice of his intended return, and the conversation continued to bring discomfort to her, his Majesty perceived the pain he inflicted, for it was only with difficulty that

she repressed her sobs ; the fatal word *divorce* seems to have been momentarily forgotten by Napoléon, for he drew Joséphine gently towards him, and whilst a smile once more remounted to her lips, he said : “ Allons, c’est vrai ; je suis de mauvaise humeur, aujourd’hui.” A flash of hope then once more irradiated Joséphine’s expressive face, and for the moment she seemed happy.

Two of the Emperor’s ministers then arriving, Joséphine, attended, by two of her ladies in waiting, left them to work with him in his cabinet ; but at half-past seven o’clock, just before the dinner hour, she returned, and by her appearance manifested how she had employed the interval in enhancing the charms of her person by the graces of the toilette. Her voice had regained its cheerfulness as, advancing towards the Emperor whilst he still bent down over his work, she said, archly, though with tenderness : “ Thou dost see that this time I have not been too long.” The tone of her voice roused him ; and after glancing at the little clock which stood on one of the corners of his bureau, he turned towards her, and after looking at her with evident pleasure, he made a sign of approbation with his hand, and promptly answered : “ At all events, thou hast not made *me* lose time by waiting for thee. *Tu es très bien comme*

cela." And even the ministers, whilst making their profound salutations to the Empress, could not fail to be struck by her radiant appearance, for round her slender form was drawn a *polonaise* of white satin, trimmed with swan's down, and in her dark, luxuriant hair gleamed silver corn, mingled with blue flowers. The Emperor rose, and presenting his hand to the Empress, they went forth together from that cabinet, followed by the ministers, who were invited by their Majesties to join them at dinner. Later in the evening Joséphine was observed by various members of her court to have recovered all the graceful vivacity which distinguished her ; and it was, if possible, with more than her usual charm of manner that she seemed anxious to address a gracious word to everybody in the brilliant crowd surrounding her that late autumn night at Fontainebleau.

Not two months later, and the Empress-Queen Joséphine had bitter cause to say to her consort, who then put her away from him, that which Marie Mancini, as before recorded in these pages, said to Louis XIV.—“ *You weep, who are a monarch ? And yet you suffer me to be torn from you.*” *

Meantime a series of splendid entertainments took place at Fontainebleau ; the chronicles of that period

* “ Trianon and Malmaison.”

declare—"Theatrical performances, balls, and hunting parties followed one another without intermission. Kings, Napoléon's allies at that time, came to visit him, for they had all some interest to discuss, or some thanks to offer. Besides the Emperor's own family, came the King of Saxony, the King and Queen of Bavaria, and the King of Wurtemberg. The Emperor replied most courteously to their requests, and everything announced for the end of autumn the most brilliant assemblage of crowned heads in Paris ; but hunting the stag seemed to be Napoléon's favourite pastime. His personal appearance underwent a great change at that time, although he was none the less handsome ; and from being taciturn, he had become an abundant talker, always listened to with profound attention by some, with cringing docility by others."

And by Joséphine, who at Fontainebleau felt that all this portended some great change to her, he was listened to with tears. She had wept, as before said, when the weight of a crown was first placed on her brow, and now she wept because, having brought forth no heir to that crown, she knew that another wife, another Empress, would soon be seated in her place by the side of her husband on the throne.

Eugène and Hortense, her children by her former

marriage with the Vicomte de Beauharnais, deplored her fate, but they could not prevent it ; and Hortense (Queen of Holland) had only too much cause to weep for her own fate as the wife of the praiseworthy but to her unsympathetic Louis, brother of Napoléon. In her own children at that time the accomplished Queen Hortense found scarcely less anxiety than consolation ; for, though seeking a separation from their father, she dreaded to be parted from them, and it was somewhat in their behalf that she had afterwards to appear as one of the chief ornaments of her mother's successor, the fair young Empress Marie Louise.

The youngest son of Queen Hortense was born at the Tuileries,* and had scarcely completed the second year of his life, when his uncle, Napoléon I., was married in that Palace to the Archduchess Marie Louise. The ex-Empress Joséphine was passionately attached to her grand-children, and it must therefore have been with a sharp pang of emotion that she embraced the youngest of them (Charles Louis Napoléon), when, in November, 1810, he was brought back to her in her retreat at Malmaison, after being baptised at Fontainebleau by Cardinal Fesch ; for on that occasion the Emperor Napoléon I. stood godfather

* "The Tuileries."

and his new Consort, Marie Louise, stood godmother to the child, who, contrary to all expectation at that time, was destined in less than half a century afterwards to rule over France by the title of Napoléon III. In the following year the infant King of Rome, son of Napoléon I. and Marie Louise, was baptised at Notre Dame, and it is almost impossible to conceive the mingled feelings which must have agitated Joséphine when listening to all the details of that event, although when officially informed of the birth of that ill-fated and short-lived prince, then hailed by French Imperialists as their future sovereign, and when receiving the Emperor's letter, which apprised her that he, her husband, had become the father of a son by her rival, of a son who would hereafter inherit his throne, Joséphine manifested much noble self-command, and, according to the statement of one of the ladies in waiting then present, even herself uttered words of kind courtesy to the special messenger sent to her with the intelligence, whilst he was engaged in unbuckling the dispatch-box which contained it. Not only so ; she commanded every provision to be made for his entertainment ere, accompanied by her son Eugène, she retired to her own cabinet, in order to read the Emperor's letter, containing the news so painful to her both as a woman and an Empress ;

and when, in the course of an hour or so, she issued forth from that apartment, it was with an attempt to smile that she presented a gift of great value, in the form of a diamond pin, to the messenger waiting to return to Paris. To those, who then beheld her, that smile of Joséphine's was more pathetic than tears, for her countenance bore evidence that, during the hour of her retirement, she had been weeping tears too sacred for any one but her noble-hearted and devoted son to witness.

The last tears of her broken heart were shed at Malmaison, as here stated in a previous page, immediately after the exile of Napoléon to Elba, whither he had gone from Fontainebleau. Had Joséphine, as elsewhere already observed, been (in 1814) in the place of Marie Louise, she would never have left Napoléon, as that last-named Empress did, to the desolation of despair at Fontainebleau. Neither political nor family reasons would have constrained her to do so, to say nothing of the fact that her ardent nature, especially in its love for him, was as different to that of Marie Louise, as was the sunshine of her own native tropical sky to the cool twilight of the north.

Napoléon at Fontainebleau, before his departure for Elba, was, according to the statement of M. de

Caulaincourt, then with him there, "outwardly calm, and resigned to the rigour of his fate, more gentle in speech and manner than ordinary, a certain solemnity pervading his every tone and gesture, and occasionally speaking of his entire life with extraordinary impartiality and incomparable greatness of mind; but acutely sensitive under misfortune, he seemed to feel that as yet not one of his late ministers had come to bid him farewell;" and though he strove by explanation, then and afterwards, to excuse the absence of Marie Louise, his heart evidently yearned to embrace his son whom she had conveyed away with her to Vienna, having, in a panic of terror at the approach of the allies to Paris, yielded herself entirely to the advice of her own father and her husband's foe, at that time, the Emperor of Austria.

One day at Fontainebleau, when M. de Caulaincourt had political reason to fear that Napoléon would be more depressed than usual, he found him, on the contrary, more cheerful. The cause of this was, that he, Napoléon, had just received a letter from Marie Louise, in which she not only expressed much devotion to him, but gave him gratifying intelligence of his son. This simple circumstance seemed to inspire Napoléon with fresh hope and energy. "I will live," said he to Caulaincourt, "I

will live. Who can penetrate the future? Besides, my wife, my son, will be all-sufficient for me when I see them." And then, after more conversation to the same purport, not thinking as he talked that never again would he behold his wife or child in this world, he added, "I shall write the history of what we have done, Caulaincourt. I shall immortalise your names. Even that is a reason for living. And then, again, Providence has decreed it." Decreed it, however, against the will of Napoléon, as M. de Caulaincourt had afterwards reason to believe at Fontainebleau; for a night came when that faithful servant of the Emperor was summoned because of his master's sudden illness, and to hear him say in a voice as much changed in tone, as his countenance was altered from its usual aspect, . . . "Tell Joséphine I thought of her before quitting this world;" . . . and also, when Dr. Yvan, being then at Fontainebleau, had rendered such assistance as to nullify immediate danger, to hear Napoléon add, "How difficult death is here, and how easy on the field of battle! Ah! why did I not die at Arcis-sur-Aube?"*

* Without attempting to controvert the statement of M. de Caulaincourt, from which the above brief extract is made (as borne out to a considerable extent by M. Thiers in his "History of the Consulate and the Empire"), it is only right to affirm here, from the evidence of O'Meara, Napoléon's medical attendant at St. Helena, and where he had every

At Fontainebleau Napoléon each day saw "solitude increasing around him." But, when some of his still devoted followers approached him :—"Serve the Bourbons faithfully," he said to them ; "no other course remains to you, and if they act wisely, France, under their rule, may be happy and respected They find France as they left her, and may accept her ancient limits without compromising their own dignity ; and, though, geographically diminished, she will still be as morally great as before ; great, by her courage, her arts, and her intellectual influence over the rest of the world. Even though her territorial extent be diminished, her glory is not Serve France under the princes, who at this moment bring back fortune so fickle in times of Revolution. Serve France under them as you have served her under me. Do not make the task too difficult for them Leave me, but give me a place in your memory."

A place which, for a hundred days, not many

incentive to commit suicide, that, to the last period of his life, the Emperor expressed himself strongly against such an act ; an expression in accordance with a decree against it, formerly dictated by him as first consul, in which he declares : "A soldier ought to know how to conquer grief and the morbid gloom of the passions ; there is much more courage in suffering the pains of the soul with fortitude, than in standing steady under the case-shot of a battery. To abandon one's self to grief without making any resistance, to murder one's self to get rid of it, is to abandon the field of battle before having conquered."

months afterwards, he came in his own person to claim, and which he found in the heart of that nation, and in the midst of armies devoted to him; a place in memory, which posterity in France enthusiastically accords to him, as who can doubt when beholding the earnest faces, the silent tears, of crowds still until lately (1871) thronging around Napoléon's tomb in the Military Hospital of the Invalides, or when listening to the tones of triumph in which tales of his glory have been made rife in France, and elsewhere!

His "Adieux to Fontainebleau," represented by a French pencil and an English pen, who could soon forget? To Fontainebleau the year after Napoléon's final departure thence, came a princess from her native Italy with a heart full of youthful love and poetry, a mind then untarnished, and formed to dream of glory. She, the bride, Duchesse de Berri, came to Fontainebleau,* and there, at the cross of Saint Hérem, on that same spot where Napoléon, as we have seen, first stood to welcome the Pope who had come to crown him, she first caught sight of the prince to whom she was already wedded by proxy, and who, writing to her from Fontainebleau, when she was on her way thither from Naples, had thus addressed her:—

* "The Elysée," and "The Tuileries."

“FONTAINEBLEAU, *June 12, 1816.*

“Your letter from Lyon has given me more pleasure than I can express. I am delighted that you scold me for my bad writing. You have good reason to do so ; but in writing to *you*, my heart carries me away, and you have no idea of the effort it then costs me to be legible. Still three days more ! I burn to see you ; but a great happiness is already mine to-day, for I possess your portrait . . . and even though it be a little flattering, the original need not be quite so pretty as that portrait to be none the less agreeable.”

On the 14th of June, when he first beheld his bride in the forest of Fontainebleau, the Duc de Berri had no cause to be disappointed in her appearance ; her fresh young flushing face and fair hair, her light figure, and graceful, though vivacious movements, pleased, at first sight, that descendant of Henri IV., who inherited a personal resemblance, with many of the virtues and some few of the faults, of that ancestor, who at Fontainebleau, as already told, had wept for the loss of Gabrielle d'Estrées. When the childless widower, Louis XVIII., was restored to the throne of France, after twenty years of exile, the Duc de Berri, his younger nephew, soon became a

favourite of the French people, over whom it was supposed his descendants, born of this marriage with the young princess of Naples, would in after generations be called to reign ; and a great crowd of sight-seers had flocked to the forest of Fontainebleau, there to witness her arrival, and "*semblait lui souhaiter la bienvenue au détour de chaque allée.*" Charmed by this festive welcome accorded to her, the bride, who so soon was to be made a widow by the assassin's dagger, smiled in momentarily happy expectation as, accompanied by her lady of honour, the Duchesse de Reggio, and a numerous suite, she drove towards the Cross of Saint Hérem, near which spot two large pavilions were erected ; on the banners floating from the tops of which were emblazoned the double arms of France and Naples, and under their shelter stood the King, Louis XVIII., with the bridegroom, and the other members of the royal family of France.

The ceremonial of this reception was scrupulously arranged in accordance with that formerly observed in the same place at the marriage of Louis XV. and Marie Leckzinska, that Polish Queen of France, whose virtues and whose misfortunes have been alluded to in a previous page. A large carpet was extended on the green sward, one half of which carpet the bride was to cross, whilst the King,

conducting the bridegroom and other princes with princesses of his family, was advancing across the other half to meet her; but it has already been elsewhere told how the young Duchesse de Berri had not patience to go "*jusqu'au bout du tapis*" of this courtly ceremonial, and how, with the natural vivacity of her age, or as French observers rather declared, with a "*vivacité toute Française*," she darted forward, blushing pressed the hand of her bridegroom, and flung herself into the arms of Louis XVIII.,* who was so charmed by this impulsive claim on his sympathy, that in favour of it, and the one who made it, he pardoned its encroachment on the punctilio he had prescribed, and even forgot for the moment his favourite maxim, "Punctuality is the politeness of kings."

When, after the Revolution of 1830, the elder branch of the Bourbons was again expelled from France, the Duchesse de Berri, for ten years then a widow (her husband having been assassinated by Louvel, as his ancestor Henri IV. had been by Ravallac), was, though far from faultless, the one of the royal family who was said to leave the most chivalric memories behind her; and the heroic but mistaken and unsuccessful efforts which she subse-

* "The Tuileries," "The Élysée," "St. Cloud."

quently made to place her son, "Henri V." (Count de Chambord) on the throne of his forefathers, are amongst the most romantic incidents of French history during the reign of Louis Philippe. With those incidents, however, this present paper has nothing to do, although in continuing the chronicles of Fontainebleau to the reign of Louis Philippe, it must be observed as a remarkable coincidence that the marriage of the Duc d'Orléans, eldest son and heir to that monarch, destined like the Duc de Berri to die a violent and untimely death, was celebrated there on that May day (1837), within the memory of many, when the amiable Princesse Hélène, sister of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin, arrived to charm the court and people of France, by her smiles of joy in the present, of hope in the future : smiles to be turned only too soon into tears, when the whole French nation mourned with her for the loss of her husband, and the father of her two young sons. Not less than the Duchesse de Berri, mother of the Count de Chambord, was the Duchesse d'Orléans, mother of the Count de Paris, a great patroness of art and literature.

To commemorate her marriage at Fontainebleau the Musée National was a few days afterwards inaugurated at Versailles. That last-named Palace

was so sacked during the Revolution which closed the 18th century, that no monarch, since seated on the throne of France, had undertaken to restore it; but at the inauguration above-named a grand fête was given there by the King, who had been raised to the throne of France by the Revolution of 1830, and to this fête all French subjects most illustrious in art and literature were bidden by his Majesty. Louis Philippe was not only himself present at that fête, but he then first presented the bride of his heir to his people. For she, Hélène d'Orléans, was there leaning upon her husband's arm; and it was on that day that she declared to Victor Hugo that she not only knew his verses by heart, but that she had often spoken of him to Goethe. The royal young bride was so happy during that first period of her arrival in the country of her adoption and her love, that country away from which she was doomed to die an exile and a widow, that she shed happiness on all around her; and by her virtues so won the admiration of Lamartine, poet and politician, that, dreading lest his appreciation of her in the former character should ultimately shake his conduct in the latter, he, before the Revolution of 1848, paid the charming and gifted princess the compliment of self-sacrifice by estranging himself from her presence. Nevertheless, to him it

was reserved, when the storm of that Revolution suddenly broke over Paris, to protect the Duchesse d'Orléans and her fatherless sons through the perils of the mob, although with a virtue which he himself deemed "worthy of Brutus," and with an ardent conviction of her grand and heroic qualities, her singular capacity to rule with clemency, he refrained in the Chamber of Deputies from proclaiming her Regent and her son King. And yet who more than this poet-politician could sympathise with this widowed princess, henceforth an exile, in the farewell of her heart to France, or in her own tearful memories of Fontainebleau, where so short a time before she had smiled at her own happiness as a bride? For the memory of past happiness, of joys that are fled, is truly said by the poet to be "the crowning sorrow" of such a life, as that of Hélène, Duchesse d'Orléans, who afterwards became the "Helen of the heart" to many of the people of England, amongst whom she died and was buried.

But in the midst even of her own personal memories of Fontainebleau, that princess, with whom historians not less than poets delighted to converse, could not forget how, as here recorded in preceding pages, other women had there in former ages occasion to weep for "the spell that is broke, the charm that is flown ;"

or how at Fontainebleau Henri IV., and some of his most illustrious successors, royal and imperial, upon the throne of France, had almost all in turn some cause to acknowledge that,—

“ Each lucid interval of thought
Recalls the woes of Nature's charter ;
And he that acts as wise men ought,
But lives, as saints have died—a martyr.”

THE END.

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